

THE
ASYLUM

OR

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

V O L. II.

CONTAINING

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THE ASYLUM.

No. 27.] (Price One Penny.)

THE following extraordinary Story is extracted from Miss WILLIAMS's Letters from France, lately published—We deem it worthy of insertion, not merely as a specimen of that admired work, but as being of itself highly interesting. The account is written from a lone cottage, in a remote corner of France, at which Miss Williams and her Companion arrived late in the night.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

WHEN we had exhausted our store of communication, we took leave of each other; and, after every one else had retired, and nothing was heard but the pelting of the rain, which seemed descending in torrents, and blasts of wind mixed with thunder, to which the hoarse sound of falling waters at a slight distance was a continued accompaniment, I sat down to write for an hour, having but little inclination to sleep. It was midnight when I arose to fasten my door; but found to it neither bolt nor lock. I should have paid but little attention to this circumstance at any other time, having travelled for some time in France without feeling any cause for apprehension; but our local situation gave me a momentary uneasiness. Seeing a light through the crevice of a door at the end of a gallery, and supposing it to be that of the servant of the house, from whom I might procure some means of securing our apartment, I went thither, and on my approach was struck with the sound of voices speaking in loud whispers, as if fearful of being

overheard. Curiosity led me to listen, when I found them conversing on the route they should pursue in the morning, which they seemed to discuss with some warmth. A variety of oaths mingled in this conversation, all of which, from the jargon they spoke, I could not well understand; but that which I half comprehended, appeared to me alarming and frightful. At length I heard a woman, who was approaching the door where I stood, say distinctly, "that she was obliged to stab him twice before she could kill him; that he begged earnestly for his life; and that something which he wore, but which I did not well understand, had rendered it difficult to dispatch him." the answer to this I could not distinctly hear, but it appeared to convey some remark on the deed with a reference to another murder. I knelt down, and looked through the crevice from which the light proceeded, and my alarm was not a little heightened, when I saw displayed on the table shirts and waistcoats torn and bloody, which the woman was examining during this conversation. I listened still, and was confirmed beyond all possibility of doubt, from the continuance of their discourse, that it was a troop of murderers, of unexampled audacity in the commission of their crimes, as they carried about with them the most unequivocal marks of their guilt, and were so little careful in the concealment: but what appeared to me strange was, that, during the space of near half an hour, no word escaped them, by which I could conjecture that they meant to take, as I had no doubt they would, our lives and property under their protection. Concluding, how-

eter, that this had been before discussed and settled, I withdrew to my chamber to consider what conduct we had best pursue in a situation so extremely critical. I recollected seeing, on our entrance, four men and a woman in one part of the kitchen, at the fire of which I stood for a few minutes to warm myself; and, though lately accustomed to see strange figures, I could not help observing, that there was something singularly ferocious in their visages, particularly in that of the woman, whose haggard look discovered symptoms, as I then thought, of intoxication, and whose handkerchief was stained in two or three places with blood. I remarked also, that they considered us and our baggage with more than usual attention as we passed, and seemed cautiously silent whilst we remained near them. Recovering from the surprize into which this discovery had thrown me, I had resolved on finding the mistress of the house; but it struck me that she might be more acquainted with the profession of her guests than she ought; and that an application to her at that moment would only increase the danger. What led me to form this opinion was her excessive courtesy, which I was not at this moment sufficiently candid to set down to any other account than that of finding the readier means of betraying us. I was confirmed in this conjecture, when I descended softly into the kitchen, and found the key taken from the door, which was doubly locked. I returned again into my chamber, and opened the shutters and the casement; but, from the pitchy darkness, could form no opinion of the height from the ground,

which I fancied to be considerable ; and it would have been difficult also to have wrested the bars, as we had no weapon of sufficient strength. I deliberated another moment ; and the recollection of a thousand frightful stories only served to increase my apprehensions. Again I crept to the door of these murderers ; but all now was silence. I retreated again to my chamber ; and, after having again reflected that there were no means of resistance, nor hopes of escape, I determined on demanding from the hostess what she knew of her inmates, and acquainting her with my own discoveries. A moment of returning virtue assured me, that I had accused her unjustly ; and I began to flatter myself, that cruelty and death could not lurk under a form which we had found so engaging : for, though she had been a widow for some years (as she gave us a long detail of her own history), she was still young and beautiful. Leaving, therefore, my companion asleep, and whom I did not wish to awaken, because I knew that he could afford, by his advice, no means which I had not previously pursued, and his terrors could only have increased my own, I put off my boots, and stalked along to a flight of stairs at the end of the passage, to which I had attended her when she left us. This led me to another passage ; and I had flattered myself that I had found her chamber, when the wind through a broken casement extinguished my candle, and left me in profound darkness. I groped around, but could not find the door, but I found the window and opened it. A flash of lightning at the instant discovered the impossibility of reaching the

ground unhurt; and the storm was still increasing. I leaned on the window for a few minutes; the village clock struck one; and its nearness gave me some little comfort, though I found that the wind had favoured the sound. The lightning became more frequent, and its glare directed me to the door I sought. Listening at it, I heard nothing but deep sighs, which appeared to proceed from some one who was suffering: I attempted to open it, when a man's voice convinced me that I had mistaken the room. I groped my way back with difficulty, passing still before this dreadful den, where I could hear nothing but the hard-drawn breath of those who slept, which gave me farther assurance. As I approached my chamber, my fears led me to imagine that it had been visited. I saw, indeed, no light, but, listening for a moment, I heard distinctly the footsteps of a person without shoes: it was not my fellow-traveller, for I heard him breathe. I took out my knife, and grasped the candlestick, for a small pistol I had in my pocket was useless from being unloaded. It appeared to me as if the person had concealed himself; for I heard no farther motion, and a transient view across the room, from the light of the embers, which discovered nothing, seemed to favour my conjecture. I leaned against the wall, and could proceed no farther, for my agitation almost overcame me. All the horror of our situation rushed on my mind—in a frontier country, professedly under no law but that of force, and alternately in the power of enemies, and friends as savage often as enemies—in a solitary house, where every thing was

terrific—with murderers at my door, and even, as I apprehended, in my chamber—with no means of defence against the expected attempt, and no hopes left of escaping it, I gave *ourselves* up for lost, and was resolved to wait the event without any farther exertion. I remained in this state of despair for a few minutes, when I resolved on awakening my fellow-traveller, and calling to him from the door of the chamber, which I had not yet entered. He was too wearied to be awakened; but the object of my immediate terror leaped from the opposite bed, and came towards me: it happily proved to be the house dog, who, finding that I had left the door open in my descent to the kitchen, had taken possession of my bed. I found some protection in his company; and, after kissing him, re-lighted my candle, and went again in search of the mistress, whose chamber, in my first attempt, I had passed, not observing a little passage on my right which led to it. I advanced, and conjecturing that I had been successful, lifted up the latch softly, and entered. She was in a profound sleep, which I took for a good omen, and sat down by her bedside, deliberating whether I should awake her. The glare of the light, which I held close to her face, to examine, whilst she had not the power of dissimulation, whether it was that of a murderer's, of which, after minute observance, I could not find a trace, awoke her. She started, and I believe for some moments attributed my visit to very different motives from those which brought me thither. I favoured her mistake, though so injurious to my *loyalty*, till I found that I might

safely communicate to her all my apprehensions; and you may judge of the relief I obtained, when she informed me, that, though the objects of my suspicions were occasional murderers, yet we were not the game they pursued. They were, she said, a party of ruffians, who follow armies to plunder the dead: and who, paying tribute to those whose office it is to bury the slain, often put to death the wounded to have a legal claim on what they possess. The booty which the woman had exhibited, when she mentioned the murder which caught my ear, was taken from an Austrian officer she killed; and I found the dispute which I had attended to arose from a difference of opinion, whether their route should be in the direction of the army of Flanders, from which they hoped a more profitable harvest, or that to which they at present belonged.

Singular HISTORY of a PEASANT of SYRIA.

A Peasant, near Damascus, in a year that locusts covered the plains of Syria, to supply the urgent necessities of his family, was daily obliged to sell a part of his cattle. This resource was very soon exhausted; and the unhappy father, borne down by the present calamity, went to the town to sell his implements of labour.—Whilst he was cheapening some corn, newly arrived from Damietta, he heard tell of the situation of Mourat Bey, who, after vanquishing his enemies, had entered Grand Cairo in triumph. They painted the size, the character, the origin of this warrior. They related the manner in which he had arisen from the state of slavery to

his present greatness. The astonished countryman immediately knew him to be one of his sons, carried off from him at eleven years old. He lost no time in conveying to his family the provisions he had purchased, recounts what he had learnt, and determines to set out for Egypt. His wife and children bathed him with their tears, offering up their vows for his safe return. He went to the port of Alexandretta, where he embarked, and landed at Damietta. A son who had quitted the religion of his forefathers to embrace Mahometanism, and who saw himself encircled with all the splendor of the most brilliant fortune, is it likely that he will acknowlege him? This idea hung heavy on his heart. On the other hand, the desire of rescuing his family from the horrors of famine, the hopes of recovering a child, whose loss he had long bewailed, supported his courage, and animated him to continue his journey. He enters the capital, and repairs to the palace of Mourat Bey. He presents himself to the Prince's attendants, and desires permission to speak to him. He urges, he ardently solicits an audience: his dress, and his whole appearance, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were not calculated to obtain him what he sought for; but his great age, that age so respected in the East, pleaded in his favour. One of his officers informed Mourat Bey, that a wretched old man desired to speak to him. "Let him enter," says he. "The peasant advances with trembling steps on the rich carpet which covered the hall of the divan, and approaches the Bey, who was reposing on a sofa embroidered with silk and gold. The

various feelings which oppressed his mind, deprived him of utterance. Recollecting at length the child that had been stolen from him, and the voice of nature getting the better of his fears, he throws himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, he cries out: "You are my child." The Bey raises him up, endeavours to recollect him, and on a further explanation finding him to be his father, he seats him by his side, and loads him with caresses. After the tenderest effusions of the heart, the old man painted to him the deplorable situation in which he had left his mother and his brethren. The prince proposed to him to send for them to Egypt, and to make them partake of his riches and his power, provided they would embrace Mahometism. The generous Christian had foreseen this proposal, and fearing lest young people might have been dazzled with it, had not suffered one of his children to accompany him. He steadfastly rejected therefore this offer of his son, and had even the courage to remonstrate with him on his change of religion. Mourat Bey, seeing that his father remained inflexible, and that the distress his family was in demanded immediate succour, ordered him a large sum of money, and sent him back into Syria with a small vessel laden with corn. The happy countryman returned as soon as possible to the plains of Damascus. His arrival banished misery and tears from his rural dwelling, and restored joy, comfort, and happiness.

Observation] No man ever did a designed injury to another, without doing a greater to himself.

THE JUST DECISION.

CORDUBA, King of Teran, in Great Tartary, was adored by his subjects, because their happiness was his chief study. He had but one child, named Almanzaris; and when she became marriageable, he considered it as the most important of his duties to obtain a husband for her, who should be qualified to govern his people after his death. Akebar, King of Balk, and Mameluke, King of Carism, two neighbouring Potentates, declared themselves candidates for the Princess, and threatened war, if their suit should be refused. Their manner of courtship disgusted Corduba: He judged men of a temper so violent ill qualified, either to make his people or his daughter happy; and therefore he prepared for war, which he saw inevitable.

At that time there were in the court of Teran two brothers, Korem and Zendar, both of them in the flower of youth, and in the favour of all that knew them. Both of them were in love with Almanzaris; but, as they had nothing but merit to recommend them, neither of them disclosed his love. The King, however, having penetrated into their hearts, judged that one or other of them might not be unworthy of his daughter, and of his kingdom. In an assembly of his Grandees he spoke as follows: 'I am a father, Teranites; and it belongs to me to judge what Prince is the most worthy of my daughter: I am also a King; and it belongs to me to judge what Prince is the most worthy of my people. Akebar and Mameluke are unworthy; and, whatever their force

may be, it is better to have them for enemies than for masters. Brave Korem, and you, intrepid Zendar, illustrious descendants of the great Timur, march boldly against our enemies, and protect the Teranites from tyranny and oppression. You, Korem, I oppose to the King of Balk; and you, Zendar, to the King of Carism: Remember that none but a hero can deserve my daughter or my crown.'

Zendar exerted wonderful industry in recruiting the army he commanded. He endeared the soldiers to him, by providing for them plentifully; and the officers, by his generosity and courage; and, having prepared all necessaries for his expedition, he threw himself like a torrent into the kingdom of Carism, before Mameluke, who trusted in the pacific disposition of Corduba, was prepared for his reception. Mameluke assembled an army, numerous indeed, but ill disciplined.—At every encounter, Zendar had visibly the superiority; and Mameluke, dreading a general engagement, petitioned for peace, offering to renounce his pretensions to Almanzaris, and to pay tribute to the King of Teran. These conditions were rejected with disdain; for, said Zendar, the King of Carism may well renounce a happiness he never could obtain; and it is no condescension to pay tribute for a kingdom already subdued.—By this haughty treatment, despair was converted into courage. Under the walls of Carism a pitched battle was fought, obstinate and bloody. For a long time victory seemed to hover in suspense: But at last Zendar, animating his men by his courage, rushed into the hottest of the

battle, and forced Mameluke to turn his back: He threw himself with precipitation into his capital, determined to be buried under its ruins.—Zendar deceived his enemy, by making preparations in appearance for a regular siege; but, watching the opportunity of a dark night, he scaled the walls, and took the town by surprize. Mameluke, in the midst of the universal consternation, drew together what men were at hand, and in despair flew to encounter his implacable enemy. They met: They fought; and Mameluke was laid dead at the foot of his conqueror.

Upon the news of this rapid conquest, Zendar was declared by Corduba Sultan of Carism. His employment the remainder of the season was to quiet his new subjects, and to regulate the form of government. Toward the winter, he returned to Teran, covered with laurels, laying at the feet of Almanzaris the fairest crown in Tartary.

In the mean time, Korem carried on war with more address, tho' with less splendor; for, while Teran resounded with the name of Zendar, and with his great exploits, it was scarce minded there that Korem was at the head of an army. He advanced, however, with circumspection, into the kingdom of Balk, after pacifying all the cities left behind him. He published manifestoes, containing the motives that engaged Corduba to take arms. The good order he kept in his camp furnished it with plenty of provisions, the peasants being secure of regular payment. Akebar assembled an army of 150,000 men, in full confidence of overpowering Korem, and his small army of 20,000. Korem, on the other hand, who was

less ambitious even of conquest than of preserving the lives of his people, exerted his skill in choosing advantageous posts, that preserved to him the choice of accepting or refusing battle. By this, and other such prudent measures, he so hemmed in and harrassed the numerous troops of his antagonist, as to occasion a sickness through famine, and a great desertion. Akebar, with the troops that remained, made a forced march into the territory of his enemy : But Korem, with his usual precaution, had made preparations for this event, and Akebar could not make himself master of a single fortified place. Korem followed at a distance, and reduced him to the last extremity, blocking up every passage by which he could return to his kingdom. Akebar had no other resource but to demand peace, leaving the conditions to be prescribed by his enemy. Korem answered thus : ‘ Kings ought never to make war, but in order to establish a peace more firm than that which is broken. The King of Teran only demands reparation of the damages occasioned by the war, and a faithful promise from Akebar of an alliance with the Teranites, which he never shall give cause to infringe.’ Akebar, charmed with the moderation of the conqueror, swore to maintain a perpetual peace, and swore from the bottom of his heart.

Korem marched back his victorious army, almost as entire as when he led it to the field ; and, without a moment’s delay, attended his master to render an account of his charge.

The whole nation of Teran were in suspense about Corduba’s choice ; and this Monarch, af-

sembling his States, spoke to his two young favourites in the following words : ' Intrepid Zendar, go and reign in Carism, which you have justly conquered. But consider, that the dreadful effects of your valour have rendered you formidable to that people, and not beloved ; and, therefore, that you owe to yourself, as well as to your people, to gain their affections by the arts of peace, and to make up to them what they have suffered by the ravage of war. Hitherto they have only seen you a conqueror ; let them hereafter see you their Father and Protector. As for you, generous Korem, who are so perfectly skilled in conquering without bloodshed, and who, with a superior genius for war, dost prefer the arts of peace, though of a less brilliant nature, you I make choice of as worthy of my daughter : Receive her hand, and with her hand my sceptre. My people, governed by a Prince so brave and so prudent, will have nothing to fear from enemies abroad ; and, governed by a Prince so moderate, will have nothing to fear from a Master at home. Thou, Korem, art truly a Hero : Thou, Zendar, in riper years, may become one.'

ODE TO POPULARITY.

O POPULARITY, thou giddy thing!
 What grace or profit dost thou bring!
 Thou art not honesty, thou art not fame;
 I cannot call thee by a worthy name;
 To say I hate thee were not true;
 Contempt is properly thy due;
 I cannot love thee and despise thee too.
 Thou art no patriot, but the veriest cheat
 That ever traffick'd in deceit;

A state empiric, bellowing loud
 Freedom and phrenzy to the mobbing croud ;
 And what car'st thou, if thou canst raise
 Illuminations and huzzas,
 Tho' half the city sunk in one bright blaze ?
 A patriot ! no ; for thou dost hold in hate
 The very peace and welfare of the state ;
 When anarchy assaults the sovereign's throne,
 Then is thy day, the night thine own ;
 Then is thy triumph, when the foe
 Levels some dark insidious blow,
 Or strong rebellion lays thy country low.
 Thou canst affect humility to hide
 Some deep device of monstrous pride ;
 Conscience and charity pretend,
 For compassing some private end ;
 And in a canting conventicle note
 Long scripture passages canst quote,
 When persecution rankles in thy throat.
 Thou hast no sense of nature at thy heart,
 No ear for science, and no eye for art,
 Yet confidently dost decide at once
 This man a wit, and that a dunce ;
 And, (strange to tell !) howe'er unjust,
 We take thy dictates upon trust,
 For if the world will be deceiv'd, it must.
 In truth and justice thou hast no delight,
 Virtue thou dost not know by sight ;
 But, as the chymist by his skill
 From dross and dregs a spirit can distill,
 So from the prisons, or the stews,
 Bullies, blasphemers, cheats, or Jews
 Shall turn to heroes, if they serve thy views.
 Tho' dost but make a ladder of the mob,
 Whereby to climb into some courtly job ;
 There safe reposing, warm and snug,
 Thou answer'st with a patient shrug,
 Miscreants, begone ; who cares for you,
 Ye base-born, brawling, clamorous crew ?
 You've serv'd my turn, and, vagabonds, adieu !

THE THAW.

NATURE dissolves in friendly tears;
 And drops her blessings deep;
 The hearts of mortals, too, she cheers,
 Who laugh to see her weep.

While, Miser-like, she steel'd her breast,
 To teach impressiv power,
 She robb'd us of our wonted rest,
 And froze the midnight hour.

Not Luxury, with all her charms,
 Nor Riot, with its glee,
 Cou'd 'scape her close-surrounding arms:
 —But ah! poor Penury!

Poor Penury!—'twas thine alone
 To feel her bitterest bite,
 While starving through the day alone,
 And perishing at night.

But then (and gracious Heav'n be prais'd)
 Her Deputies she sent,
 The deep-sunk eye of Mis'ry rais'd,
 While Hunger smil'd content.

Now, kinder gales their influence shed,
 And milder breezes blow,
 The earth resigns her fleecy bed,
 And triumphs o'er the snow.

So shall Beneficence extend
 Her long-continu'd sway;
 Her charms, eternal as their end,
 Shall gain eternal day.

When ' cloud-capt tow'rs' shall sink in dust,
 And ' solemn temples' fall,
 The God of all the good and just
 Shall patronize them all.

✂ Those who received the Asylum from the deceased John Lockhart, will be supplied with whatever Numbers they want, by applying to Wm. Bell, at the Printing Office, Saltmarket.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 28.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

THE CONJURER. A TALE.

THE hurricane was howling, the hailstones beating against the windows, the hoarse croaking of the raven bidding adieu to autumn, and the weather-cock's dismal creaking joined with the mournful dirge of the solitary owl, when Kaffman and Walfred, who had been united by the strongest bonds of friendship from their youthful days, were seated by the chearing fire side, hailing the approach of winter.

The gloominess of the weather gave their conversation a serious turn: They began to discourse on the calamities of war, of the dangers they had undergone, and of many distresses and sufferings they had experienced in the earlier part of their lives; as night advanced the tempest grew more serious, the flame in the chimney was waisted to and fro, and began to die away by degrees. Father Kaffman fed it with dry wood, poked the cinders out, and it began again to blaze aloft.

"Brother," now said Walfred, who meanwhile had been filling his pipe, "brother dost thou believe in apparitions? Dost thou believe in spirits?"

Kaffman smiling shook his head:

"I also," thus Walfred went on, "do not believe in apparitions; yet, when travelling thro' Germany, I have met with adventures which I still am unable to unriddle."

Kaffman pricked up his ears, awaiting in dumb expectation the narrative of his friend's wond-

rous adventures : Walfred kept him not long in suspense, and began as follows :

“ The great fair was just beginning, when I arrived at F——, the bustle of the buyers and venders, the meeting with a number of dear friends, and the many different amusements, promised to afford me a great deal of pleasure, and I resolved to stay a few weeks at that town.

“ The inn where I had taken lodgings was crowded with travellers ; an aged hoary man amongst them was particularly noticed by every one, on account of his remarkable appearance : His looks were reverend, his dress, tho’ very plain, was costly ; he appeared to be a rich nobleman, and occupied the best apartments : A coach and fix, with four servants richly dressed, carried him frequently out ; he was seen at all the public places, was present at all amusements, yet, what raised my curiosity, he was constantly alone, and in profound meditation. I often remarked, that wherever he was, he did not take the least notice of what was doing around him, and, as a prey to grief and inward sufferings, seemed to be insensible of all the objects that surrounded him. He was also continually alone when in his apartment, the door of which appeared to me to be always bolted : He rode out as soon as dinner was over, and commonly returned very late at night.

“ I questioned the landlord about that strange man, but he shrugged up his shoulders and could tell me nothing. The waiters did the same.

“ But,” exclaimed I peevishly, “ you certain-

ly must know where he comes from, could not you ask his servants?"

"The servants," answered the waiter, "are as mute as their master. He is supposed to be an English Lord, that is all that I know.

"I was of the same opinion, when I first saw him; having met, on my travels, with many Englishmen, who had behaved in the same sullen and reserved manner. His melancholy mood I fancied to be the effect of the spleen, and did not trouble myself any more about him.

"I had not been above three days at F----- when I lost my purse: At first I fancied I had dropped it somewhere in a shop, or my pocket had been picked in the street, and determined to be more careful in future; but, in spite of all my precaution and carefulness, I suffered a second loss the next day, missing a diamond ring, with a miniature picture of my deceased mother: I was sure that I, the preceding night, had pulled that ring from my finger, and put it on the table when I went to bed; I questioned the waiters, but they appeared to be offended at my inquiries—in short, the ring was gone.

"A few days after I went to the play; I had a snuff box, of very little value, in the right pocket of my coat; a gentleman who was sitting by me, at the left, begged me to give him a pinch of snuff, but I could not find my box. That insignificant theft made me smile. I staid till the play was over with very little concern, and was glad that I had left my purse at home.

"The play was over, and a boy with a lighted torch went before me to an adjacent tavern.—I

wanted to see what hour it was, but my watch was also gone. "Cursed misfortune!" exclaimed I. The boy reminded me of his money, I gave it him, and entered the supper room. An acquaintance of mine took notice of the paleness of my countenance, inquiring whether I was ill; I denied it, and took my seat at the table: I hurried down my supper without noticing my neighbour, and was determined to depart the next morning, being persuaded that some cunning rogues had singled me out, to try their skill with me, at the expence of my property.—As I was pushing back my chair, somebody close by me, asked me what o'clock it was. I did not answer, because that question, by reminding me of my loss, had vexed me, and was going to leave the room.

"Sir, what o'clock is it?" exclaimed somebody once more, tapping me on the shoulder. "I do not know," replied I without looking back, and paid my bill. "Have you no watch with you?" exclaimed the same person again. Now I turned round in great vexation, and, guess my surprise, the troublesome inquirer was my neighbour at the inn, the very same gentleman who had excited so much my curiosity some days ago.

He stared me in the face, as if expecting an answer.

"Sir," said I now, "my watch—"

"Has been stolen," interrupted he quickly. "I have catched the thief, there it is:" So saying, he put my watch into my hand. I was stunned with amazement, and could not help wishing to know the thief, that I might recover the other

things I had lost, for I was sure that the same person who had robbed me of my watch, had also pilfered what I had lost before: But, ere I could signify my wish, the mysterious gentleman was vanished.

"I went home, struck with astonishment, but the stranger was not yet arrived. At length he came, as usual, at midnight; I rushed out of the door when I heard him coming up stairs, made a respectful bow, and begged him to give me leave to ask a question; but he passed me hastily, without taking notice of me, absorbed in melancholy thoughts, took the candle from the servant, and bolted his room.

"All my attempts to speak with him were fruitless, like the first. When at home, his door was bolted, in the hall he took no notice of me, and in public places he shunned me. Vexed by his rude behaviour, I would not make another attempt at getting acquainted with that queer fellow.

"Meanwhile three days more elapsed, and that strange accident had made me forget my departure; but now I renewed my resolution of setting off as soon as possible, and was determined to leave F---- the next day, though no farther disagreeable accident had happened to me. I put every thing in order, had my trunks packed, and was obliged to find out a banker, who would take a Bill for Leipzig, which I had brought with me to F----.

"I found it very difficult to meet with one who would not take too great advantage of my present inconvenience; towards evening I was so fortun-

ate to find out a reasonable man ; joyfully did I now put my hand into my pocket to take the pocket book out of it, but I could not find it. “ For God’s sake,” exclaimed the merchant, when he saw me pale and trembling, “ what is the matter with you ? ” “ Nothing, nothing at all,” stammered I, rushing out of the house.

“ A faint ray of hope was still glimmering within my soul ; I fancied I had left all the remainder of my little fortune at the inn, though I was certain that I had taken the pocket book with me. I arrived, trembling, at my lodging, and was hardly able to unlock my door ; I entered slowly, as if I wanted to avoid the terrible blow that threatened me : I searched the room with an anxious look, but, alas ! all my little wealth was gone !

“ I could not believe the reality of my misfortune : I emptied my trunk more than ten times, and more than an hundred times did I search every corner of the room, thinking it impossible that the bill and the pocket book should not be there, however I could find neither of them.

(To be continued.) 32.

THE WILL. *An Oriental Apologue.*

HASSAN-BEN-AIOUB, a rich citizen of Balsora, a widower, and without children, being attacked by an incurable disorder, was sensible his death approached. One day, several of his friends coming to see him, he informed them he intended to send immediately for the Cadi, to receive his last will. On hearing this, one of them, named Agib, tenderly reproached him for this

cruel determination, a resolution which he called so strange and premature. Nevertheless, my dear Hassan, added he, I perceive the respectable motive from which you act. You think it proper to dispose, in time, of that wealth with which you have been blessed, by the bounty of Heaven: You are fearful it should fall into unworthy hands; and, thus, the criminal use which may be made of it imputed to you. Prudent Hassan, I have nothing to object to such a determination. I will even go myself and fetch instantly the public officer whose presence you desire. Agib accordingly left him, wiping his eyes, though he did not weep, and, in less than half an hour, returned with the Cadi. Hassan drew from under his pillow a sealed paper. Light of the law, said he, you now receive the last desires of a dying man; I entrust them to those pure hands, which have never been defiled by the gold of corruption; when the angel of death shall have disengaged my soul from its prison, open this my testament, in presence of my relations and friends, but especially in the presence of my good friend Agib. Hassan died a few days after; and scarcely were his eyes closed, when Agib made haste to conduct to the Cadi all those whom the deceased had desired should be present at the opening of his will.

The Mussulman Judge, after having shewn them that the seal had not been violated, broke it open before them, and gave the writing to his Naib, who read aloud as follows. "In the name of the just and merciful God: I, Hassan, son of Aioub, son of Abdallah, before I leave the caravan of this world, dispose, by this instrument,

of some imaginary goods which it is impossible I should carry with me.

“ I have threatened my nephews, Daoud and Achmet, who formerly displeased me, to make them repent their conduct; and I will now fulfil my menace, very differently from what they expect. They are young and giddy, but, were they still more so, they are the sons of a brother who loved me, and the grand-children of my father: I therefore leave them all the substance my father left me, and all I have added to it by my œconomy and the blessing of heaven. If they make an ill use of my bequest, their sin be upon them. I leave them all I possess, on condition, however, they faithfully discharge the following legacies.

“ I bequeath none to poor Dervises, nor hospitals. My hands, I bless God, were always willingly opened to befriended indigence, but now I am dying I keep them shut: It is the duty of my heirs to open theirs. What merit can I claim from offering to God what he is about to take from me! and in what light must he view those posthumous charities which, though they flatter the pride of the testator, cost nothing to his avarice?

“ Let all my slaves, from the day of my decease, receive an unconditional liberty, the more deserved as they seem never to have desired it, till they feared my death. To those, among them, whom age or infirmities have rendered incapable of labour, I bequeath an annuity suitable to their wants, which is in no case to be less than fifty pieces of gold.

“ As to the rest, I esteem them too much to

expose their virtue to the dangers of idleness. They may maintain themselves, as it becomes honest and useful citizens, by the trades which I have caused them to learn : I shall now leave, to each, the sum of one hundred and fifty pieces of gold ; to be employed in their respective occupations.

“ I bequeath to the Emir Mansour my Arabian horse, with his genealogy and trappings, ornamented with pearls of Bahrem.

“ I bequeath to Molla Saheb my golden scrutoir ; and to his brother, the Iman, an ancient Alcoran, written in letters of gold, on blue vellum ; the same, it is said, which the Caliph Omar read, each Friday, to the Faithful, assembled in the great Mosque. Except this book, I bequeath to the Philosopher, Amrou, all the library which he himself collected for me. I know he is a lover of books, and that it is much easier for him to write good new than to purchase good old ones ; therefore leave him all mine : but on this express condition, that he first accept the thousand pieces of gold, which I for twenty years have in vain pressed him to receive. If he be still determined to refuse this last proof of my friendship, I renounce him from this moment, and request those who knew us both to revenge my insulted memory, by abstaining from any correspondence with this unreasonable Philosopher. I shall not, I believe, find so much difficulty in persuading my friend Agib to accept a legacy. What do I not owe my dear Agib ? He attached himself to me, without regarding whether I desired his services, as soon as he found me old and in-

firm, nor has he left me though he saw me dying. He has made me perceive a thousand perfections in myself, which neither I nor any one ever before discovered. He has observed, with watchful eyes, all the extravagancies of my nephews; kept an exact register and rendered me an account of them, without omitting a single slip. But what shall I bestow on this friend so zealous and so officious? I will bequeath him this valuable admonition, by which I hope he will profit. Choose your dupes better, my dear Agib, and never act the part of friend, but with some wealthy person both extremely weak and extremely vain. Believe me, you may find numbers of this class.

Signed at Balsora, the year of the Hegira 322, the sixth day of the month of Regeb, Hassan Ben Aioub, servant of God.

THE GIFT. *An Allegory.*

A Person had a present made him which was said to be either very beneficial, or the contrary, according to the use he should make of it. It was a kind of prismatic jewel, which had several sides, some of which reflected true colours, others charmed with the representation of false ones. The similarity and apparent equality of the various sides, while in reality they were widely different, by being indiscriminately attended to, occasioned an infinite number of disappointments to the eager and active possessor.

The intention of the Donor was that it should be worn as close to the heart as possible; and when properly fixed there, besides appearing a

most beautiful ornament—enlightened the darkest places by its native sparkling; and, stronger than the loadstone, attracted every thing on which its rays in a straight line happened to fall. If they fell in an oblique direction, or were much refracted before they reached the object, the attraction was weaker, the force and splendor being less. It gladdened the countenance—gave hilarity blended with benignity to the eye—and enlivened, while it purified and improved conversation. It gave wisdom to youth—coolness to passion—propriety to manhood—and cheerfulness to old age.

When this inestimable jewel was viewed at right angles, it was quite transparent; and when in that position applied to the eye, displayed a scene beyond description beautiful and inviting.

If the vexations and troubles of life were ever so numerous and severe; if the creation itself, comparatively speaking, appeared a desert, where in no prospect of happiness, nay scarce the dawn of hope, were seen to cheer the solitary gloom: The possessor had only to turn his present as above named, when the spells of delusion broke—the face of things immediately changed;—and peace, pleasure, and serenity, were seen, felt, and enjoyed.

Does the desire of fruition, impelled to the means of acquisition, warmly interrogate me where and in what manner this valuable gift is attained? I answer,—It depends neither on time, age, clime, situation, nor fortune; but, in its precious qualities, and most extensive influence, may be possessed by those who properly improve

some of these articles, and are perfectly indifferent as to the rest. In itself it may be defined—a compound of ease and contempt—arising from a just estimation of the objects valued or despised.

ANECDOTES OF HUNTING.

ONE day, as Marshal Turenne and General Wrangel, confiding in the treaties of Munster and Osnabrug, were taking the diversion of Hunting, they were surprised to find that the dragoons fled, whom they had posted at the entrance of the forest, crying out at the same time, that all was lost. It seems that John de Wert, the famous Imperial partizan, had that instant made his appearance with his flying camp. He had passed the Danube at Munich, and being perfectly acquainted with the country, was advancing to the forest by the only avenue that led to it. The two French Generals, in this emergency, did not lose their presence of mind. They were near a morass, which they had only to cross, to be in safety. But where were they to find a road? There was reason to fear, that while they were looking for one, the active John de Wert, in pursuit of his prey, would not fail to attack them. A stag pointed out their ford; they saw him wind his way through the morass: they followed him, without hesitation, as a guide, and happily arrived on the other side.

Frothaire, Bishop of Toul, finding his diocese ravaged by wolves, which devoured men, ordered a fast of three days, with solemn processions: he then made war upon the wolves at the head of a party of hunters, and with such success, that

he boasted of having killed two hundred of them himself.

In the commencement of the reign of Lewis XIV. in the depth of winter and of the snows, a large party of dragoons were attacked, near Pontcharlier, at the foot of the mountains of Jura, by a multitude of wolves: The dragoons fought bravely, and killed many hundreds of them; but, at last overpowered by numbers, they and their horses were all devoured. A cross is erected on the place of combat, with an inscription to commemorate it, which is still to be seen.

REFLECTIONS *by the late* POPE CLEMENT XIV.

WHEN any one mentioned to him the fashionable productions that appeared against Christianity, he would say, 'the more there are, the more the world will be convinced of the necessity of it.' He observed, 'that the Writers who opposed Christianity knew only how to dig a ditch, and that was all they could supply its place with.' He said, 'that Mr. Voltaire, whose poetry he admired, attacked religion so often, only because it was troublesome to him; and that J. J. Rousseau was a painter, who always forgot the heads, and who excelled only in the drapery.'

He explained himself one day upon a Work, called *The System of Nature*, and added, 'What hurts me is, that the more it is founded upon false principles, the more, in an age like ours, it will gain reputation and readers; and it will receive an additional value by its being seriously refuted.' He afterwards observed, that, 'the Author of this bad book is a madman, who imagines,

that by changing the master of the house, he can dispose of it just as he pleases, without reflecting that no creatures can breathe but by existing in God, *in ipso vivimus, movemur, et sumus.* But every age is distinguished by a new-fangled mode of thinking. After the times of superstition, are come the days of incredulity; and the man, who formerly adored a multitude of gods, now affects not to acknowledge any one. Virtue, Vice, Immorality, Annihilation, all appear to him synonymous, provided some insignificant pamphlet serves him as a rampart against Heaven; and it is in the very bosom of Religion that these scandalous opinions originate and multiply. Whilst Religion was persecuted by the Pagans, a Pope had at least the glory and good fortune to defend it at the price of his blood; but, now that he cannot fly to martyrdom, he is unfortunately compelled to be the miserable witness of error and impiety.'

TO MY PORTER.

THOU faithful guardian where I dwell,
 Whom gold, nor gifts, however large,
 Can bribe, nor shake thy steady zeal;
 Thou virtuous man, attend my charge.
 If Fortune blind, as she goes by,
 By chance should wish to enter here;
 If turbulent Ambition try
 Within my presence to appear;
 Repulse them; open not my gate;
 Swarms of black Cares lurk in their train;
 They'd banish each domestic sweet,
 Pleasure, and Peace, and Smiles serene.
 But should there come a beauteous child,
 Whose sparkling eyes speak love and joy,

Whose winning form and manners mild
 Declare him Venus' darling boy ;
 Whenever he may choose to come,
 Receive him with due tenderness ;
 Love never can be troublesome,
 But will our common bliss increase.
 Should Wisdom, while I'm not at home,
 Desire admittance to obtain,
 Ask her to wait in the best room,
 Or beg she'd kindly call again.

E L E G Y

On the DEATH of a near RELATION.

ONE is my earliest friend ! Alas, too soon !
 Too soon he fell beneath Fate's powerful sway ;
 Ere he had gain'd of life the balmy noon,
 Death snatch'd him from the bright realms of day.
 Oh, that some prescient spirit had foretold,
 The death-wing'd coming of the ruthless blow :
 Oh, that lost life could be regain'd by gold ;
 'Twould oft avert the baleful cloud of woe.
 Ah, vain unguarded thought ! is God unwise ?
 Beholds he not the UNIVERSAL WHOLE ?
 Does he not mark where latent virtue lies,
 And point the innate anguish of the soul ?
 Yes ! Heaven propitious smiles on feeling minds,
 And fills them with a sympathetic glow,
 That, by Religion's heaven born laws confin'd,
 Oft bids the faintest tear of sorrow flow !
 Official memory here calls to view
 The dear delights of innocence and joy,
 Delights, that every scene with pleasure strew,
 And every heart with pleasing thoughts employ.
 When rosy summer deck'd the daisied green,
 With frequent look we watch'd that wondrous hour,
 What time the earth o'ershadowed evening's queen,
 New darkness on the solemn night to pour.
 Oft, e're the world had banish'd soothing sleep,
 Or village rustics had their toil begun,

Oft have we climb'd the mountain's cavern'd steep,
 To gaze the glories of the rising sun.
 And oft, when ~~winter~~^{winter}'s baleful blasts arose
 To spread destruction o'er the humbled year,
 Long have we listen'd to some tale of woes,
 Till flow'd, unbidden, Pity's tender tear.
 What tho' no lofty monument of fame,
 Or trophied urn, adorn his lonely bed;
 Remembrance still shall venerate his name,
 And o'er his grave the tear be duly shed.
 For him when spring adorns the flowery lawn,
 Or Autumn's melancholy hours decay,
 For him the Red-breast oft, at early dawn,
 Shall, solitary, pour his rueful lay.

9th March, 1795.

M

EPIGRAM.

WHEN I call'd t'other day on a Noble renown'd,
 In his great marble hall lay the Bible *well bound*;
 Not as printed by Jackson, and *bound up in black*,
 But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back.
 Unacquainted with *Ton*, and your quality airs,
 I suppos'd it intended for family pray'rs:
 His piety pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
 Yet thought none would venture the Bible to steal:
 But judge my surprize, when inform'd of the case,
 He had chain'd it, *for fear it should fly in his face*.

ANECDOTE.

Ann de Montmorency, Marshal, High Steward, and Constable of France, being mortally wounded at the battle of St. Denys, said to those who exhorted him to prepare for death, "Do you imagine a man who has lived more than fourscore years with honour and reputation, and has faced death in so many battles, some of which have continued from morning till night, is now to learn how to die, a conflict which will be over in a quarter of an hour?"

THE ASYLUM.

No. 29] (*Price One Penny.*)

ON the GREAT HISTORICAL AGES.

EVERY age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions, and all histories are nearly alike, to those who seek only to furnish their memories with facts; but whosoever thinks, or what is still more rare, whosoever has taste, will find but four ages in the history of the world. These four happy ages are those in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by serving as the æra of the greatness of the human mind, are examples for posterity.

The first of these ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of antient Greece; the rest of the known world was then in a state of barbarism.

The second is that of Cæsar and Augustus, distinguished likewise by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was seen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence, the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks; this was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts

had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtù, as the first Greeks had distinguished them by the name of Wisdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Tasso, and an Ariosto flourished. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again as admirable, as in the most triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbarism, which had disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy to make way for good taste.

The arts, always transplanted from Greece to Italy, found themselves in a favourable soil, where they instantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather these fruits; but either they could not live in those climates, or else they degenerated very fast.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but such as were merely learned men; he had architects, but he had no Michael Angelo nor Palladio, he endeavoured in vain to establish schools for painting; the Italian masters, whom he invited to France, raised no pupils there. Some epigrams and a few loose tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only prose writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in possession of every thing that was beautiful, excepting music, which was then but in a rude state; and experimental philosophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Lastly, the fourth age is that known by the

name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches nearest to perfection of all the four : enriched by the discoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than all those three put together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Augustus, and Alexander ; but human reason in general was more improved. In this age we first became acquainted with sound philosophy ; it may truly be said, that from the last year of Cardinal Richelieu's administration, till those which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened such a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, that will serve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France ; it has communicated itself to England, where it has stirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply learned nation stood in need of at that time ; it has introduced taste into Germany, and sciences into Russia ; it has even reanimated Italy, which was languishing ; and Europe is indebted for its politeness and spirit of society to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time the Italians called all the people on this side of the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It must be owned, that the French in some degree deserved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined this romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeness. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongst them ; which is a proof that the useful arts were likewise neglected ; for when once the things of use

are carried to perfection, the transition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all astonishing, that painting, sculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, should be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though possessed of harbours on the Western Ocean, and the Mediterranean sea, were without ships; and who, though fond of luxury to an excess, were hardly provided with the most common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English, carried on, in their turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the first principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his accession to the crown, had not a single ship; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thousand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom resembled those pitiful villages which we see on the other side of the Loire. The nobility, who were all stationed in the country, in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches, oppressed the peasant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almost impassable; the towns were destitute of police, and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that ever since the decline of the Carlovignian family, France had languished more or less in this infirm state merely for want of the benefit of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people must either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority must be fixed beyond all opposi-

tion. In France, the people were slaves till the reign of Philip Augustus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI.; and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority against their vassals, had neither leisure to think about the happiness of their subjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happiness or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts; but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, so that they all perished with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raising France from the calamities and barbarisms in which she had been plunged by thirty years of discord, when he was assassinated in his capital, in the midst of a people, whom he had begun to make happy. The cardinal de Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grands, did not enjoy a power sufficiently undisturbed to reform the nation; but he had at least the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the space of 900 years, our genius had been almost always restrained under a Gothic government, in the midst of divisions and civil wars; destitute of any laws or fixed customs, changing every second century a language which still continued rude and unformed; the nobles were without discipline, and strangers to every thing but war and idleness. The clergy lived in disorder and ignorance, and the common people without industry, and stupified in their wretchedness.

The French had no share either in the great discoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations: they have no title to the discoveries of painting, gun-powder, glasses, telescopes, the sector, compass, the air-pump, or the true system of the universe: they were making tournaments, while the Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering and conquering new countries from the east to the west of the known world. Charles V. had already scattered the treasures of Mexico over Europe, before the subjects of Francis I. had discovered the uncultivated country of Canada; but by the little which the French did in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we may see what they are capable of when properly conducted.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 22.)

“ **I**T grew late, and I was still sitting on my trunk, half distracted, leaning on my trembling hand, at length I resolved to go next morning to some of my acquaintance, and endeavour to get some money advanced. That terrible evening was followed by a more terrible night; morning dawned and I still could not sleep—my pride revolted against the thought of borrowing money, but the idea of the unavoidable want staring me in the face, got the better of it, and I went. Every one whom I applied to was sorry for what had happened to me, railed against and cursed the villain who had robbed me, but nobody would lend me money—scarcity of cash, the backwardness of the debtors; alas! these and a thousand other obstacles prevented my friends from assisting me. I

went home in a gloomy melancholy mood, and did not know what to do. It struck one, the dinner was on the table, but I could not eat. I was standing in my room with a downcast look, and musing on my distress, a son of misery and a slave to cruel necessity. I cannot tell how long I had been in that desponding situation, when a gentle knocking at my door roused me suddenly from my reverie: I exclaimed in an agony, come in! The door opened, and I was thunderstruck when I beheld the unknown gentleman before me. My soul was filled with rapture, I ran almost frantic with joy towards him, clasped him in my arms, and exclaimed, "Have you, have you found it?"

"I have not!" answered he.

"Methinks I see him still standing before me, a tall lean figure, his face pale, his looks staring and serious: I trembled as he spoke."

"Not! not!" groaned I, "gracious Heaven! how unhappy am I."

"Patience, young man," replied he, "altho' the thief may have made his escape, yet I am here."

I gazed at him with astonishment. He took his pocket book, opened it, and gave me two papers. "There, take it," said he, "it is as much as you may want at present, the mail will set off to-morrow for your native country, I wish you an happy journey."

Then he laid the papers on my table, and hastened out of the room: A strange sensation had fixed me to the floor, had fettered my tongue, and I could neither thank my benefactor, nor enquire how I was to repay him. I felt veneration

for this singular man, admired his humanity, and yet I could not help feeling some inward sensations of horror; I was for a considerable time as motionless as a statue. Having recovered from my amazement, I went to the table, took up the papers, which he had left behind, and saw, with astonishment, that each of them was a draft for a hundred dollars payable at F——: It grieved me to be obliged to accept a present from a strange unknown man. But what could I do? How could I get access to him? Perhaps (thought I) he will send his direction, but I waited in vain for it. He got into his carriage and drove away.

I also left the house and returned late, the stranger was not yet come home: However, I was determined to await his return, and as soon as he should enter the house, to hasten to his apartment, and to insist on his taking a bond for his money, and if he should happen to refuse it, to force him to take back his present. This resolution was good enough, however I could not execute it because he did not return.

Night being far advanced, I laid myself down upon a couch, and the harbinger of sleep surprised me; I began to doze. At once I heard a noise before my door, I got up, and all was hushed in silence. I fancied the noise I had heard had been the effects of those early dreams which sometimes amuse our fancy when sleep is coming on; but soon after I heard the same noise again. I got once more up from my couch, and all was silent again. Listening attentively, I heard the same noise repeated; it grew now louder and louder, and resembled the tapping of somebody

who could not find the latch. I was going to open the door, but before I came into the middle of the room, saw it move on its hinges. I stopped, the door opened slowly, and now I could distinguish my visitor. It was a strange figure, tall and emaciated, clad in a white garment. As it entered the room, it advanced towards me with slow and solemn steps; I staggered back, and a chilly terror trembled through my frame. The apparition moved towards the table in awful silence. It took up my watch, looked at it, gave a hollow groan, and then laid it down again. I was thunderstruck. The phantom now moved slowly back, and I looked at its face as it was passing the table where the candle stood—Merciful heaven! how was I chilled with horror, when I beheld the features of my deceased mother! My knees shook, a cold sweat bedewed my face, and my strength forsook me.

“Meanwhile the apparition was coming to the door, without having turned its face; it opened the latch gently, and, when on the threshold, turned round, staring me in the face, with a ghastly look, and lifting up its emaciated hand, threatening three times in a horrible manner, and disappeared.

“I fell senseless back upon my couch, and when I could recollect myself again, I fancied I had been haunted by a bad dream.—The clock struck one as I was going to look at my watch.

“Vexed that the stranger did not come home, I went to bed, and slept till it was broad day. When the waiter brought my breakfast, I asked whether my neighbour was come home. He de-

nied it. Then I asked if he perhaps had left F---? The waiter answered, it may be, he always pays his bill after dinner, he carries no trunks with him, and none of his servants lodge in our house.

“ I went with the waiter to the apartment which the stranger had occupied: The key was in the lock, we walked in, all was empty.

“ I went back to my room, took up the drafts he had given me, and would have destroyed them, if I thus could have disencumber'd myself of the obligation which I owed him. It suddenly came in my mind that they might be fictitious, or the name of the merchant who was to pay the money, not known. This thought afforded me pleasure, though I could expect nothing but misery if it should prove true.

“ I hastened to the host, shewing him my drafts, under the pretext as if I wanted to know the direction of a merchant. He described the house and the street where he lived. I was frightened, and went that same morning to the merchant. He looked slightly at the paper, but very seriously at me, and his eyes seemed to denote astonishment and pity. I expected, joyfully, that the bills would be protested; however, I was mistaken. He opened, sighing, his drawers, and counted down two hundred dollars, still looking at me with astonishment. I put the money in my pocket, and, being convinced that he pitied me for being obliged to that stranger, I took the liberty of asking him, by whom he was to be repaid; upon which he appeared to be disconcerted, shrugged his shoulders, muttered some unintelligible words, and left me suddenly. I went away under

the greatest apprehensions, and the weather being fine, was tempted to take a walk in a public garden.

"The beautiful morning had assembled there a great number of foreigners and of the inhabitants of F-----. I went into a remote bower, and ordered some chocolate.

"Retired from the noisy bustle of company, I could now muse on the strange accidents which I had experienced during my short stay at F-----: I also recollected my dream, and reflected on it more seriously than before. Though I was very much tempted to deem it something more than a delusion of fancy, yet I was still disinclined to ascribe that strange incident to a supernatural cause, being strongly prepossessed against the belief in apparitions, and found myself bewildered in a maze of irksome fancies. I struggled hard with my imagination, striving to forget what had made me so uneasy; however, all my struggles proved abortive; the dream, or rather the apparition continued returning to my remembrance, in defiance of my reasoning, and the nocturnal horrid spectre hovered still before my eyes, haunting me with gloomy thoughts.

"Being tired and wearied by the uninterrupted struggle between reason and fancy, I endeavoured to ease my soul of her heavy load, by a loud exclamation, and, without recollecting where I was, I suddenly broke out in the words, "No, it was a deluding dream."

"It was no dream!" exclaimed a well known voice on a sudden.

"I cast down my eyes filled with shame and

terror—Imagine how I was surprised to behold the mysterious stranger standing before me.

“ Young man,” said he, without giving me time to utter a single word, “ young man, do you wish for an explanation of the apparition of last night ?”

“ I gazed at him in dumb silence.

“ If you wish to have unfolded that incident,” he resumed after a short pause, “ then await me this evening, by ten o’clock, at the town gate, next to the inn.”

“ The stranger pronounced these words with a friendly courteous mien, made me a bow, and left the bower, disappearing amid the crowd.

“ The waiter brought the chocolate, but I could not swallow a single drop. In vain did I now roam all over the garden, in hopes of meeting the stranger : in vain ask all my acquaintances and the waiters, describing minutely the stranger to every one; nobody had seen him.”

“ I hastened home, awe and terror struck me as I entered my apartment; the door of my chamber seemed to be in constant motion, and the figure of my mother haunted me without intermission. I could not get rid of the gloomy reflection on her threatening looks, and left the house. I now rambled about, in great uneasiness, the fore and afternoon, went from the coffee-house to the promenade, from thence to the museum, from the museum to the tavern, from the tavern to the exhibition of wild beasts, and last to the playhouse, but I could no where find tranquillity and ease of mind.

(To be continued.) 54

INSTANCES *of forgiving of* INJURIES.

SOME promoters of anarchy and confusion contrived to draw into their interests a young man, a native of Stockholm, who was possessed of wit and merit. Taking advantage of his distress, they bribed, and compelled him to publish several satirical pieces against the King, which at length came to his Majesty's hands; and the author being discovered, he ordered him to be brought before him.

The young man's terror and confusion may easily be imagined, but were far exceeded by his amazement and gratitude, when the King said to him, "My friend, you write extremely well, but there is one matter essentially wanting to you, which is *bread*: therefore I appoint you my librarian. Continue to cultivate your talents; I forgive what you have already, and may in future, write against your King." Having had the good fortune, some days after, to gain his Majesty's approbation by his manner of reading some poetry of his composition, he advanced him to be reader to him. This act of greatness of soul, reminds us of another, performed by the same monarch, which proves, that the only true method to punish injuries effectually, is to pardon them.

Monsieur Engstroem, being biased by political prejudices, refused to sign the new constitution, and even vented injurious reflections against the King; but at length, perceiving the impropriety of his conduct, and penetrated with regret, he, in the year 1775, obtained permission to appear at court, in order to solicit his Majesty's forgive-

ness. Some of the courtiers strove to insinuate to this generous monarch, that such a proceeding was only an aggravation of his perfidy, and that he did not deserve to be forgiven. "Our intention is to punish him," said this beneficent sovereign, "We will appoint him to be surveyor of the customs at Pomerania, with a salary of three hundred rix-dollars, and four hundred to defray his travelling expences thither." It was thus that this generous prince, who, at his accession to the throne, became at once the conqueror and the father of his people, converted an obstinate malcontent into one of the most faithful of his subjects.

In a similar manner did Charles the Fourth of France behave, when informed of a plot against his life, and which was to be executed by one of his household officers who had been bribed for the purpose. His intention being fortunately discovered, the prince was warned, that this unhappy man only waited a favourable moment to poison or assassinate him. He immediately ordered him into his presence, and, with a most tranquil countenance said, "I am sorry to hear that you have not the means to portion your daughter; therefore accept of these thousand ducats for her dowry." What must have been the traitor's surprise and feelings, at the moment of his meditating so black a crime against his generous master, to receive such a signal favour from him: it had the desired effect; and thus, by an act of the most heroic beneficence, did this great prince exchange the pain of being obliged to take away even a traitor's life, for the heaven-born pleasure of

gaining the heart of an enemy, and recalling him to his duty.

It was a sublime answer which was given by Lewis the Twelfth, (formerly Duke of Orleans) to some of his courtiers, who urged him to punish certain personal affronts he had received before his accession to the throne: "It does not, says he, belong to the King of France, to revenge the quarrels of the Duke of Orleans."

THE DISAPPOINTED COURTIER.

IF Fortune minds not when we woo,
 We seem to grow indifferent too,
 And thus we think we save our credit,
 To bear a loss like folks of spirit:
 A trick self-love puts men upon,
 To undervalue what is gone.
 Thus, in a moment, is despis'd
 (Because 'tis lost) what most we priz'd.
A Courtier met most Courtiers' fate,
Had waited long, and serv'd the State,
And after all his toil and pains
Another in his office reigns:
 And thus, in lieu of being rewarded,
 Finds himself shamefully discarded.
 Then bus'ness, hurry, and affairs,
 Was nonsense, trouble, plagues and cares;
 The levees, visits, dinners, letters,
 Were, to a man, so many fetters;
 And House of Commons, Park, and Plays,
 With invitations and Court-days,
 Was what he never cou'd admire,
 So in the country wou'd retire,
 Where health, and exercise, and pleasure,
 Books, building, gardening, and leisure
 For twenty schemes besides all these,
 Might, in their turn, be sure to please.
 For who wou'd be a slave for ever
 When he might live retir'd and clever?

Thus, new opinions he embraces,
 The old makes over with his places.
 Nor is the quiet country scheme
 When put in practice all a dream;
 'Tis better than the other much,
 At least persuades himself 'tis such.
 He likes to have his leisure hours
 To sit among his shrubs and flowers;
 And frankly own'd he had never past
 Four months, so pleasant as the last.
 But now the State wheels won'd not move
 Dispatches reach'd him in his grove,
 And Fortune, for his past disgrace,
 Presented him once more a place.
 Now politics, dependence, waiting,
 Flattery, party, and debating,
 Return'd upon him in full force;
 How easily he chang'd his course!—
 'Twas having something for to do,
 Seeing how things went, and who was who;
 Levees, visits, and all that,
 Was meeting friends, and hearing chat:
 The idle life, and pastoral stile,
 Did mighty well a little while;
 But horrid senseless, and insipid,
 Without a man was grown decrepid.
 Thus he the various changes rung,
 Then who'd believe a Courtier's tongue,
 Who, vers'd and practis'd in deceits,
 Himself, as well as others, cheats?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The observations by DETECTOR, on the plagiarism of Sterne, have been received; but the subject of the quotation renders it improper for insertion.—We shall be glad to hear further from this correspondent.

The Communication by Rd. C. is under consideration.

In page 32d line 3d, *for* virtue's read winter's.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 30.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

THE FAVORITE OF FORTUNE.

THE hero of this narrative was born in that seminary of vulgar education, well known by the name of St. Giles.

At the age of four years he was inveigled from his parents by two gypsey women, and after being in that strolling company of vagrants, for 14 months, was recovered through accident, in Streatham Lane, Surry, by a journeyman horse butcher, who saw him on a Sunday morning, under a hedge, assisting to pick a goose that had been purloined the preceding night from some neighbouring farm yard, and knowing the child, he took him home, after some altercation with the sooty sisterhood.

He had not been above three months with his parents, before he strayed away, and accompanied a beggar woman into Buckinghamshire, from whom he was taken by the parish officers of Beaconsfield, and being able to tell the place of his abode, was conveyed in the waggon back to his parents, who sent him to school, where he made a rapid progress in the course of six years, during which time he picked up an acquaintance with some of the boys of Field Lane, and occasionally assisted in little thefts, and now and then picking a pocket in a mob, where the innocence of his looks, his youth, and genteel habit, (for his parents gave him good clothes) preserved him from suspicion, and encouraged him to go on with success until he was twelve years old, when one of

his companions being hanged, he left off picking pockets, and entered into the service of a Mountebank Doctor, on Tower Hill.

Here he was very expert, but being detected in purloining something from his master's pocket, he was dismissed, and soon after got acquainted with a company of house breakers, in whose service he was taken up for a burglary in the Strand, tried, convicted, recommended to mercy, and after lying seven months in Newgate, pardoned and discharged.

Being of an active disposition, he recommended himself so well to an attorney, that he got into the office, and was the most expert youth in London at serving a copy of a writ, or *setting* an unfortunate debtor for a bailiff, to one of whom in a short time he became a follower, and probably would soon have arrived to the dignity of a sheriff's officer, had he not unfortunately taken a false oath, in order to obtain an escape warrant against a poor man, who contrived to elude all the vigilance of the *shoulder tapping* tribe.

This being on record, he was obliged to shift his quarters to the country, where he got as a day-labourer in a gentleman's garden at Foot's Cray, in Kent, where he made himself so useful that he soon obtained promotion to the stable, and from thence was taken into the house as foot-boy, in which he became a great favourite with the young ladies.

Arrived now to the age of 18, with an excellent constitution, a good person, and a fine face, he had thoughts of running away first with the affection, and then with the person of his master's

youngest daughter; but unfortunately my lady's maid having fixed her eye on him for a husband to herself, yet unfortunately letting him partake of the banquet before *grace* was said, and he having higher notions, and refusing to marry her, the proof came forward in *due time*, and our hero decamped, with, as he wrote the story himself, only twenty-two shillings, two suits of cloaths, and three shirts.

Having lived two years in this family, and being much improved in his person and manners; he soon got a situation by the assistance of a Register office, to attend a young gentleman as valet in his tour of Europe. Character was here necessary, and as he never committed any fault at Foot's Cray, but with my lady's maid, he ventured to send there for a recommendation, which the family without any hesitation gave him, the child being dead, the parish relieved from the burthen, and Mrs. Abigail as good a maid as ever.

Being fond of women, and the Parisians not the most chaste ladies in the world, he indulged himself in every excess of that kind, which the most prostituted capital in the universe produced. His income, however, not suiting his disposition, he had recourse to *ways* and *means*, and stole the tutor's pocket book, in which he conceived there were several notes on the French bank.

This however proved an error: for it contained nothing more than a few sketches of the places they had travelled through, with a page or two of short-hand, animadverting with great se-

verity on the French Government, and pointing out how easily so enlightened a people as the natives might be induced to shake off the yoke of slavery.

The pocket book being missed, and our hero strongly suspected, he was dismissed, and the tutor and pupil proceeded without him.

He had very little now in possession but his wits, of which he resolved to make the most, and as the observations in the pocket book were judiciously made, he unfortunately shewed them to some Parisian acquaintance *as his own*, who suspecting that he was a spy from England, gave information to the police, and he was taken up, when the short hand being produced in evidence against him, it was in vain that he said he understood it not, and told the truth, for he was instantly sent to the Bastile, where he says he was treated like a gentleman for four years, during which time he learned both the French and Italian languages, and spoke and wrote them fluently; also made himself master of the English and Roman histories, and read most of the best selection of books that could be had, any of which he asked for being sent to him, but by whom or at whose expence he never could discover.

The Duke of Bedford's peace restored him to liberty, and being considered as a person of some consequence from his long confinement in the Bastile, he soon found means to get a considerable credit at Paris, from whence to draw bills on England, that never were accepted; but before the return of the post, which conveyed them, he was out of the reach of his creditors, and on the

tour of Europe, as a principal instead of a servile domestic.

His address procured him a number of friends at Rome, where he was a bigotted papist, and on the subject of which religion he spoke so well, that he became a favourite with his holiness. Here also he recruited himself by drawing on an eminent house in the city, and decamping as usual: but as he was not so well known for his sufferings at Rome, as at Paris, he forged letters of credit from some of the first merchants at the latter to the former, and not being suspected they answered his purpose.

After staring at the pyramids of Egypt, exploring the Alps, warming his cheeks at mount Etna, visiting the Grand Signior, paying his respects to the Empress of Russia, and smoaking a pipe at Amsterdam, he returned to his native country, so altered and so improved, that no person knew him.

Before the remnant of his forgeries were exhausted, he contrived to marry the daughter of a patriotic Peer, by whom he got near two thousand pounds a year, hereditary in the male line, a seat in the British Senate, and a considerable employment in the North administration, without any person of her family or connections being acquainted with the particulars of his life, save the old Lord himself, who only had it one year before our hero's death, which happened by a stroke of the palsy on the 31st of January, 1778.

This extraordinary character possessed many virtues. He was generous to a fault—relieved indigence whenever he had it in his power; placed

his brother and sister in comfortable situations, without ever intimating the smallest hint of the relationship, and getting for his father and mother a pension of 200 l. a year, which they enjoyed until the days of their respective deaths, they not knowing that it was to the interest of their son they owed it.

All the bills he drew from France and Italy, were in process of time paid with honour at the very houses on which they were originally drawn, not that our hero retained the same name in England with which he travelled—or made it known he was the person that drew the bills.

He left no children by his wife, who is long since dead, and what property he possessed, amounting to about sixteen thousand pounds, was divided among his own relations.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 44.)

“ **I**T was growing dark when I left the play-house, my soul was disturbed by strange sensations, and I was consulting with myself whether I should go or not. Doubt and apprehension suspended my resolution for a considerable time, and overwhelmed me with pungent agony.

“ Shall I go or not? Prudence asked, What hast thou to apprehend? I could give no answer, and fears and doubts still continued keeping up a most distressing conflict. Curiosity on a sudden raised her bewitching voice, driving away every doubt, and bidding defiance to the wise counsels of prudence. “ Thy departure is fixed, to-morrow thou art going to leave this town;” thus

the charming seducer whispered in my ear, and to-day thou canst get rid of every teasing doubt: Thou wilt repent it one time if thou refusest to go to-day. Take courage, man, take courage, don't be such a coward as to fear an old man; and" thus my pride added, "thou canst inform thyself how to pay the notes."

"At once I was determined to go. I will repair to the place of rendezvous," said I, and was instantly disincumbered of a load of uneasiness. I returned to my apartment with composure, called for a light and began to write some letters. Having continued that occupation till eight o'clock, I went down stairs to amuse myself a little, and spent two happy hours at the table d' hôte. When supper was over the landlord desired to speak to me in private. As soon as we had retired to another room, he said, I bring you happy tidings. I listened attentively."

"You have lost several things during your residence in our town?"

"I have," replied I, with surprise.

"Your loss has given me great uneasiness, on account of the reputation of my house."

"Let us come to the point," exclaimed I with impatience.

"You have lost a purse, a snuff-box, a ring, and a pocket book."

"You know exactly what I have lost," answered I, with amazement.

"You will find every article in your room."

"I staggered back.

"An unknown person brought all your things an hour ago."

"An unknown person? Was it perhaps that strange gentleman? But it cannot be him you know."

"What do you mean?"

"My neighbour."

"The landlord shook his head smiling, he was called away, and hastening to my room, I found every thing as the landlord had told me. The bill of exchange was in the pocket book, and I was lost in dumb amazement, not doubting that this had been a new trick of my unknown benefactor. But why did he not wait till ten o'clock?" said I to myself, "Why not return my things on our appointed meeting? Should he have doubted my coming, or perhaps, have been obliged to depart suddenly? The last was the most likely, but, at the same time, the most disagreeable to me, depriving me of the means of returning him his money, and paying my debt after I had recovered my property. But how could I be certain that he really was departed, since all his doings had been so strange and eccentric. How could a gentleman like him, a pattern of honesty, a friend to human nature, how could *he* be guilty of transgressing the first duty of an honest man? How could it be possible, that he should be able to break his word? He had appointed me to meet him at ten o'clock, and the landlord had not said any thing to the contrary."

"I went down to the supper room, requesting a few minutes hearing of the landlord, and asked him, if the unknown person who had brought my last property, had left any message for me."

"He denied it, adding, his own words were,

"There are the things Mr. Walfred has lost," and without giving me time to question him any farther, by whom he had been sent, he went away.

"Now I looked at my watch; it wanted fifteen minutes to ten; I fetched my hat and great coat, and walked slowly towards the town gate.

"The night was exceeding fine, the moon shone bright, and was surrounded with millions of sparkling stars. It struck ten when I was already standing on the appointed spot; I mistook every passenger for the stranger, ran towards several of them, and began to speak, but I was always disappointed. It was now forty-five minutes past ten, and I began to be tired; my apprehension that the stranger had been obliged to depart suddenly appeared to prove true.

"I will wait till it strikes eleven, said I to myself, and then I will return home, if he should not be here." The bell of the adjacent steeple tolled eleven, and the stranger was not yet come.

"I will stay fifteen minutes longer, and then return to the inn.

"These fifteen minutes expired likewise, without his making his appearance: The stillness of midnight surrounded me, and nobody appeared; I went back.

"I was not gone ten steps when my dear stranger came walking towards me with hasty paces; nobody could be more rejoiced than I was, and forgetting entirely that I had waited so long, I ran towards him. He shook me heartily by the hand, and said, "I am sorry that I have kept you waiting so long."

"I would have waited with pleasure still longer, replied I, without the least token of diffidence, if I had been sure of seeing you at last. I willingly would have undergone every difficulty in order to obey your commands, and to get rid of my doubts."

"That you shall, said he; follow me."

"Now he began to walk so fast that I hardly could keep up with him; he uttered not a word; we arrived at the gate, and it was opened at his command; our way led straight through the suburbs, at the bottom of which a solitary house was standing: My conductor knocked at the door; we were let in: The house appeared to be empty and deserted, and we saw no living soul except an old decrepid man, who had opened the door. The stranger ordered a light; a lamp was brought; and now we walked, without stopping, through a dark passage 'till we came to a door, leading into a garden, in the back of which was a small pleasure-house; my conductor opened the door, and we entered a small damp room."

"Now we are on the spot," said he, after having carefully secured the door, "now tell me, what you want to know."

"First of all, I wanted to give him a brief account of the recovery of my effects, and then to ask him if he had been my benefactor. However, he prevented me from doing it, exclaiming, "I know it all, I beg you will centre all you want to know into one question."

"I mused a while, but I was not able to bring all my wishes to one point, and it is very likely that the presence of that strange extraordinary

man, had greatly contributed to my perplexity. I found it impossible to make the question he had ordered me to do.

" Seeing my distress, he said, " Well then, enquire after the name of the friend who has taken so much care of you.

" That was the very question which I was most eager to do ; I had been inclined to propose it ere now, but I would not venture to do it for fear of offending the stranger ; with great joy did I therefore reply, " Yes, that I will, that I wish to know."

" Well then, replied he, you shall get personally acquainted with that friend of yours."

" Then I do not know him yet personally ? resumed I, I thought it was you, Sir."

" The stranger shook his head.

" I am only his deputy, was his answer ; and, added he, after a short pause, " only through the third hand."

" I gazed at him with amazement, but he seemed to take no notice of it, and began to make preparations for introducing my friend in a most mysterious manner. He strewed sand on the floor, and drew two circles with an ebony wand, placing me in one, and himself in the other.

" How will this end, said I to myself.

(To be continued.) 71

EVIL COUNSELLORS. *An Oriental Apologue.*

A Learned Doctor, named Saheb, appointed, by the Sultan of Carizma, to superintend the education of his son, had orders to entertain his pupil every day with a story, proper to form

the manners of a young prince. He one day related the following :

A Magician once appeared at the Court of king Zohak, and performed, in the presence of that Monarch and his attendants, several miracles, to his great astonishment and delight. King of kings, said the Enchanter, these are but the amusements of my art, and scarcely worthy your attention; but if you will permit me to blow twice into your ear, you shall immediately behold a prodigy truly wonderful. Permission was granted, and Zohak had no sooner complied, but, after some involuntary vertigos, he felt within his body an extraordinary motion, more violent than painful, which ended in the sudden eruption of two serpents' heads, near the region of the heart. Perfidious wretch ! cried the king, what hast thou done ? How has thy impure breath produced, within my entrails, these devouring monsters.—Fear nothing, replied the magician, but return me thanks for the precious gift of which you know not the value. These two serpents are a certain pledge of the happiness of your life and the glory of your reign. All depends on appeasing their hunger, and furnishing them with that food which alone they will accept. Select, from time to time, a number of your subjects, whom you may take from the lowest class of the people; with their flesh you must nourish these divine animals, and assuage their thirst with their blood. Above all, be deaf to a despicable and dangerous compassion. Remember that what affords you pleasure must be just, and that royalty is not worth acceptance unless that kings may, when

they chuse, do injury to other men. Zohak was, at first, terrified at this execrable counsel, but, since he was assured his happiness depended on following it, he did not long hesitate, and soon found his inhumanity become a pleasure. The hunger of the two monsters which grew from his body, became his own; and while they satisfied their cruel appetite he experienced, as he said, a delicious sensation. He paid no regard to the cries and tears, the blood or lives, of his unhappy subjects. He only considered his people as sheep, destined to be sacrificed to his absurd extravagancies; while they, in their turn, regarded Zohak as a monster let loose to devour them; till at length, their sufferings overcoming their timidity, they arose against their tyrant, tore him from the throne he had profaned, and imprisoned him in a frightful cavern in the mountains of Damavend. There, deserted by all but his two serpents, the merciless Zohak became the victim of their voracity, which he could no longer satisfy.

What a terrible tale is this! cried the young Prince, as soon as his Preceptor had concluded: for heaven's sake relate another which I may hear without shuddering.—Willingly, my Lord, replied Saheb; the following is very simple and very short.

A young Sultan reposed all his confidence in an artful and corrupt eunuch. This wicked favorite filled his mind with false ideas of the glory and happiness of kings; he inspired him with pride, and a love for luxurious effeminacy, those parents of every crime. To the gratification of these wretched passions the young monarch sacri-

ficed the interests of his people. He considered it as his glory to despise mankind, and his happiness to render others miserable. What was the consequence of such conduct? He lost his crown, his treasures, and his flatterers; nothing remained but his pride and effeminacy; and, not possessing the means to gratify these, he died, inflamed with rage and overwhelmed with shame.

The Prince of Carizma was not totally dissatisfied with this last story. I like this, said he, much better than the other. It is less horrible and disgusting. Alas! my Lord, replied his Préceptor, it is the very same.

ANECDOTE OF

His Majesty JOHN the FIRST, King of DALKEY,
and the adjacent Isles.

IN the case of the above personage we have a strong instance of the height to which the human imagination may be raised. Moving in the middle sphere of life, he was persuaded that he was actually a monarch, and was alive to all that tender solicitude which the father of a people should ever feel. A society called the Kingdom of Dalkey, had appointed him their sovereign, and annually attended him to visit his territories. Complimented frequently with the title of Majesty, the idea got possession of all his senses, and absolutely turned his brain; so that, for a year and a half past, his residence was Swift's hospital. Before his decease, his time was occupied in arranging the affairs of his kingdom. He desired that all his great officers of state might be continued. "My Chancellor, said he, "never degrad-

ed his dignity by bargaining for places and pensions; My Attorney-general never pleaded in foul dishonour's cause, nor burned his fingers with attachments; my Primates and Archbishops have more grace than what they derive from titles; my Council was honest; and if there is truth in wine, they possess more truth than any council in Europe: let them all continue," said he, with an air of fortitude and composure. "But, my crown!"—here he was the man—his firmness forsook him, and he seemed averse to die, not from the fear of death, but from the thought of leaving his crown behind him. As the big tear trickled from his eye, he exclaimed, "Let my crown be left to the election of my subjects." So much for his public conduct; in private, he was distinguished for sincerity, cheerfulness, and a love of social mirth. Poor fellow! he had no gall to overflow; and we may say with Sterne, if a nettle should grow upon his grave, it ought to be plucked away; for there was no humour in the temperament of his body or mind which could give nourishment to so noxious a weed.

ODE TO SPRING.

COME, gentle Spring, be not dismay'd,
 Hoary Winter is afraid
 To meet the brightness of your eyes,
 Look but on him and he dies.
 Yet have compassion on his years,
 His icy beard and silver hairs;
 Nor tear his snowy mantle off,
 Nor break his age's leaning staff,
 Gently let him creep away,
 Pinch'd with pain he cannot stay,

Though spiteful Boreas, to perplex you,
 Urges him on in hopes to vex you ;
 Whilst little Zephyrs, soft and mild,
 With the fondness of a child,
 Warms his feet and dries his beard—
 And when his heart's a little chear'd ;

- I would the kindness I impart,
- May make you able to depart,
- For smiling Spring is hurrying on,
- And now 'tis time you should be gone ;
- For laughing Flora's always with her,
- And age and youth don't suit together ;
- You, poor man, have had your day,
- Therefore now you must away.
- Here's lively spring in freshest green,
- And Flora gay as May's bright Queen,
- Now frisk the lambs, now fall soft showers,
- Now sing the birds, now spring the flow'rs ;
- The early crocus gold that blows,
- The violet sweet, and pale primrose,
- The snow-drop low, tall daffodils,
- The hyacinth, and faint jonquils,
- The cowslip spotted with bright red,
- The hair bell blue that droops its head.
- All around us looks so gay,
- 'Tis time, old man, to creep away.

THE COURT SERMON.

AS Doctor South, a zealous pastor,
 Was preaching to King * Charles, his master ;
 But much too serious for that court,
 Who of religion made their sport :
 He soon perceiv'd his hearers nod,
 Neglectful of the word of God.
 The Doctor paus'd ; and in a pester
 Cried ! “ Wake the Earl of Rochester † !
 “ My Lord ! why, 'tis a shameful thing,
 “ You snore so loud—you'll wake the King.”

* King Charles the Second.

† John Willmot, the witty earl of Rochester, one
 of the King's intimate companions.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 31.] (Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY APRIL 15, 1795.

Remarkable Story of JOB BEN SOLOMON, an African Slave.

JOB Ben Solomon was of the race of Pholeys, and son to the High Priest of Bundo, in Forra, who was sold as a slave, came to England, and received distinguished honours from the Royal Family and Nobility; the circumstances attending which we shall take from Mr. Moore, who particularly describes them, and whose relation must be the most genuine, as he was in company with him after his return to his own country.

“In the year 1731, as this person was travelling on the south side of the Gambia, with a servant, he was robbed and seized, by order of the King of a country a little within the land, who sold both him and his man for slaves to one Captain Pyke, who sailed with him to Maryland: The Pholeys, his humane countrymen, would have redeemed him, had he not been carried out of the river before they had notice of his being a slave. Job on his arrival at Maryland, was sold to a planter, who, finding he had very distinguished abilities, treated him with great respect; and, at the expiration of twelve months, Job had the good fortune to have a letter, of his own writing, in the Arabic tongue, conveyed to England. This letter coming to the hands of Mr. Gledthorpe, he sent it to Oxford to be translated; which being done, it gave him such satisfaction, and inspired him with so good an opinion

of the author, that he immediately sent orders to have him bought of his master. This happened a little before that gentleman's setting out for Georgia; and before his return from thence, Job arrived in England, where, being brought to the acquaintance of Sir Hans Sloane, he was found to be a perfect master of the Arabic tongue, by his translating several manuscripts and inscriptions on medals. Sir Hans Sloane recommended him to the Duke of Montague, who being pleased with his genius and capacity, the agreeableness of his behaviour, and the sweetness of his temper, introduced him to Court, where he was graciously received by the Royal Family, and most of the Nobility, who honoured him with many marks of their favour. After he had continued in England about fourteen months, he determined to return to his native country, from an earnest desire he had to see the High Priest his father. On his leaving England, he received many noble presents from her Majesty Queen Caroline, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Montague, the Earl of Pembroke, several ladies of quality, and the Royal African Company; the latter of whom ordered their agents to shew him the greatest respect. He arrived at St. James's Fort on the 8th of August, 1734, at which time Mr. Moore, then employed in the service of the African Company, was at that place, and finding the vessel came from England, he immediately went on board. What followed after the first interview was over between Mr. Moore and Job is thus described by the former.

“ Job, says he, desired that I would send

messenger to his country to let his friends know where he was. I spoke to one of the blacks, whom we usually employed, to procure me a messenger, and he brought me a Pholey, who not only knew the High Priest his father, but Job himself, and expressed great joy at seeing him return from slavery, he being the only man, except one, ever known to come back to his own country, after being once carried a slave out of it by white men. Job delivered him the message himself, and desired that his father should not come down to him, observing that it was too far for him to travel; and that it was fit the young should go to the old, and not for the old to come to the young.

“ He also sent some presents to his wives, and desired the man to bring his little one, who was his first beloved, down with him.

“ Job having a mind to go up to Joar, to talk to some of his countrymen, went along with me. We arrived at the creek of Damofensa, and having some old acquaintance at the town of that name, Job and I went there together. In the evening, as we were sitting under a green tree, there came six or seven of the very people, who three years before had robbed and made a slave of him, at about thirty miles distant from the place.

“ Job, tho’ naturally possessed of a very even temper, could not contain himself on seeing them; he was filled with rage and indignation, and was for attacking them with his broad sword and pistols, which he always took care to have about him. It was with great difficulty I could dissuade him from rushing upon them; but at length, re-

presenting the ill consequences that would infallibly attend so rash an action, and the impossibility that either of us should escape alive, I made him lay aside the attempt, and persuaded him to sit down; and pretending not to know them, to ask them questions about himself; which he accordingly did, and they told him the truth. At last he inquired how the King their master did; they replied that he was dead; and by farther inquiry we found, that amongst the goods for which he sold Job to Captain Pyke, there was a pistol, which the King used commonly to wear slung by a string about his neck; and as they never carry arms without their being loaded, the pistol accidentally went off, and the balls lodging in his throat, he presently died. Job was so transported at the close of this story, that he immediately fell on his knees, and returned thanks to Mahomet for making his persecutor die by the very goods for which he sold him into slavery. Then turning to me, he said, You see now, Mr. Moore, that God Almighty was displeased at this man's making me a slave, and therefore made him die by the very pistol for which he sold me; yet I ought to forgive him, because, had I not been sold, I should neither have known any thing of the English tongue, nor have had any of the fine, useful, and valuable things I have brought with me; nor have known that there is such a place in the world as England; nor such noble, good, and generous people as Queen Caroline, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Montague, the Earl of Pembroke, Mrs. Holden, Mr. Oglethorpe, and the Royal African Company.

After this Job frequently went with me to Cower, and several other places about the country. He always spoke very handsomely of the English; and what he said, removed much of that horror the Pholeys felt for the state of slavery amongst them; for they before generally imagined, that all who were sold for slaves, were at least murdered, if not eaten, since none ever returned. His descriptions also gave them an high opinion of England, and a veneration for the English, who traded amongst them. He sold some of the presents he brought with him for trading goods, with which he bought a woman slave and two horses. He gave his countrymen a great deal of writing paper, a very valuable commodity amongst them; and the Company had made him a present of several reams. He used frequently to pray, and behaved with great affability and mildness to all, which rendered him extremely popular.

“ The messenger whom Job had sent to his father, &c. not returning so soon as was expected, he desired me to go down to St. James’s Fort to take care of his goods; and I promised not only to send him word when the messenger came back, but to send other messengers, for fear the first should have miscarried. At length the messengers returned with several letters, and advice that Job’s father was dead, but had lived to receive the letters his son had sent him from England, which gave him the welcome news of his being redeemed from slavery, and an account of the figure he made in England. That one of Job’s wives was married to another man; but as soon as the new

husband had heard of his return, he thought it advisable to abscond; and that since Job's absence from his native country, there had been such a dreadful war, that the Pholeys there had not any cows left, though before Job's departure this country was fam'd for it's numerous herds.

“ With this messenger came many of Job's old friends, whom he was exceedingly glad to see; but notwithstanding the joy their presence gave him, he shed abundance of tears for the loss of his father, and the misfortunes of his country. He forgave his wife, and the man who had taken her; “ for,” said he, “ she could not help thinking I was dead, for I was gone to a land from whence no other Pholey ever yet returned; therefore, neither she nor the man are to be blamed. During three or four days he conversed with his friends without any interruption, except to sleep or eat.”

When Mr. Moore embarked on board the Company's vessel for England, Job waited on him to take his last farewell, which he did in the most affectionate manner. At the same time he gave him letters to the Duke of Montague, the Royal African Company, Mr. Oglethorpe, and several other gentlemen in England, telling him to give his love and duty to them, and to acquaint them that as he designed to learn to write the English tongue, he would, when he was master of it, send them longer epistles. He also desired Mr. Moore, that as he had lived with him almost ever since he came there, he would let his Grace and the other gentlemen know what he had done, and that he would endeavour to produce such an un-

derstanding between the African Company and the Pholeys, that he did not doubt would be of great advantage to the English: and concluded by saying, that he would spend his days in endeavouring to do good to the English, by whom he had been redeemed from slavery, and from whom he had received innumerable favours.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 59.)

“ **T**HE stranger was now standing opposite to me, in an awful and solemn posture: He folded his hand upon his breast, his looks being lifted up to heaven. Silent and motionless like a statue was he standing there. A chilly sensation of horror penetrated me, I did not dare to fetch breath.

“ The stranger remained in that posture for a quarter of an hour, my fear was swallowed up in dumb amazement, and my heart began soon to fail me for fear, and for a looking after those things which were to come: At length my conductor broke his mysterious silence; I heard his voice, but I could not understand what he was uttering; the words he was pronouncing seemed to belong to a foreign language. The lamp afforded but a faint light, and I could not well distinguish the objects around me. All was silent as the grave. My conductor whispered only now and then some mysterious words, drawing figures in the sand with his ebony wand.

“ Now I heard the clock strike twelve; with the last stroke the stranger began to turn himself round about, within the circle, with an astonish-

ing velocity, pronouncing the christian and surname of my deceased mother. I staggered back thrilled with chilly horror. On a sudden I heard a noise under ground, like the distant rolling of thunder. The stranger pronounced the name of my mother a second time, with a more solemn and tremendous voice than at first. A flash of lightning hissed through the room, and the voice of thunder grew louder and louder beneath my feet. Now he pronounced the name of my mother a third time, still louder and more tremendous. At once the whole pleasure-house appeared surrounded with fire. The ground began to shake under me, and I sunk suddenly down. The ghost of my mother hovered before my eyes, with a grim ghastly look ; a chilly sweat bedewed my face, and my senses forsook me.

“ A violent shaking roused me at length from my stupefaction.

“ The shaking did not cease, and I felt as if I was tossed to and fro ; at the same time I heard a terrible creaking and whizzing not far off. As soon as I had recovered my recollection, I perceived that I was sitting in a coach, driving onward with an incredible velocity, and found myself closely confined. Something was snoring by my side, but I could not distinguish what it was, being surrounded with impenetrable darkness.

“ You cannot imagine what I suffered in that situation ; I was seized with anxiety and apprehension, creating the most tormenting sensations, which cannot be described.

“ The road my human or supernatural coachman had taken seemed to be very uneven, or,

perhaps he did not know the road, for I felt every moment the most violent jolt, which increased my anxiety still more, by the additional apprehension of being overturned. My bones, which already had been hurt very much by my falling down in the pleasure house, seemed to be quite dislocated. I had been in that state of agony about half an hour, when a most violent jolt overturned the coach. A voice roared, "Jesu Maria!" Methought I felt the freezing hand of death upon my heart, and lost the power of recollection.

"At length I was roused from that state of insensibility, by the most excruciating pains.—I opened my eyes; two men, each of them holding an horse by the bridle, were standing by me; a countryman, with a lanthorn, was in their company, and the broken coach was lying on the ground at a small distance. They wanted to raise me up, but being pierced by terrible pains, I entreated them, for God's sake, not to touch me. My leg was fractured in two places: The horsemen promised to ride to a neighbouring town for assistance, and disappeared; the countryman remained with me and endeavoured to comfort me.

"I waited half an hour and nobody appeared; the night was cold: I waited an hour and no assistance came: One fainting fit followed the other; at length I heard the rolling of a coach; the countryman went with his lanthorn into the middle of the road, and saw a coach and four; the honest man begged the driver to stop, and related my misfortune. An old reverend man got out of the vehicle, lifted me, with the assistance

of the good peasant, into the coach, and ordered the coachman to drive slowly onward.

“ With the dawn of the morning we came to a village. My kind deliverer was the Lord of it. Having been carried to the castle, a surgeon was sent for; meanwhile the old nobleman endeavoured, by his kind conversation, to make me forget part of my pains.

“ The surgeon arrived a little while after; my wounds were dressed, and I was carried to bed. At first my deliverer would not leave me, and visited me afterwards three times a day. May heaven reward him for his generous and humane behaviour.

“ As soon as I had related to him all that had happened to me, he sent some of his people to look after the coach; but it could not be found any where.

“ After nine weeks confinement I was recovered so far that I could return to F-----; the benevolent nobleman accompanied me thither, and my landlord was rejoiced to see me. Inquiring after the mysterious stranger I was told, that he had been seen no more since I had left the inn. My deliverer staid three days with me, and then we parted in a most affectionate manner. The next day I set out for my own country, where I happily arrived without any further accident.”

Here Walfred concluded his wonderful tale; which he, as he added, never had been able to unfold, though he had taken the greatest pains to come at it. He looked at his friend, eager to hear what he would say to those extraordinary adventures; but Kaffian was lost in profound

meditation for many minutes; at length he began: "Brother, thy tale is very wonderful, so wonderful, that I should not have believed it, if I had not met, on my travels, with adventures which seem to have some connexion with thine."

Walfred had apprehended that Kaffman would laugh at his story, as many of his friends had done; he was therefore much astonished at Kaffman's words, and besought him to give a short account of the adventures he had hinted at. Kaffman promised to give a full account of whatever had happened to him, partly by way of narration, and partly in writing; however, he begged him to wait till to-morrow, that he might be able to arrange the necessary papers:—Walfred very readily consented to it.

(To be continued.) 84

The itinerant FIELD ORATOR.

TO place a folly in a ridiculous point of view, has frequently a better effect than a serious refutation. This seems to have been the idea of the writer of the following curious handbill:

"You that have ears to hear, eyes to see, tongues to taste, and throats to swallow, draw near; draw near, I say, and pick up the crumbs I shall scatter among ye—The crumbs of comfort, wherewith ye must be crammed, until ye become chickens of grace, and are cooped up in the hen-coop of righteousness.

"If your hearts are as hard as a Suffolk cheese, or a Norfolk dumpling, my discourse shall beat them, as it were, upon a cobbler's lapstone, until they become as soft as a roasted apple—aye,

even as soft as custard-meat, and melt in your bellies like a marrow-pudding.

“ Do you know what trade Adam was?—I say, do you know what trade Adam was? If you don’t, I’ll tell you? Why, Adam was a planter, for he planted the beautiful garden of Eden.

“ Now do you know what was the first thing Adam set in his garden! Ho! ho! ho! you don’t, don’t you? Then I will tell you. His foot, I say, was the first thing Adam set in his garden. But he could not keep it there. No, no, no; no, no, no; he could not keep it there; for Lucifer came behind him, tript up his heels, and trundled him out again neck and shoulders.

“ I’ll tell you a secret. I say, I’ll tell you a secret. Knees were made before elbows; aye, knees, I say, were made before elbows; for the beasts of the field were made before man, and they have no elbows at all. Therefore, down on your marrow-bones, and pray for mercy; else you will all be turned into Beelzebub’s underground kitchen, to make bubble-and-squeak of your souls for the devil’s supper.”

Strange as this style may appear, it is a very successful imitation of language every day to be heard at methodist meetings; but surely the congregations must possess very depraved appetites to relish such coarse food. In endeavouring to adapt their language to the capacities of the vulgar, the preachers of this sect make use of the grossest metaphors, which, coolly considered, cannot be looked upon but as gross impieties. There is certainly a great difference between preaching in a language comprehensible to common

minds, and this manner of levelling all form of common decency.

ANECDOTE *of a Royal Visit to* BRISTOL *in the*
reign of QUEEN ANNE.

PRINCE George, of Denmark, the nominal King, consort to Queen Anne, in passing through this city, appeared on the Exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as perhaps they might not be prepared to ask such a guest to their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him; for a person, whose name was John Duddlestone, a bodice-maker, who lived at or near where Mr. J. R. Lucas now lives, in Corn-street, went up, and asked him if he was not the husband of the Queen, who informed him he was. J. Duddlestone told him, he had observed, with a good deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner, telling him, he did not apprehend it was for want of love to the Queen or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man; but he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him, and bring the gentleman along with him, informing him, that he had a piece of good beef and a plumb-pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing.

The Prince admired the loyalty of the man; and, though he had bespoke a dinner at the White Lion, went with him; and when they got to the

house, Duddleston called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down ; for the Queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them.— She accordingly came down, with a clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the Prince. In course of the dinner, the Prince asked him, if he ever went to London ? He said, that since the ladies had worn stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whalebone ; whereupon the Prince desired him to take his wife with him when he went again, at the same time giving him a card to facilitate his introduction to him at Court.

In the course of a little time he took his wife behind him to London, and, with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance to the Prince, and by him they were introduced to the Queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informing them that they must have new clothes for the occasion, allowing them to chuse for themselves ; so they each chose *purple velvet*, such as the Prince had on, which was accordingly provided for them ; and in that dress they were introduced by the Queen herself, as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol, and the only ones in that city who had invited the Prince her husband to their house : and after the entertainment the Queen, desiring him to kneel down, laid a sword on his head, and to use Lady Duddleston's own words, said to him, " Ston up Sir Jan." He was offered money or a place under government : but he did not chuse to accept of either, informing the queen, that he had *fifty pounds* out at use, and he apprehended, that the

number of people he saw about her must be very expensive. The Queen, however, made Lady Duddleston a present of her gold watch from her side, which my Lady considered as no small ornament, when she went to market, suspended over a blue apron.

LAW ANECDOTE.

THE Emperor of Morocco's Ambassador, in the reign of Charles the Second, visiting, among other places, Westminster Hall, asked his interpreter, "What was the profession of the gentlemen walking up and down in it?" who replied, "the Law." The Ambassador seemed to be alarmed at the reply, and shaking his head, at the vast multitude of professors, "said, That in his master's dominions, although infinitely more extensive, there were but two of that profession allowed, one of whom the Emperor had been obliged lately to hang, to preserve peace and good humour amongst his people; and the other he always kept chained up, to prevent his doing mischief." What would have been the sentiments of that Ambassador in these times, when for every single lawyer then, there are now at least thirty?

VERSES to the MEMORY of a FRIEND.

AND is it true that T—— is no more !
 And has his spirit fled this mortal sphere ?
 Can nought to life the friend of man restore,—
 Ah no ! quite unavailing flows the bitter tear.
 Yet 'tis no weakness here to heave the sigh,
 Sadly to breathe the soft elegiac lay,
 " To swell the fruitful river in the eye,"
 When parts and virtue fall to death a prey.
 Yes, he was virt'ous—Ye who knew him best,
 Of what I sing can best the truth declare—

That faith and honesty dwelt in his breast,
 And tender pity found a refuge there.
 With melting charity his heart did glow;
 His hand was ever open to distress;
 A tear he had for every tale of woe,
 "A tear so sweet he wish'd not to suppress."
 He lov'd the muse—she on his labours smil'd;
 Tuneful and nervous did his numbers flow;
 With each poetic grace she bless'd her child;
 To paint fair virtue, and to lash her foe.
 Fell superstition, with her slavish creeds,
 His free-born soul with indignation spurn'd,
 The mighty woe which from that fiend proceeds,
 That mighty woe with honest grief he mourn'd.
 Warm was his friendship, as his heart sincere,
 Its cheering influence bless'd where'er it shone;
 The bard who sings, was happy in a share;
 This is the muse that prompts this quer'ulous moan.
 That he had faults ev'n friendship can't deny;
 And who of mortals but their failings have:—
 Freed from them now, his spirit soars the sky,
 Whilst these lie buried in th' oblivious grave.
 Upon this grave the forrowing spring attends;
 At morn's soft hour her pearly tears are shed;
 Her choicest sweets, her brightest hues she lends,
 To deck the spot where rests the good man's head.
Glasgow, 25th March, 1795. W. F.

THE death of the late worthy Mr J—n T——r, and
 the unaccountable neglect in opening a grave for
 him, which was not done until after the company
 attending the funeral arrived at the church yard,
 gave rise to the following IMPROMPTU.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN the corpse of J—n T——r approach'd the
 church yard,
 Mother Earth would not open her portal;
 Why—because she had heard so much said of the bard,
 That she verily thought him immortal.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 32.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY APRIL 22, 1795.

PROGRESS to BANKRUPTCY of a diligent, sober, young TRADESMAN, without Loss, Misfortune, or evil Intention.

A Young man of good character, sets up in business with a moderate capital, and a good deal of credit; and soon after marries a young woman, with whom he gets a little ready money, and good expectations on the death of a father, mother, uncle, or aunt. In two or three years he finds that his business increases; but his own health, or his wife's, or his child's, makes it necessary for him to take lodgings in the country. Lodgings are soon found to be inconvenient, and for a very small additional expence he might have a snug little box of his own. A snug little box is taken, repaired, new modelled, and furnished.— Here he always spends his Sundays, and commonly carries a friend or two with him just to eat a bit of mutton, and to see how comfortably he is situated in the country. Visitors of this sort are not wanting. One is invited because he is a customer, another because he may assist him in his business, a third because he is a friend of his own or his wife's, a fourth because he is an old acquaintance, and a fifth because he is very entertaining; besides many who look in accidentally, and are prevailed on to dinner, although they have an engagement somewhere else. He now keeps his horse for the sake of exercise, but as this is a solitary kind of pleasure which his wife

cannot share, and as the expence of a whiskey can be but trifling where a horse is already kept, a whiskey is purchased, in which he takes out his wife and his child as often as his time will permit. After all, driving a whiskey is but indifferent amusement to sober people; his wife too is timorous, and ever since she heard of Mrs Threadneedle's accident, by the stumbling of her horse, will not set her foot in one; besides, the expence of a horse and whiskey, with what is occasionally spent in coach-hire, falls so little short of what his friend Mr Harness asks for a job-coach, that it would be ridiculous not to accept of an offer that never may be made him again. The job-coach is agreed for, and the boy in a plain coat with a red cape to it, that used to clean the knives, wait at table, and look after the horse becomes a smart footman with a handsome livery. The snug little box is now too small for so large a family. There is a charming house, with a garden, and two or three acres of land, rather farther from London, but delightfully situated, the unexpired lease of which might be had a great bargain. The premises, to be sure, are somewhat more extensive than he should want, but the house is new, and, for a moderate expence, might be put into most excellent repair. Hither he removes, hires a gardener, being fond of botany, and supplies his own table with every thing in season, for a little more than double the money the same articles would cost if he went to market for them. Every thing about him now seems comfortable; but his friend Harness does not treat him so well as he expected. His horses are oft

ill matched, and the coachman sometimes even peremptorily refuses to drive them a few miles extraordinary, for why, " he's answerable to Master for the poor beasts." His expences, it is true, are as much as he can afford ; but having coach-house and stables of his own, with two or three acres of excellent grass, he might certainly keep his own coach and horses for less money than he pays to Harners. A rich relation of his wife's too is dying, and has often promised to leave her something handsome. The job coach is discharged, he keeps his own carriage, and his wife is now able to pay and receive many more visits than she could before. Yet he finds by experience, that an airing in a carriage, is but a bad substitute for a ride on horseback, in the way of exercise ; he must have a saddle-horse ; and subscribes to a neighbouring hunt for his own sake, and to the nearest assemblies for the sake of his wife. During all this progress, his business has not been neglected ; but his capital originally small, has never been augmented. His wife's rich relations die one after another, and remember her only by trifling legacies ; his expences are evidently greater than his income ; and, in a very few years, with the best intentions in the world, and wanting no good quality but foresight to avoid, or resolution to retrench expences which his business cannot support ; his country-house, and equipage, assisted by the many good friends who almost constantly dine with him, drive him fairly into the Gazette. The country-house is lett, the equipage is sold, his friends shrug up their shoulders, inquire for how much he has failed,

wonder it was not for more, say he was a good creature and an honest creature ; but they always thought it would come to this, pity him from their souls, hope his creditors will be favourable to him, and go to find dinners elsewhere.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 75.)

THE morning was uncommonly fine, yet Kaffman's guest had no inclination for a hunting party : As soon as breakfast was over he reminded his friend of his promise, asking whether he had found the papers he had mentioned the preceding evening: Kaffman affirmed it, telling his friend at the same time, that he intended to relate only that part of those adventures in which he had been personally concerned, the remainder he would give him in writing, but not before his departure, lest ghosts and necromancers might deprive him of the pleasure of making his dear visitor as comfortable and happy as possible. Walfred having consented to it, the two friends took their places by the fire-side, lighted their pipes, and Kaffman began as follows :

“ Thou knowest, brother, that I, having finished my studies, was appointed governor to the young Baron de R—, to conduct him on his travels. On our return from Italy we took our way through Switzerland and Germany, and met, on this last tour, with the most remarkable adventure of our whole journey.

“ Being arrived at the skirts of the Black Forest, our postillion missed his way, as it began to grow dark, and, at length, did not know what di-

rection he should take. Our fright was not little, when he apprised us of his distress, being desirous to get out of that dreadful forest as soon as possible, on account of the many instances of robberies and murders committed within its precincts, which the postillion had enlarged upon on the road; we therefore exhorted the fellow to go on, whatever might be the consequence. He did so, and after half an hour we came to an open spot.

“Now we are safe!” exclaimed the postillion, joyfully, “and, if I am not mistaken, not far from a village.”

“He was right—We soon heard the welcome barking of dogs not far off, and a little while after we saw lights.

“We entered a large village, but the inn was very indifferent, and the landlord was amazed at the uncommon sight of gentlemen. His whole stock of eatables consisted in some smoaked puddings, and a coarse sort of bread; he told us that neither wine nor beer could be got within the distance of many leagues, and even our postillion could not drink his brandy. We asked him where the Lord of the village resided; he answered, that he never lived there, because the castle had not been habitable for many years. I enquired the reason of it.

“At present,” replied the host, “I dare not give you an account of it, to-morrow you shall know every thing: But, very likely, this night will make you guess the reason.”

“The Baron and I entreated him to satisfy

our curiosity, but he shook his head and left the room.

“ Pinched by hunger we took up with our scanty supper, and then asked the landlord to shew us to our beds; but, alas! there was not one bed unoccupied in the whole house, and we were obliged to rest our weary limbs upon a bed of clean straw in the middle of the room.

“ The Baron soon began to snore, but I could not get a wink of sleep. Now the watchman announced the hour of midnight with a hoarse voice, and on a sudden I heard the trampling of horses and the sound of horns: The noise came nearer, and methought I heard a number of horsemen rushing by, and sounding their horns as if a large hunting party were passing through the village; the troop darted like lightning thro’ the street, close by the windows of the inn: the Baron started up, asking me with a fearful voice, “ What is this ? ” “ I don’t know,” replied I abruptly. I listened attentively, and the troop could not have been far from our inn, when, on a sudden, all was again as silent as the grave; the Baron began to snore as before, and I to muse on that strange incident.

“ I could not think it possible that any body would go a hunting, in so large a company, at that unseasonable hour, and was much inclined to think all had been a deluding dream, when I suddenly recollected the mysterious words of our landlord, and cannot but confess that I was seized with horror. I was just falling asleep when the voice of the watchman, crying one o’clock, roused me from my slumber. No sooner had he fi-

nished his round, than the former noise was heard again at a small distance. I started up and ran to the window, but before I could open it the whole troop was rushed by like a hurricane. A little while after all was silent again, yet did I in vain beseech the brown god of slumber to take me in his arms.

"The Baron had heard nothing the second time, snoring quietly by my side, whilst I was ardently wishing for the morning, in order to satisfy my curiosity. I was too impatient to await the landlord's account of the castle, and when the watchman was crying two o'clock I hastened to the window, and began to converse with him.

"Watchman," exclaimed I, "what did that noise at twelve and one o'clock mean?"

"Hum, hum, replied he, your honour is certainly a stranger, for there's not a child in our village that does not know what that noise means; it is sometimes heard every night for several weeks, afterwards every thing is quiet again for a considerable time."

"But, said I, who is that person that goes a hunting at night?"

"That I can't tell you at present, answered the watchman, ask your landlord, he will tell you all the particulars. I am here on my duty, and under the protection of providence, but I dare not speak of what I hear and see."

"With these words he went away:—I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and sitting down by the window on a chair, expected, with anxious impatience, the rising of the sun. At length the eastern sky began to be embroidered with purple

Abreaks, the crowing of the cocks sounded thro' the village, and the watchman announced the approach of day: The Baron awoke.

"You are very early," said he, rubbing his eyes, "pray tell me, what noise was it I heard in the night?"

"I myself am impatient to know it," replied I, "I wish the landlord would rise and unfold that mystery; the troop has rushed by again at one o'clock with the same terrible noise.

"While I was talking thus, I heard the trampling of horses, and looking out of the window, saw an officer with a servant. They alighted at the inn, knocked at the door, and entered the room. The officer, a lively young man, wore a Danish uniform, and was on the recruiting business; he had missed his way like ourselves, and we soon got acquainted with him. When the Baron related the nightly adventure, the officer at first thought he was joking, but when I most seriously affirmed every circumstance, he shewed an ardent desire to get acquainted with those nocturnal sportsmen.

"That honour you can easily have," said the Baron, "if you will stay here the ensuing night, we will give you company.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the officer, "perhaps the gentlemen will be so polite to invite us to their sport, and then we may be so fortunate to get a good haunch of venison."

"Now the landlord entered the room, Well," said he, bidding us a good morning, have you heard any thing to night, gentlemen?"

"More than I liked," answered I; "Who

are those sportsmen that go a hunting at midnight."

Why," replied he, " we don't talk of it ; I would not tell you any thing about it last night, for fear your curiosity might expose you to some misfortune ; yet, having promised you yesterday, to tell you as much of it as I know, I will be as good as my word."

After having paused awhile, he began thus in a confidential tone, " Close by our village is a very large building, where formerly the Lord of this village used to reside. One of the former masters of the castle, was a very wicked and irreligious man, who found great delight in tormenting the poor peasants ; every body trembled when he appeared : he trampled with his feet upon his own children, confined them in dark dungeons, where they were often kept, for many days, without a morsel of bread. He used to call his tenants dogs, and to treat them as such—in short, he was cruelty itself."

" Hunting was his only amusement, and he always kept a vast number of deer, which were the ruin of the peasant's little property, and reduced them to the utmost poverty ; no one dared to drive them from his fields, and if he did, he was confined in a damp dungeon under ground, for many weeks. When that wicked man wanted to hunt, then the whole village was gathered together, to serve him instead of dogs ; if any one was not alert enough, then he would hunt him instead of the deer, 'till he fell down expiring under the lashes of his whip."

" One time after he had roved about from

breaks, the crowing of the cocks sounded thro' the village, and the watchman announced the approach of day : The Baron awoke.

" You are very early," said he, rubbing his eyes, " pray tell me, what noise was it I heard in the night ?"

" I myself am impatient to know it," replied I, " I wish the landlord would rise and unfold that mystery ; the troop has rushed by again at one o'clock with the same terrible noise.

" While I was talking thus, I heard the trampling of horses, and looking out of the window, saw an officer with a servant. They alighted at the inn, knocked at the door, and entered the room. The officer, a lively young man, wore a Danish uniform, and was on the recruiting business ; he had missed his way like ourselves, and we soon got acquainted with him. When the Baron related the nightly adventure, the officer at first thought he was joking, but when I most seriously affirmed every circumstance, he shewed an ardent desire to get acquainted with those nocturnal sportsmen.

" That honour you can easily have," said the Baron, " if you will stay here the ensuing night, we will give you company.

" Bravo !" exclaimed the officer, " perhaps the gentlemen will be so polite to invite us to their sport, and then we may be so fortunate to get a good haunch of venison."

" Now the landlord entered the room, Well," said he, bidding us a good morning, have you heard any thing to night, gentlemen."

" More than I liked," answered I ; " Who

are those sportsmen that go a hunting at midnight."

Why," replied he, "we don't talk of it; I would not tell you any thing about it last night, for fear your curiosity might expose you to some misfortune; yet, having promised you yesterday, to tell you as much of it as I know, I will be as good as my word."

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"One time after he had roved about from

morning till night, he fell from his horse and broke his wicked neck : he was buried in his garden : But now he was terribly punished for his wickedness, having had no rest in his grave to the present day. At certain times of the year he is doomed to appear in the village, at twelve o'clock at night, and to make his entry into the castle with his infernal crew, but as soon as the clock strikes one, he is plunged back again into the lake of fire burning with brimstone. Nobody can inhabit the castle !—Many who have been so fool-hardy to attempt it, have lost their lives ; whoever ventures to look out of the window when the infernal hosts are passing by, gets a swollen face as a punishment for his curiosity :—We are now used to that nocturnal sport, and do not care for those infernal spirits, but many strangers have fallen ill through fright.”

“ Here the landlord finished his tale, and seemed to be pleased with our astonishment ; however his pleasure was soon damped when the Lieutenant broke out in a fit of laughter.

“ Laugh as long as you please,” said he, stay here ’till night, if you have courage, and then we shall see if you will laugh.”

“ That I will,” replied the officer, “ I will not only stay in your house, but I will also spend the coming night at that dreadful castle : I dare say, gentlemen, added he, you will keep me company.”

“ The Baron being a man of honour, thought it a disgrace to betray the least want of courage, in the presence of the soldier, he therefore promised to accompany him thither : I made several

objections, representing to the officer the danger we would run, not knowing who those spirits might be; however, he silenced all my remonstrances: "I am a soldier, said he, and all ghosts and hobgoblins have ever been kept at a respectful distance by a martial dress."

"At length I was obliged to take a part in the expedition, if I would not desert the Baron. The landlord, who had all that time been staring at us in dumb amazement, lifted up his hands when I had consented to go to the castle, and entreated us, for God's sake, to desist from our undertaking: "If you go, added he, then all of you will be dead before to-morrow morning: For heaven's sake, dear gentlemen, do not run into the very mouth of the devil thus wantonly."

"However, the raillery of the Lieutenant put him soon so much out of temper, that he left us in great wrath, swearing in the height of his anger, that the devil would make us smart for our fool-hardiness and unbelief"

(To be continued) 102

THE INGENIOUS TRIAL. *A Persian Story.*

A Jeweller, who carried on an extensive traffic, and supplied the deficiencies of one country by the superfluity of another, leaving his own home, with a valuable assortment of diamonds, for a distant region, took with him his son, and a young slave whom he had purchased in his infancy, and had brought up more like an adopted child than a servant. They performed their intended journey, and the merchant disposed of his commodities with great advantage; but, while

preparing to return, he was seized with a pestilential distemper, and died suddenly in the metropolis of a foreign Prince. This accident inspired the ungrateful slave with a wish to possess his master's treasures; and relying on the total ignorance of strangers, and the kind behaviour every where shewn him by the jeweller, he declared himself the son of the deceased, and took charge of his property. The true heir of course denied his pretensions, and solemnly avowed himself to be the only son of the defunct, who had long before purchased his antagonist as a slave. This contest produced various opinions. It happened that the slave was a young man, of comely person, and polished manners, while the jeweller's son was unfavoured by nature, and still more injured in his education by the indulgence of his parents. This superiority operated in the minds of many to support the claims of the former; but since no certain evidence could be produced on either side, it became necessary to refer the dispute to a Court of Law.—There, however, from a total want of proofs, nothing could be done. The magistrate declared his inability to decide on unsupported assertions, in which each party was equally positive. This caused a report of the case being made to the prince, who having heard the particulars, was also confounded, and at a loss how to decide the question. At length a happy thought occurred to the chief of the Judges, and he engaged to ascertain the real heir. The two claimants being summoned before him, he ordered them to stand behind a curtain prepared for the occasion, and to project their heads

through two openings ; when, after hearing their several arguments, he would cut off the head of him who should be proved the slave. This they readily assented to ; the one, from a reliance on his honesty, the other from a confidence in the impossibility of his detection. Accordingly each taking his place, as ordered, thrust his head through a hole in the curtain ; an officer stood in the front with a drawn scimitar in his hand, and the Judge proceeded to the examination. After a short debate, the judge cried out, “ Enough, enough, strike off the villain’s head ;” and the officer who watched the moment, leaped between the two youths so suddenly and unexpectedly, that the impostor startled at the brandished weapon, and hastily drew back his head ; while the jeweller’s son, animated by conscious security, stood unmoved. The Judge immediately decided for the latter, and ordered the fraudulent slave to be taken into custody, to receive the punishment due to his diabolical ingratitude, while the Court resounded with shouts of applause at the *ingenious trial*.

ANECDOTES of HYDER ALLY & TIPPOO SAIB.

HYDER was an officer in the army of the king of Mysore, and by his genius and courage rose to the general command.—In this situation his unbounded ambition appeared, and by his intrigues with the army, he at last usurped the Throne of his master. When he had got the King into his power, he formed the cruel resolution to put out his eyes, which was accordingly executed—and in this unhappy and deplorable state, the

unfortunate Monarch still continues. Hyder was only prevented from taking his life, by the necessity he felt himself under, of carrying on the parade of acting in the name of the King, his fears having suggested to him the probability of a revolution against his usurped power, should he add to it the title of Royalty.

Cruelty and bigotry are seldom disunited—they aid each other.—Hyder was particularly partial to the Brahmins, and during his life, every lucrative place was conferred upon them. Upon the accession of Tippoo to his father's power, he adopted a different system; though we cannot suppose it to have arisen from more laudable motives. He gradually displaced the Brahmins from all their employments, and introduced mussulmen in their room; this treatment irritated the former in a high degree, who having felt the sweets of power, were loth to relinquish it—their revenge induced them to meditate a revolution in favour of the deposed king; and their scheme had very nigh proved fatal to Tippoo. Conscious of the necessity of rendering the army subservient to their design, their first attempt was to secure the chief command to one of their party: and they took this mode of effecting it. Having obtained an exact counterpart of Tippoo's seal or chop, they wrote a letter in his name to the general he had appointed, requiring him to resign his command to the officer they named. This letter was sent to the Public Dawk, which then still remained under the superintendence of one of their confederates. Tippoo was at this time absent from his capital, Seringapatam, where the

plan was to have taken effect, and the success was almost certain, had he not received private information of what was intended time enough to stop it's execution.—He immediately posted to the place, and had the ringleaders secured; and doomed them to the severe punishment of being trampled to death by elephants.

—Many European prisoners, who were at this time confined at Seringapatam, were suspected by Tippoo, of being concerned in the plot; but upon the strictest examination they were fully acquitted.

Such are the machinations which a tyrant and an usurper must be in hourly dread.—His life is one continued scene of *fear and apprehension*.

THE CURATE. A FRAGMENT.

O'E R the pale embers of a dying fire,
 His little lamp fed but with little oil,
 The Curate sat (for scanty was his hire),
 And ruminated sad the morrow's toil.
 'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare,
 The slated lectures of the coming tide;
 No day of rest to him—but day of care,
 At manie a church to preach, with tedious ride.
 Before him sprede, his various sermons lay,
 Of explanation deepe, and sage advice;
 The harvest gain'd from many a thoughtful ye,
 The fruit of learning, bought with heavy price.
 On these he cast a fond but fearful eye,
 Awhile he paus'd, for sorrow stopp'd his throte;
 Arous'd at length, he heav'd a bitter sigh,
 And thus complain'd, as well indeed he mote.
 " Here is the scholar's lot, *condemn'd to sail*
 Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave;
 Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale
 To waft him to one port, except the grave.

- " Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
 With youthful ardour, and bright science fraught,
 Unanxious of the pains long doom'd to feel,
 Unthinking that the voy'ge might end in noughte.
- " Pleas'd on the summit sea I danc'd awhile,
 With gay companions, and with views as fair;
 Outstrip'd by these I'm kept to humble toil,
 My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.—
- " Had my ambitious mind been led to rise,
 To highest flights, to crozier and to pall,
 Scarce could I mourn the missing of my prize,
 For soaring wishes well deserve their fall.
- " No tow'ring thought like these engag'd my breast,
 I hop'd (nor blam'd, ye proud, the lowly plan)
 Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
 The scheme of duty suited to the man;
- " Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,
 From vile dependence free, I might remain,
 The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
 The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.
- " Yet cruel fate deny'd the small request,
 And bound me fast, in one ill-omen'd hour,
 Beyond the change of remedie, to rest
 The slave of wealthie pride and priestlie pow'r.
- " Oft as in russet weeds I scow'r along,
 In distant chapels hastilie to pray,
 By nod scarce notic'd of the passing thronge,
 " 'Tis but the *Curate*," ev'ry child will say.
- " Nor circumscrib'd in dignitie alone
 Do I my rich superior vassal ride,
 Such penurie, as was in cottage known,
 With all it's frowns does o'er my roof preside.
- " Ah! not for me the harvest yields it's store,
 The bough crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye;
 To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
 I pass the field, I hope, not envious, by.
- " When at the altar surplice clad I stand,
 The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee,
 The gift I take, but dare not close my hand;
 The splendid present centers not in me."

THE ASYLUM.

No. 33.] (Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY APRIL 15, 1795.

CHARINUS AND EUPHRASIA.

A Story founded in Truth.

CURIOSITY led Charinus, one evening, to take a view of the oddity of some of the various figures which fill the upper regions of the playhouse. After a listless, unsatisfied ramble, he was just going away, when his eye was struck by a most beautiful creature, in the first gallery, the sight of whom awoke all his attention. He sat down by her; and in the freedom of those places, entered into conversation; in which the ease and delicacy of her sentiments and manner, shortened the tedious hour before the play began; and the judiciousness of her remarks, in the interval of the action, made an impression upon his mind, as strong as her beauty had before upon his senses.

As his knowledge of life made every address easy to him, he gave his conversation the turn which he saw was most agreeable to her; and when the play was ended, with the most engaging respect, handed her to a coach; where, with a timid tenderness in his looks and manner, he modestly hinted a desire of improving the acquaintance; to which she frankly answered, that she was an admirer of the play given out for the next evening, and should probably come to the same place to see it.

As Charinus had never bestowed on woman a thought above loose desire, the effect of this short

interview was a surprise to himself, and made him expect the hour of meeting with the strongest impatience : nor was the lady in a much easier situation. She was in the bloom of life, just twenty-two, and formed with all that sensibility with which nature finishes her most favourite works, though the want of it is often mistaken for virtue. She had been bred entirely in the country, but with a care and judgment which did justice to the excellence of her natural endowments, under the eye of a father, whose tenderness made her not feel the want of her mother, whom she lost in her infancy. Her father's death, some time before, had occasioned her coming now to London, where this was her first excursion, in company with the gentlewoman who had the care of her youth, and who now lived in the greatest privacy, in one of the most retired streets in Westminster.

Her heart had never felt a preference for any man, before this evening, when something in Charinus raised an unusual warmth in it. He was about four years older than her, and had improved the liberal favours of nature, by the best education ; tho' compliance with the taste of the age, often more than indulgence of his own, had thrown him into all the fashionable follies of it.

Charinus was one of the first into the playhouse next evening ; where the pain of three hours expectation was forgot the moment she appeared, just before the play began. The conversation of the evening before was resumed ; and their mutual liking so heightened, that, at parting, she yielded to his solicitations, a promise to let him

know in a few days (for he had given her his address) where he might see her again.

This was a bold step; but her heart was touched, and confidence in her own virtue made her above servility to forms. However, to guard against the danger of being deceived by any designs upon her fortune, she resolved to see him in a feigned character, and not discover her own, till she had proved his sincerity. She therefore took leave of her friends, as if she was going back into the country, and went with her former governess to her house; where, as she had never been before, it was impossible she could be known for any other than a relation of her's, who had come from the country to see her; which was the character she assumed.

As soon as Euphrasia (which was her new name) was settled, she gave Charinus notice; who flew to her summons; where his reception but increased the doubts he had before entertained about her; as he saw that her education had been much above her present appearance: nor could any inquiry give him satisfaction: but still the awe of real love (though he knew it not himself yet) made him observe the utmost care in his behaviour, till something should happen to clear up the mystery. Her conversation, now opened into the ease of intimacy, finished the triumph of her beauty. He lost all relish for every other enjoyment; and virtue looked so amiable in her, as almost to make a proselyte of him. Thus he was in a condition not to be described: the delicacy of his passion would not suffer him to form a wish injurious to her virtue, at the same time that

prejudice and pride would not admit a thought of marriage.

Euphrasia's heart was not more at ease. Charinus was so well known, that she was soon acquainted with his character, the avowed libertinism of which, armed all her care against unfair designs, thought the respectful delicacy of his behaviour quieted every immediate alarm. Thus the pleasure which they mutually found in this intercourse, would not let them think of breaking it off, though neither could see where it would end. In this pleasing anxiety a month had stolen away, when, in the unguarded freedom of mirth, Charinus one evening ravished a kiss from Euphrasia. They both looked confounded; she immediately left the room; and he, after waiting an hour for her return, went away, without seeing her again. This however gave him no great pain: he saw surprise much stronger than resentment in her eyes, as she went out, and took her staying for an artifice to dissemble an anger she could not wear the appearance of before him.

The least resemblance of art was so irreconcilable with the character she had always appeared in, that it instantly lowered her in his opinion, and encouraged designs which he had long laid aside all thoughts of. He therefore formed the most sanguine expectations, on the next meeting; and burning with the thought, went to visit her as usual; but was surpris'd to hear she was not at home. The manner in which this message was delivered, shewed him that there was some mystery in it; he therefore looked upon it as a stretch of female art, to which he resolv'd to oppose his;

the too great success of which, heretofore, made him confident in it now.

While he was planning his schemes, with desire, heightened by resentment, he received the following letter by the penny-post.

“SIR, As I despise affectation, I should not perhaps have thought the liberty you took yesterday, a reason sufficient to make me break off an acquaintance, which I will own was agreeable, had not the easy confidence in your looks this morning (for I was at home, and saw you) appeared such an insult, as cannot be overlooked without a proper explanation, the only terms on which you can ever see EUPHRASIA.”

Charinus thought the trial of skill now begun; and immediately returned this answer by a servant. “By teaching us to pray against temptation, Heaven implies a promise of pardon where it is too strong for our resistance; the hope of which may have warmed the pale cheek of penitence with a glow of rapture as I approached the mercy-seat. Imitate then, Euphrasia, the clemency of that divine original, of whose beauty thou art the fairest resemblance, and let me receive the seal of forgiveness, from those lips, which alone could have tempted the offence of

CHARINUS.”

While he flattered himself with hopes of success from this epistle, Euphrasia saw clearly thro’ the confidence of his equivocal penitence, into all his schemes; and, without a moment’s hesitation, turned his letter inside out, and wrote these words.—“Insult to innocence rises naturally to profaneness: but complaint is unnecessary, where

immediate and eternal separation removes all danger of a repetition of the offence.—”

This noble effort of virtue almost put Charinus to a stand; but prejudice prevailing, and taking it for no more than a new appearance of art, he determined to oppose the appearance of indifference to it, and fight woman at her own weapons. *(To be concluded in our next.)*

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 91.)

“GENTLEMEN, said the Officer, pray let us take a walk to that terrible place where we are going to spend the night, and reconnoitre it before dinner.”—Approving of that proposal, we went all three to that residence of terror.”

“We approached and beheld the gothic remains of a half decayed castle; the gate was open and we entered the fabric. The arched walls, overgrown with moss and ivy, echoed to the sound of our footsteps; a long narrow passage led to a spacious court-yard, paved with stones; now we espied a spiral stair-case of stone, and ascended it in dumb silence. A second long and narrow passage, which received a faint glimmering of light through several small windows, strongly guarded by iron bars, led us to a black door; the chilly damps of the long confined air rushed from the aperture, when the Lieutenant had pushed it open; the apartment to which it led bore the gloomy appearance of a prison—the remains of half-decayed tapestry, covered with cobwebs, gave the room a dark dreary appearance; pieces of

broken furniture were scattered about on the floor, a lamp hung in the middle on an iron chain fastened to the arched cieling.

“ Just as we were going to leave this abode of gloominess and horror, I perceived a little door in the remotest corner of the room, it was likewise unbolted, and we entered a second room, which bore the same gloomy aspect with the former apartment, being covered with half rotten remains of broken furniture; another door led us at length into a spacious hall, where the cheering light of the day hailed us at last, many of the arched windows being either open or broken to pieces; the fresh air, the beautiful view meeting our eye from every side, chased at once from our countenance the solemn awe:”

“ Here,” exclaimed the Lieutenant, “ here we will meet the airy Lords of this Manor: Let us try, gentlemen, whether we cannot fit a table and some seats, from the rotten relics of furniture.

“ We succeeded in our attempt, dragged a round massy table into the middle of the hall, supported it by four worm-eaten poles, then we fetched some pieces of wood from the adjacent apartments, placed them upon large stones round the table, and thus secured a resting place for the night.

“ Now we rambled through several apartments on the other side of the hall, and meeting with nothing worthy of our notice except the traces of desolation, we returned by the way we had entered that gloomy mansion.

“ We descended into the court-yard and made

there likewise our observations: Spurred on by curiosity, we entered through a ruinous side building, a garden, which still bore marks of former grandeur; statues of marble, half destroyed by the ferocious tooth of time and the inclemency of the weather, were here and there lying on the ground. We cleared with our cutlasses a way, through brambles and nettles, to a grove of beech-trees; it likewise was hardly penetrable.

"Having worked our way for more than half an hour, with much toil and difficulty through a thicket of thistles and brambles, we arrived at length wearied and fatigued at an open spot; in the middle of it we beheld a statue, bearing in one hand an urn of black marble—we approached by the help of our cutlasses, and read the following inscription on the pedestal.

HIC JACET

GODOFREDUS HAUSSINGERUS,

PECCATOR.

(Here lieth Godfrey Haussinger the Sinner.)

"A little lower down we perceived a cross engraved in the stone, and under it,

A. D. 1603.

"We stared at each other in dumb amazement, and being already too much fatigued, we did not like to work our way farther into the garden and returned."

"Gentlemen," began the officer, as we were going back, "what do you think of the inscription on that tomb?"

"I think," replied I, "it strongly corroborates what the landlord has told us.

"My companions smiled, and we came again

into the court-yard; looking around we observed an arched opening in the wall opposite the stair-case; as we came nearer we saw a flight of steps leading to a cellar, which was shut up by a massy iron door, strongly secured by an enormous padlock.

“ Having now searched every corner we returned to our inn.

“ The landlord, who was ignorant of what we had been about, was struck with horror and amazement when we related where we had been, and did his utmost to persuade us to desist from our design; however, when he saw that he was spending his breath in vain, he kept his peace, and mentioned not a single word more about it during the whole day—we did the same—for the Lieutenant’s conversation amused us so well, that evening stole upon us unawares.”

“ Our dinner had been better than our scanty supper on the preceding day, because the Lieutenant had brought with him an ample provision of ham and cold beef: some bottles of excellent wine which he had been provided with, raised our spirits, and increased his and the Baron’s courage, in such a manner, that they expected the approach of night with the greatest impatience—they were constantly looking at their watches, and as soon as the clock had struck nine, thought it high time to go to the castle.

“ We called the landlord to pay our bill, and the poor fellow tried once more to persuade us not to go to the castle; he entreated us not to expose our lives thus daringly to certain danger, and at last fell on his knees:—But when we left

the room, without taking notice of his entreaties and ardent prayers, he lamented beforehand our untimely death, gave us a lamp, and bolted the door, fetching a deep sigh.

“ The Lieutenant’s servant walked before us, carrying the lighted lamp in his hand, and a port-manteau stocked with provisions under his arm, and we kept close to his heels, armed with cutlasses and pistols.

“ It was autumn, and of course very dark. We arrived at the castle; the faint glimmering of the lamp spread a kind of awful twilight around us as we were walking through the lofty arches of the vaulted passage leading to the court-yard.— Having fired our pistols and loaded them again with bullets, we ascended the stair-case; the doors leading to the hall we left open, that we might have a view of the court yard, and sat cheerfully down to supper; a bottle of wine we had taken with us to keep us alert, was handed round, however, we missed our aim, for every one of us began to grow drowsy soon after we had finished our meal—we rose and walked about in order to avoid falling asleep, but we were soon tired of it, the ground being so very uneven, and returned to our seats. I recollected now, very fortunately, that I had put the Fables of Gellert in my pocket—I took the book out, and began to read to the company; then I gave it to the Baron, and he was relieved by the Lieutenant—thus we were enabled to resist the powerful charms of sleep.

Now it struck eleven. All around us was buried in awful silence, which only now and then was interrupted by the creaking of our feeble

chairs : The Lieutenant wound up his watch and put it before him on the table.

“ One hour more, began now the officer, and we shall be in the other world.” Then he awoke his servant, who was fast asleep, and the Baron began again to read to us. — When the Lieutenant’s turn came for the second time, he looked at his watch and exclaimed, “ three quarters past eleven ; we must be on our guard.”

“ He got up and went to the window, I followed him ; impenetrable darkness surrounded us ; no star could be seen : — Awful silence was still swaying around, interrupted only by the snoring of John, and the creaking of the wood ; the pale light of our lamp produced an horrid glimmering in the spacious dreary hall ; the Baron leaning his head upon his arm, struggled to forget every object around him, and the officer uttered not a single word.

“ Now we heard a clock toll twelve at a great distance, and I walked softly back to my seat, the Lieutenant did the same, taking up one of his pistols, and rubbing the lock with his handkerchief. We looked at each other, and every one of us strove in vain to hide the horror he was struggling against. The watchman cried the hour, the crowing of the cocks told us midnight was set in, and still all around was as silent as the grave. — The Baron laid the book upon the table, and the Lieutenant was going to raise a loud laughter, asking us where the spirits might be, when suddenly the trampling of horses and the sound of horns was heard. We all were fixed to our seats, staring at each other with a ghastly look ; — now

the noise seemed to be under our window ; the Lieutenant ran towards it, with a cocked pistol in his hand, but he was too late.

“ All was quiet again, and an awful stillness prevailed throughout the castle ; however, a few seconds after we heard suddenly a most tremendous noise in the court-yard, which was soon followed by a terrible trampling and a gingling of spurs on the stair-case, as if a great number of people in boots was coming up. The noise came nearer and nearer ; my feet began to fail, my teeth to chatter in my mouth, and my hair to rise like bristles, while every sense was lost in anxious bodings ; at length the noise grew fainter and fainter, and soon we could hear it no more, and midnight stillness resumed her awful sway.

“ A long pause of dumb astonishment ensued, till at last the Lieutenant, who had recovered his spirits, first exclaimed, “ Shall we go down ? ” I shook my head without uttering a word, and the Baron was likewise silent. “ Then I will go alone,” said the Lieutenant ; and snatching up a brace of pistols, drew his sword, and hurried down. He returned a few minutes after, exclaiming, “ It is surprising I cannot see the least traces of either men or horses.”

(To be continued.) 131

CHARACTER *of the* FRENCH and GERMANS illustrated by their POSTILLIONS.

THE contrast of character between the French and Germans is strongly illustrated in the behaviour of the postillions of the two countries.

A French postilion is generally either laughing, or fretting, or singing or swearing, all the time he is on the road. If a hill or a bad road oblige him to go slow, he will of a sudden fall a cracking his whip above his head for a quarter of an hour together, without rhyme or reason; for he knows the horses cannot go a bit faster, and he does not intend they should. All this noise and emotion, therefore, means nothing; and proceeds intirely from that abhorrence of quiet which every Frenchman sucks in with his mother's milk.

A German postilion on the contrary, drives four horses with all possible tranquillity. He neither sings, nor frets, nor laughs: he only smokes,—and when he comes near a narrow defile, he sounds his trumpet, to prevent any carriage from entering in at the other end till he has got thro'. If you call to him to go faster, he turns about, looks you in the face, takes his pipe from his mouth, and says, *Yaw Mynheer*,—yaw, yaw; and then proceeds exactly in the same pace as before. He is no way affected whether the road be good or bad; whether it rains, or shines, or snows:—and he seems to be totally regardless of the people whom he drives, and equally callous to their reproach or applause. He has one object of which he never loses sight, which is, to conduct your chaise and the contents from one post to another, in the manner he thinks best for himself and the horses. And unless his pipe goes out (in which case he strikes his flint and rekindles it), he seems not to have another idea during the whole journey.

Your best course is to let him take his own

the noise seemed to be under our window; the Lieutenant ran towards it, with a cocked pistol in his hand, but he was too late.

“ All was quiet again, and an awful stillness prevailed throughout the castle; however, a few seconds after we heard suddenly a most tremendous noise in the court-yard, which was soon followed by a terrible trampling and a gingling of spurs on the stair-case, as if a great number of people in boots was coming up. The noise came nearer and nearer; my feet began to fail, my teeth to chatter in my mouth, and my hair to rise like bristles, while every sense was lost in anxious bodings; at length the noise grew fainter and fainter, and soon we could hear it no more, and midnight stillness resumed her awful sway.

“ A long pause of dumb astonishment ensued, till at last the Lieutenant, who had recovered his spirits, first exclaimed, “ Shall we go down ? ” I shook my head without uttering a word, and the Baron was likewise silent. “ Then I will go alone,” said the Lieutenant; and snatching up a brace of pistols, drew his sword, and hurried down. He returned a few minutes after, exclaiming, “ It is surprising I cannot see the least traces of either men or horses.”

(To be continued.) 131

CHARACTER of the FRENCH and GERMANS illustrated by their POSTILLIONS.

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Your best course is to let him take his own

way at first, for it will come to that at last.—All your noise and bluster are in vain.

THE STROLLING PLAYER. A TALE.

A Strolling play'r, as story tells,
If truth in modern stories dwells,
Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate
Hard by an honest farmer's gate;
And saw the clowns with pleasure come,
Who heard the beating of the drum:
For country actors roam about,
When'er their cash or credit's out;
Or when his worship shall determine
To drive them out like other vermin:
Then some poor youth, who fain would sup,
For sixpence, takes the drum-stick up,
And gladly rumbles up and down,
To beat the play thro' all the town.
And oft this man, by hunger prest,
Is better paid than all the rest.—

But as our present mouth-piece stood,
And curdled ev'ry rustic's blood,
Exerted all his might and pow'r
On Henry murder'd in the tow'r;
How Glo'ster basely took his life,
And after married Edward's wife,
Then quickly stopp'd his nephew's breath,
By vilely stifling them to death.
With many other horrid crimes,
Whose mention shocks the latest times,
Till Richmond nobly made him yield,
And kill'd the wretch in Bosworth field.

The honest farmer sighing said,
“ What ways there are of getting bread;
I dare say, friend, you'll think it hard
To work in any farmer's yard,
Yet tell me, tho' you speak so fine,
Whose trade is better, yours or mine!
Is any fellow in your station
Of half our value to the nation?

And yet at us you toss your nose,
 When'er you get a rag of clothes;
 With saucy jests presume to flout us,
 Altho' you could not eat without us:
 In London, why, I've seen the play'rs
 In better waistcoat than *our* Mayors:
 Nay, I declare it on my word,
 I've seen an actor wear a sword,
 And not a creature in the town,
 Would ever knock the fellow down,
 Altho' the puppy had began
 To think himself a gentleman:
 When but the very summer after
 (I scarce can mention it for laughter)
 He came among the country-boors,
 And beat just such a drum as yours;
 What can you say?" the farmer cry'd,
 When thus our orator reply'd,
 " Sir, if my word you'll please to trust,
 I own your censure often just:
 Experience every day declares,
 The foolish pride of many play'rs;
 And some perhaps, but let that rest,
 Whose lives are not the very best;
 For tho' this truth on some may fall,
 The censure ne'er can reach to all.
 A rascal high soever drawn,
 Had been a rascal clad in lawn,
 And worth will every eye engage,
 Tho' fortune place it on the stage;
 Professions, Sir, you ne'er can find
 Have chang'd the temper of the mind;
 And if a man genteelly bred
 A faultless life has always led;
 Why will your censure wish to blame
 The merit justice should proclaim?
 I need not say what native fires
 Or judgment such a life requires,
 A truth like this I need not smother,
 They're higher much than any other;

And if sometimes we meet with losses,
 All men are liable to crosses;
 Why is an actor made a jest,
 When pity smiles on all the rest?
 Had fortune burnt your haggards down,
 You, Sir, had work'd about the town,
 Had beat a drum, or acted worse,
 Without a six-pence in your purse."

Here paus'd the youth. The farmer turn'd,
 Whose breast with true good nature burn'd,
 "Of all the trade, I ne'er espy'd
 A man possess so little pride:
 I ask thy pardon, honest youth,
 Thou hast spoke nothing but the truth;
 And while with us you choose to stay,
 I beg thou'lt see me every day.
 Nor blush, if e'er thou art distress'd,
 To be an honest farmer's guest,
 A man I dare be sworn thou art,
 Blest with a very noble heart.
 And harkee—nay—but this way stand,
 Here take a guinea in thy hand,
 Had I been in thy place, I see,
 You would have acted just like me."

OF REVENGE.

THERE cannot be a greater extravagance, than for a man to run the hazard of losing his life to satisfy his revenge. When Mark Anthony, after the battle of Actium, challenged Augustus, he took no further notice of the insult, than sending back this answer, That if Anthony was weary of his life, there were other ways of dispatch besides fighting him: and for his part, he should not trouble himself to be his executioner.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

It costs more to revenge, than to bear injuries.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 34.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY APRIL 22, 1795.

ON THE REVOLVING SEASONS.

WHEN the Almighty, of his infinite wisdom, formed this vast globe, and “all which it inherit,” he planned it on such beautiful order and construction, such exquisite symmetry and proportion, that they continue in the same regular course and direction which they received the grand creation day. As regularity and order were absolutely necessary for the perfecting his great plan, as well as for the preservation of his creatures, he, therefore, divided the rolling year into seasons, and, by their regular succession, the produce might be expected in its due time. From this division of the year into revolving seasons, and the analogy they bear to human life, a very useful and instructive lesson may be drawn.

Spring resembles youth: it appears with æthereal mildness; and the more frequent rays of the sun raise into life the vegetable world: each tender plant and slender stem spring forth, the trees expand their leaves and blossoms, and the first flowers appear regardless, as it were, of the dangers they are exposed to, by frequent storms, and blustering winds, which often cut them off before they arrive to their full perfection of strength and beauty. Thus it happens with youth when entering upon the stage of life: they rush heedlessly into the extremes and follies, by their lawless and ungoverned passions of intemperance, and the desire of being thought men. But, alas!

we daily see youths of the most promising appearance, suddenly cut off by death, and driven hence before they have time to repent ; and the soul to
 “ An unknown *somewhere* wings its way.”

Summer now advances, and all nature wears a pleasing aspect ; a diversity of variegated scenes now present themselves ; the purling rill, in agreeable meanders, gently rolls along the meadows, decked with verdure. The rich fields now elate the heart of the industrious husbandman. The groves, now covered with their leafy foliage, afford a shelter for the feathered songsters, or shades for lowing herds. Resplendent Sol pours his refulgent beams on the dusty plains, whilst the labouring peasant seeks some cool retreat, scarce able to bear the heat and parching thirst. This season represents man in his full vigour and activity, forming new scenes of future action. Ambition fires his soul, he engages in the enterprise. Fame leads him on, whilst the impetuosity of desires, too prevalent at this age, urges him with greater ardour, into labyrinths from which he is scarce able to extricate himself ; and

“ Hence one master passion in the breast,
 “ Like Aaron’s serpent, swallows up the rest.”

Next comes Autumn, laden with rich fields of ripened corn, waving by the gentle breath of zephyrs ; the trees with fruit inviting to the eye, and delicious to the taste. The yellow harvest now rewards the rustic’s toil ; he views with pleasure the completion of his labour, and the full ear bending beneath the reaper’s hand : with care he gathers the golden produce into his garner against the inclemencies of the approaching winter.

The ant now teaches us a most excellent lesson of industry; we see it exerting all its little strength in laying up provisions against the barrenness of winter; when frosts and snows, when the wind whistles in every cavern, it can go with pleasure to its magazine, which it has laid up, and preserved in the proper season. Autumn resembles man in his prime of life, or rather inclining to age. He looks back with a secret pleasure on his juvenile years, and on what he has carefully gotten together; and if it be the effects of a good life, he blesses himself and his Maker, that has given him all things for his nourishment and for his use. Now he begins to think seriously of futurity, and looks forward with earnestness, lest the winter should come too soon upon him, before he has made a proper use of the talents entrusted to his care. We are taught, by various examples, to be active and industrious when we have it in our power; but there is not a more useful admonition (and I believe less observed) than this of harvest; for the Apostle says, "the harvest is the end of the world."

Last of all appears cold and chilling winter; every thing seems melancholy and lifeless; the trees are bereaved of their former covering; the herbs cut off by the nipping frost; the hedges which some little while since were pleasingly variegated, are now destitute of their green foliage; the little songsters now chirp on every frozen spray, as if in sorrow for the loss of the sun's enlivening rays. The rivers and ponds are all congealed into ice by the chilling blast of Boreas—here is a true picture of age! What a scene for

a contemplative mind ! When the winter of life comes upon us, we are pleased with the idea of having acted our parts to the best of our abilities when in the early stage of life. The hopes of a future reward, through the merit and intercession of a Saviour, is of the greatest comfort to us now ; and this hope alone will make us quit this transitory world with joy. But to those who put off the work of early piety, how dangerous is their situation at this age ! when tottering on the verge of life, and at every blast are in danger of being hurled to eternity.

Such is the invariable order and succession of the Seasons, and the different productions, that they carry the indisputable marks of an all-wise, all-powerful Being who governeth them. I cannot close this subject without transcribing those comprehensive lines of the inimitable Thomson.

——“ Behold fond man !

“ See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years

“ Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,

“ Thy sober autumn fading into age,

“ And pale concluding winter comes at last,

“ And shuts the scene.”

CHARINUS AND EUPHRASIA.

(Concluded from page 102.)

A Long week went on, without any advance on either side ; though not with equal pain, as her virtue supported her resolution, while his hopes heightened his impatience. At length he could hold out no longer. But his advances were now in vain : his visits were refused ; his letters sent back unopened. This completed his distress ; but then it opened his eyes, and shewed him that

he could not live without her. He therefore, after many struggles between love and libertinism, resolved to submit to her terms, since she was above his. The moment this resolution was formed, every thought confirmed it: his heart was now at ease, and all that remained was to acquaint her; which he was sensible could not be easily done; but his happiness was too deeply engaged, for him to desist at the apprehension of any difficulty. He therefore wrote this letter.

“MADAM, I acknowledge my crime, and the justice of your resentment; to which the only reparation I can make, is by an offer of myself and fortune; though this is really seeking a reward, instead of giving satisfaction. Confirm thus, dearest Euphrasia, the reformation you have made, and accept the hand, as you have long possessed the heart of Charinus.”

This he carried himself; and when the servant opened the door, went directly in; and being told as usual, that he could not see Euphrasia, sent it up to her, with this message, “That he would never leave the house without an answer.”——

The determined composure in his looks and manner, shewed Euphrasia, who saw him, that there was something more than ordinary in the letter; which now she was obliged to open, at any rate: But how great was her surprise when she read it! she did not think it proper to see him, till she had answered it; and the consequence required time for thought; to gain which, she sent him this card. “The answer to Charinus’s letter shall be sent to him in the morning, till when Euphrasia desires to be excused seeing him.”——Though this

was far short of his hopes, he gave his immediate obedience, in proof of his respect.

This declaration arrived in the critical moment; Euphrasia was to have set out for the country that very evening, which a slight cold had prevented her doing as soon as she had broke with Charinus. Though it removed the doubts which had at first damped her love, and atoned for the want of respect that had given her offence; her delicacy would still make one trial more, by this letter, before she absolutely yielded to her own passion, and crowned his hopes.

“SIR, Your letter has removed all complaint; but I should be unworthy of the opinion which dictated such sentiments, if any thing could tempt me to dissimulation in so serious a circumstance. That Charinus is dear to me, I am not ashamed to own; but the approbation of my own mind is still dearer, which will not permit me to conceal what it must concern him to know. I hope I may say that penitence has purified me from the failings of unguarded youth.—O Charinus! can that which has reconciled me to Heaven, restore me to a state not unworthy of you? Can you receive unto your bosom one, who prefers you to human kind, yet would not owe, even you, to the least deceit? Charinus now knows, whether it is proper that he should ever again see Euphrasia.”

This letter was to be the last proof of Charinus. His ignorance of her real character convinced her that his passion was not mercenary; but then it might be so grossly sensual, as to stoop for gratification to the loss of honour; which would sink him beneath her choice; as honour in its

brightest purity was the idol of her soul. But if, actuated by a delicacy equal to her own, this deceit should make him refuse her, with the tenderness which its ingenuity deserved, it would be always in her power to bring him back, by deceiving him.

It is impossible to describe the distress into which this letter threw Charinus. His opinion of Euphrasia's virtue had so purified his desires, as not to admit a wish to its prejudice; and the delicacy of his honour shrunk with abhorrence from the slightest stain. He could not have her; he could not live without her!—he knew not what to do!—After a day and night of agony, his spirits sunk into a gloomy lassitude, in which he was composed enough to execute the invariable resolution of his soul, which he communicated by the following letter.

DEAR MADAM, Pardon is promised to penitence by the word which cannot fail? the assurance of which gives a foretaste of the happiness here, which is to be its reward hereafter; but as I dare not pretend to that perfect penitence, I must humbly wait, till a life of trial has purified me for the happiness promised to it, in heaven; the joys of which, now the only hope for my soul, will be heightened by the society of Euphrasia. When I gave you my heart, all that was mine became your right of course. As soon as I can settle my affairs, I will give you a just account; and hope that you will accept of half, for your own use. I have been so negligent a steward, that I cannot ascertain the amount; but it will be found to afford a competence sufficient

to prevent the cares of life from lowering our thoughts, or strewing thorns in the path to heaven, which our desire of being united at last, will never let us depart from. Real regard is above forms, and will not refuse this offer ; which I do not make in person ; as an interview would but aggravate the pain of separation. Till we meet in heaven, never to part again, that Euphrasia may be its peculiar care, is the ardent unremitted prayer of her Charinus."

This letter made Euphrasia's joy full. She had found the man worthy of her, and longed to reward his worth, by revealing to him her own. As soon as her rapture had cooled a little, she sent him this note. "The reward of exalted virtue is seldom delayed. If Charinus will call about eight this evening, upon the Countess of B——, what he may think wanting to his happiness in Euphrasia, he will find in Charlotte Loveworth."

As soon as she sent off this note, she went to B—— house. The Countess was her father's sister, with whom she had always lived in the happiest intimacy, mutual merit having improved the attachment of kindred, into friendship. As Euphrasia's father had left her absolutely independent, she had not informed her aunt of her acquaintance with Charinus, till the event should justify her conduct ; but now that the cause of her reserve was removed, she told the whole, in such a manner, as extorted forgiveness and approbation, even from the jealousy of friendship.

While Fortune seemed to smile on every wish of Euphrasia, Charinus felt her severest frowns. After he had sent his letter, the thought of

having lost her, agitated his soul to a degree of phrensy, which the conflict of passions, raised by her last note, worked up into the immediate rage of a real fever, that instantly threatened his life. She had satisfied herself, for the disappointment of his not meeting her at her aunt's, with the thought, that he might not have been at home to get her letter. But what was her situation next morning, when she heard that his life was in danger ! She looked upon herself as the cause of his illness ! She despised all censure which would restrain her care of him ! She flew to him directly ! He knew her not ; though her name was never out of his mouth ! She quitted not his bed side till his life was out of danger !

In the mean time, another scene shewed female love in its highest lustre ! A life of the most expensive pleasure, had distressed Charinus's affairs, much more than he had ever apprehended ; and now his creditors, alarmed at his danger, had seized upon it, with a severity, which would have made the return of reason a curse, had not Euphrasia's care interposed, by paying the most importunate, and securing the rest, with her own fortune. Sensible that this instance of virtue was too sublime for general approbation, she consulted only her own heart ; and having, on the return of his reason, undeceived Charinus about herself, she perfected his happiness with her hand, before she let him know any thing of the distress of his affairs, to spare him the conflict between honour and love.

The true gratitude of virtue raised him above the stubborn repinings of pride, and supported

him, under the weight of so much obligation, to make the only return of real love. He renounced his follies ; he sold part of his estate ; he cleared the rest with her fortune, which was considerable ; and as his Euphrasia (for he would never call her by any other name) loved the calm of a country life, he retired with her, far from the tumultuous pleasures of London ; where heaven blessed this virtuous pair, with every happiness of which life is capable.

MUTABILITY.

An Oriental Apologue.

KATIFA, Queen of Gor, had many defects : or, to describe her better, she seemed composed of mutability and caprice. The fancy one day took her to become a philosopher, accordingly she instantly sent for the sage Zulbar. Henceforth, said she to him, on his arrival, I shall seriously labour to know myself : but as I shall stand in need of assistance in the performance of a work so worthy a rational woman, it is my desire and command that you study my character, and draw such a picture of me as shall be immediately and universally known.

Which of your characters, most sublime queen, said the Sage ? Does your modesty make you imagine you have only one ? The flowers of the spring are less numerous, and less variegated, than are the virtues with which your mind is, each succeeding moment, embellished. While beholding these virtues suddenly spring forth and bloom, then disappear, then rise again to view, while observing them mingle, unite, divide and combat

each other, I and all spectators must admire; but who can describe or even number them?

I have somewhere read, continued the Philosopher, that the moon once was desirous of having a robe made exactly suitable to her shape, and of a colour most advantageous to her own. But the workman, whom she had sent for, ingeniously said, O Queen of the Stars, at all times, and under all forms you charm and delight us; but you are sometimes large, sometimes small, sometimes white, sometimes pale, and at others red. How then can I take measure of a shape which is never the same; or what colour will suit tints which nightly change?

Barbarous TREATMENT of a NEGRO SLAVE.

I WAS, not many years since, invited to dine with a Planter, who lived three miles from where I then resided. In order to avoid the heat of the sun, I resolved to go on foot, sheltered in a small path, leading through a pleasant wood. I was leisurely travelling along, attentively examining some peculiar plants which I had collected, when all at once I felt the air strongly agitated; though the day was perfectly calm and sultry. I immediately cast my eyes toward the cleared ground, from which I was but at a small distance, in order to see whether it was not occasioned by a sudden shower; when at that instant a sound resembling a deep, rough voice, uttered, as I thought, a few inarticulate monosyllables: alarmed and surprised, I precipitately looked all round, when I perceived at about six rods distance something resembling a cage, suspended to the limbs

of a tree; all the branches of which appeared covered with large birds of prey, fluttering about, and anxiously endeavouring to perch on the cage. Actuated by an involuntary motion of my hands, more than any design of my mind, I fired at them; they all flew to a short distance, with a most hideous noise: when, horrid to think, and painful to repeat, I perceived a Negro suspended in the cage, and left there to expire! I shudder when I recollect, that the birds had already picked out his eyes: his cheek bones were bare; his arms had been attacked in several places, and his body seemed covered with a multitude of wounds; from the edges of the hollow sockets, and from the lacerations with which he was disfigured, the blood slowly dropped, and tinged the ground beneath. No sooner were the birds flown, than swarms of insects covered the whole body of this unfortunate wretch, eager to feed on his mangled flesh, and to drink his blood. I found myself suddenly arrested by the power of affright and terror; my nerves were convulsed, I trembled, I stood motionless, involuntarily contemplating the fate of this Negro, in all it's dismal latitude. The living spectre, though deprived of his eyes, could still distinctly hear, and in his uncouth dialect, begged me to give him some water to allay his thirst. Humanity herself would have recoiled back with horror: she would have balanced whether to lessen such reliefless distress, or mercifully with one blow to end this dreadful scene of agonizing torture! Had I had a ball in my gun, I certainly should have dispatched him, but finding myself unable to perform so kind an office, I

sought, though trembling, to relieve him as well as I could. A shell ready fixed to a pole, which had been used by some negroes, presented itself to me; I filled it with water, and with trembling hands guided it to the quivering lips of the wretched sufferer; urged by the irresistible power of thirst, he endeavoured to meet it, as he instinctively guessed it's approach by the noise it made in passing through the bars of the cage. "Tanke, you white man, tanke you, pute some poison and give me." How long have you been hanging there? I asked him. "Two days, and me no die; the birds, the birds, aaah me!" Oppressed with the reflections which this shocking spectacle afforded me, I mustered strength enough to walk away, and soon reached the house at which I intended to dine. There I heard that the reason for this slave being thus punished, was on account of his having killed the overseer of the plantation; they told me that the laws of self-preservation rendered such executions necessary; and supported the doctrine of slavery with the arguments generally made use of to justify the practice.

THE FASHIONABLE FAIR.

DORINDA and her spouse were join'd,
As modern men and women are,
In matrimony, and in mind,

A fashionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds, and fine lace,

The smartest vis-a-vis in town,

With title, pin-money, and place,

Made wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time, by Hunter's art,

The wish'd-for heir Dorinda bore;

A girl came next; she'd done her part,

Dorinda bred no more.

Now education's cares employ

Dorinda's brain—but ah ! the curse,
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noise—

“ Go take 'em to the nurse ! ”—

The lovely babes improve apace

By dear Ma'amselle's prodigious care ;
Miss gabbles French with pert grimace,
And Master learns to swear.

“ Sweet Innocents ! ” the servants cry,

“ So natural he, and she so wild :

“ Laud, nurse, do humour 'em—for why ?

“ 'Twere sin to snub a child.”

Time runs—“ My God ! ”—Dorinda cries,

“ How monstrously the girl is grown !

“ She has more meaning in her eyes

“ Than half the girls in town.”

Now Teachers throng : Miss dances, sings,

Learns every art beneath the sun,
Scrawls, scribbles, does a thousand things
Without a taste for one.

Lapdogs and parrots, paints, good lack !

Enough to make Sir Joshua jealous !

Writes rebuffes, and has her clack

Of small-talk for the fellows :

Mobs to the Milleners for fashions,

Reads every tawdry tale that's new,
Has fits, opinions, humours, passions,
And dictates in *Virtu*.

Ma'amselle to Miss's hand conveys

A billet doux ; she's tres commode,

The Dancing-master's in the chaise,

They scour the northern road.

Away to Scottish land they post,

Miss there becomes a lawful wife :

Her frolick over, to her cost,

Miss is a wretch for life.

Master, meanwhile, advances fast

In modern manners, and in vice ;

And with a school-boy's heedless haste,

Rattles the desperate dice.

Travels no doubt, by modern rules,
 To France, to Italy, and there
 Commences adept in the schools
 Of Rousseau and Voltaire.

Returns in all the *dernier Gout*
 Of Bruffels point and Paris clothes,
 Buys antique statues vampt anew,
 And busts without a nose.

Then hey ! at Dissipation's call
 To every club that leads the ton,
 Hazard's the word ; he flies at all,
 He's pigeon'd and undone.

Now comes a wife, the stale pretence,
 The old receipt to pay new debts ;
 He pockets City-Madam's pence,
 And doubles all his bets.

He drains his steward, racks his farms,
 Annuities, fines, renews,
 And every morn his levee swarms
 With Swindlers and with Jews.

The guinea lost that was his last,
 Desprate at length, the Maniac cries—
 " 'Tis through my brain !—'tis done, 'tis past"—
 He fires—he falls—he dies !

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

All the arguments that can possibly be drawn from Reason, Religion, or common Humanity, against Duelling, will, I fear, be of no Effect, unless Gentlemen, of real Honour and undoubted Courage, set their Faces against these unwarrantable Practices, and by their example prove, that it is neither dishonourable nor cowardly to refuse a Challenge. For my own part, I think the Challenger ought to be posted as a fool, rather than the Challenged, who is discreet enough to refuse risking his life for a coward.—I happened among my papers, in searching for other matter, to hit upon the following genuine letter. The last sentence is, I think, so home an an-

swer to every thing that can be said in Favour of Duelling, (the more serious arguments being laid aside) that I desire you would distinguish it by printing it in another Type. I am, sir, your's, &c.

S I R,

I MUST absolutely decline the challenge you sent me, yesterday, by Robin, and frankly acknowledge I dare not fight you. I am very sensible the world in general will call this cowardice, and that the odious appellation of scoundrel will be given me in every company. But I hope you will not judge with the multitude, because you have been an eye-witness to my behaviour in no less than seven engagements with the common enemy. I then had the reputation of being a brave man, and am conscious I am so still, even when I once more tell you I dare not fight you. The reasons of my conduct in this affair, sir, are very valid, though but very few. To be brief, sir, I had rather endure the contempt of man than the anger of my Maker; a temporal evil rather than an eternal one. In one of the wisest states of the world, there was no law against parricide, because they thought it a crime the worst of villains would be incapable of. Perhaps the silence of our legislature, with regard to duelling, is owing to some such reason. What can be more enormous than for men, not to say Christians, and friends, to thirst for the blood of each other; nay more—to aim the blow, with a true Italian vengeance, at once both at the body and soul?—*I hope, in the coolness of reflection, you will think as I do—if otherwise, I am determined to give you up to the tyranny of your passions, as I am to remain Master of my own.*

Your's, &c.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 35.] (Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY APRIL 29, 1795.

THE OBDURATE AMBASSADOR.

A Turkish Tale.

A MERCHANT, the brother of a lady of distinguished birth and respectable condition, had the misfortune to suffer great losses, and to fail in his payments. His largest dealings were with a foreign nation, whose subjects were, of course, his principal creditors. The Ambassador of that nation insisted upon payment of the whole; and sued him with the greatest rigour. The merchant, conscious of his inability to discharge the full amount of his debts, had no resource but in the flexibility of the Ambassador's disposition. The lady undertook the arduous task of waiting upon the Ambassador; and, in order more strongly to excite his compassion, proposed that the daughters of her unfortunate brother should accompany her: "My dear nieces," said she, "do not waste your tears at home; in vain you vent your sorrows here. Come with me, and let us try if the force of prayers and supplications cannot melt the heart of that unfeeling man, who seems to take delight in the ruin of your father. Dress yourselves suitably to your melancholy situation, and follow me."

This said, she hastened with her brother's children to the Ambassador's palace; but what was her surprise and grief, when she was informed by the servants, that entrance was refused to her by their master's express order. A lady, accus-

tomed to be treated with honour and respect by every person with whom she had any concerns, could not but sensibly feel such a palpable affront. However, having once assumed the office of a petitioner, and engaged herself in such an interesting cause, her courage was not to be damped by a single rebuke. On the contrary, after repeated denials of admittance, she as constantly essayed to gain it. 'Perhaps, said she, his Excellency is engaged in important affairs; I will respectfully wait the time of his going out.' One of the children was so affected by this treatment, that she could no longer sustain the excess of her grief. Her sight and limbs failing her, she fell into a swoon at the palace-gate. The affrighted aunt implored their humanity for some assistance to the unhappy child; but the domestics, in obedience to their master's commands, still refused to take the least notice of her, or the children. Exasperated at their cruelty, the lady ran to the guard of Janissaries, who were at that time upon duty; and, in the extravagance of her sorrow, cried out:

"O Mussulmen! O ye, whom the Christians call Infidels! come to my assistance; help me to relieve this distressed child, who must otherwise die unpitied, in the midst of those barbarous Christians, who surround us, and refuse the aid of a drop of water to succour the unfortunate infant. Come hither, O Mussulmen; let us try if the voice of indignation, joined to the piercing accents of woe, can reach the man inaccessible to the complaints of the unfortunate. Let him at least know, that you are not like him, deaf to the cries of the afflicted."

The Janissaries flew to the lady's assistance.— Her majestic deportment commanded their services. The gathering crowd reviled the domestics with the severest reproaches, till they could no longer resist her importunities, but ran to procure some relief; while the doors of the palace flew open, as if by divine interposition. The Ambassador himself, alarmed at the noise, and seeing a great mob assembled at his gate, came out to enquire the cause. This courageous female summoned, at that moment, every idea that her just indignation could suggest. The moving spectacle, which had roused every spark of sensibility, inspired her in such a degree, that she spoke the language of the soul in most energetic terms. She reproached him for the obduracy of his disposition, which could unmoved hear the complaints of the wretched, and that in terms so powerful, that she roused at length the torpid feelings of his heart. What he denied to her supplications, he granted to the dignity of her mind.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 108.)

THE Lieutenant retook his seat, casting down his looks in a pensive manner; his servant was still snoring—the Baron began again to read, and I fell fast asleep. At once I was roused by the report of a pistol; I and honest John started up at the same moment, and we heard once more the trampling of horses and the sound of horns, but it soon died away at a distance, and the Lieutenant entered the hall with the Baron.

They also had not been able to resist the leaden

wand of sleep; but the same noise in the courtyard we had heard at twelve o'clock, had soon roused them from their slumber. "As soon as we heard the noise, said the Baron, we hastened to the outer room, our pistols cocked, but before we could reach it the noise was under the window of the castle; the Lieutenant knocked through one of the windows in the room close to the hall, and sent a bullet after the troop, which was rushing by like an hurricane, however, he was prevented by the darkness of the night from distinguishing any thing except some white horses."

"The spirits are afraid of us, exclaimed the Lieutenant; but come, let us return to our inn; we shall rest more comfortably on a bed of clean straw than on this damp ground." We all consented to it, and left the gloomy abode of those nocturnal sportsmen: We knocked a good while at the door of the inn before it was opened; at last the landlord appeared, stammering, lost in wonder; "God be praised that you are still alive; How did you escape?"

"The Lieutenant silenced him by some hasty lies, and promised to give him a full account of the whole adventure after he should have rested a little.

"Gentlemen, said he, as soon as he got up in the morning, "next night I will go once more to the haunted castle, and spend the night in the court-yard, will you keep me company."

"The Baron looked at me as if he wished not to accept the proposal: I did so. "We cannot," said I, "stay here a day longer, and such an un-

dertaking would, besides, be too dangerous for only four people."

"O! exclaimed the Lieutenant, "if that is all you have to say against it, then I will soon make you easy: We will take a dozen stout fellows from the village with us, they will not hesitate to accompany us if we give them a couple of dollars and a good dram; it will be devilish good fun, and to-morrow, with the first dawn of day, I will depart with you."

"The Baron consented to the proposal, and I myself did not dislike it; in short, we remained, and sent our postillion through the village to publish, "That all young fellows who would go with us to the castle next night, should have six-pence each, and as much brandy as they could drink."

"In less than half an hour the whole village was assembled round the door of the inn. We selected fifteen of the stoutest, ordered them to provide themselves with proper arms, and to appear by ten o'clock at night at the inn. Our landlord, who beheld these preparations in dumb amazement, believed that we must be arch necromancers, and his fancy having been fired by the wonderful account of our nocturnal adventure, which the Lieutenant had given him, he was himself not unwilling to go with us to the castle, and to bid defiance to the infernal hosts: However, as soon as it grew dark, his courage died away, and he wished success to our undertaking, telling us, he could not leave his house."

"Our little army was assembled before ten o'clock, armed with scythes, poles, hay forks and flails. We ordered the landlord to give a dram to

every one, took some tables, benches, lamps, and a small cask of brandy with us, and marched in triumph towards the Castle.

“ We pitched our camp in the court-yard, not far from the entrance ; the peasants placed themselves round the brandy cask, lighted their pipes, and expected with pleasure the appearance of the airy gentlemen.

“ Another advantage we reaped from that honest company was, that we had no need to keep sleep at a distance by reading, for the merriment of our little army rose soon to the highest pitch, and these jovial fellows being heated by the contents of our little cask, challenged his satanic majesty, and all his infernal hosts, amid peals of roaring laughter.

“ It was now past eleven o’clock, and the noise began to abate ; some of our gentlemen were nodding, and some snoring ; we were therefore obliged to beg those who had not yet yielded to the powerful charms of sleep, to give us a song, which they instantly did in so vociferous a manner, that our hearing organs were most painfully affected ; the sleepers started up when they heard that terrible noise, and joined the jovial songsters with all their might : Thus we chased away the sweet god of sleep, who seemed not in the least to relish the unharmonious notes of our jolly companions.

“ Now the Lieutenant beckoned to the blithesome crew, and the clamorous noise was suddenly hushed in awful silence. It struck twelve o’clock, the sound of horns and the trampling of horses was heard at a distance. The peasants listened,

their mouths wide open, and gazed at each other, struck with chilly terror: No sound was heard, except the palpitating of their hearts, and here and there the chattering of teeth—all of them moved their lips as if praying ardently. The noise came nearer and nearer, and now it seemed to be in the castle. Again every thing was silent, but in an instant the former noise struck once more our listening ears, and the infernal hosts rushed by like lightning—the Lieutenant, the Baron and I darted through the passage leading to the gate, but the airy gentlemen were already out of sight, and we could see nothing, save a faint glimmering of some white horses: The mingled noise of their horns, and of the trampling of their horses, soon died away, the stillness of midnight swayed all around, and we returned to the courtyard.

“Our valiant crew was still fixed to the ground, seized with horror and astonishment: None of them were able to distinguish whether we were ghosts or their fellow adventurers; however, they recovered their spirits by degrees, and prepared to leave the residence of the infernal sportsmen.

“We left the castle, fully convinced that these nocturnal ramblers must be beings who were afraid of us, discharged our courageous troop, and went to rest.

“I awoke with the first ray of the morning sun, and roused the Baron and the Lieutenant; the latter seemed not to be inclined to fulfil his promise, being desirous to try his fortune once more, and to hide himself either in the courtyard, or before the gate: When he saw that we

would not stay any longer, he postponed the execution of his design to a future time, and followed our example.

“ We left the inn at six o’clock ; the morning was gloomy and rainy, the wind swept furiously over the heath, and drove the black clouds still closer and closer together ; after a few minutes we entered the Black Forest. Looking out of the coach, I saw the Lieutenant and his servant turn to the left, towards a brook, where we beheld an odd phænomenon. A reverend old man was sitting there, and reading in a large book ; bewildered in profound meditation, he seemed to take no notice of the howling storm, and not to be sensible of the rain rushing down in large torrents upon his uncovered head ; the tempest was sporting with his reverend grey locks, and the rain beating in his face, yet he did not stir—His long brown robe seemed to denote a traveller from the East—a long staff and a black wallet were lying by his side.

“ I got out of the coach to view that strange being a little closer, and to speak to him, but before I could accost him, the Lieutenant exclaimed, “ Greybeard, what art thou reading ? ”

“ The old man appeared to take no notice of his question, and went on reading as if nobody had been there.

“ What are you reading ? ” exclaimed the Lieutenant once more, alighting and looking over his shoulder at the book.

“ The old man answered not a word, but still continued to read. I also was now standing behind him, and looking at the book ; its leaves

were of yellow parchment, the characters large and of different colours."

"The Baron was close at my heels, and the Lieutenant being provoked by the old man's obstinate silence, shook him now violently by the shoulder, thundering in his ears, "Greybeard, what art thou reading?"

"Now the old man lifted his reverend head slowly up, stared at us with angry looks, and then said, with a solemn awful voice.

"Wisdom!"

Lieut. "What language is it?"

Old Man. (Reading again) "The language of Wisdom."

Lieut. "What dost thou call Wisdom?"

Old Man. "All what thou dost not comprehend?"

Lieut. "If thou knowest what other people cannot comprehend, then I should like to ask thee a question."

Old M. (Staring again at him) "What question?"

Lieut. "There is a castle not far from the next village, where every night a numerous troop of spirits make their entry; these two gentlemen and I have watched there these two nights."

Old M. (Interrupting him) "And art not a bit wiser for't; for thou seemest not to be fit to converse with spirits."

Lieut. "But thou—?"

Old M. "I understand the language of Wisdom."

"The Lieutenant bit his lips, shaking his head with a contemptuous smile. Now the Baron ac-

costed the old man, who again was immersed in profound meditation.

Baron. "Well then, if thy book contains such a treasure of wisdom, then tell us why that castle is haunted by spirits, and for what reason they go their nightly rounds?"

Old M. "That the spirits must tell thee themselves."

Baron. "What does then thy book contain?"

Old M. "The ways and means of forcing them to a confession."

Baron. "But why hast thou not forced them long ago to confess every thing?"

Old M. "Because I never cared for it."

Baron. (Laughing) "But if we should entreat thee to do it, and pull our purses, wouldst thou not do us that favor?"

Old M. (Frowning) "Vile mortal! can Wisdom be bought with gold and silver."

Baron. "How can one then purchase it?"

Old M. "With nothing—hast thou courage?"

Baron. "Else we would not have watched in the dreadful castle."

Old M. "Then spend another night in it, I will be there a quarter before twelve o'clock—now leave me."

"We gazed at each other with doubtful looks: The old man resumed his reading and seemed to take no farther notice of us who were still standing behind him lost in silent wonder. At length the Lieutenant mounted his horse, and we went back to our coach. "Well," said the officer, as we were getting into our carriage, "well, gentlemen, will you return with me?"

"In vain did I make objections, the expectation of the two hot-headed young men was strained too much; it was impossible to subdue the eager curiosity of the young Baron, and the presence of the Lieutenant made me apprehend that all reasoning would not only be spent in vain, but at the same time make me contemptible; I therefore was forced to go back with them, and to embark in an enterprize, which, being not only useless, but also very dangerous, would plunge me in great distress.

(To be continued.) 148

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I see by one of the Numbers of the Asylum, that you scruple to insert DETECTOR, on account of the subject of the quotation.—This delicacy, with regard to your miscellany, is surely commendable, and bids fair for insuring the most general approbation.

In the present instance, however, you and I think differently; and I do not think it so improper for insertion. If it was an *original* communication you might do well to reject it; but as it is only quotations, one from Sterne, whose very blemishes are admired, and one from an author who seems to draw an instructive moral from his eccentric view of man.—Where this is the case, it would be a pity to withhold it from your readers; and they must be very fastidious ones who would be displeased with it. There is something extremely amusing in Charron's ideas; and I had proposed to myself a good deal of amusement in perusing them in your collection of good things. Besides, on attentive perusal the indelicacy vanishes, and the mind rests solely on the old writer's strange thoughts, and on Sterne's imitation.

For these reasons, I hope Detector will yet appear without any offence.

The foregoing reasons have induced us to insert our Correspondent's communication, especially as it relates to an author, whose plagiarisms have of late considerably engaged the attention of the public.

STERNE has been convicted of borrowing from his predecessors; and passages in Tristram Shandy have been found to contain the sentiments and nearly the words of Burton, an author now little known. I have in my possession an old French work, with which I fancy Mr. Shandy has also made free: it is entitled *Le Thresor de la Sageſſe, par M. Pierre le Charron*, printed in the year 1606. I have seen a translation of it by the late Dr. Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, but have it not beside me. I know not whether the plagiarism has been detected; but at any rate it will amuse your readers, and may perhaps serve to moderate an excessive admiration of an author whose seeming originality of manner, and "wild way of talking," has been too fascinating an apology for an unguarded and licentious pen.

I will translate the whole paragraph from M. Charron, as it is written in a very peculiar style, and displays a curious train of thinking; and will subjoin the passage from Sterne.

CHARRON.

"The first head and proof of human misery is, that his production, his entrance, is shameful, vile, filthy, despised;—his exit, his death and ruin, glorious and honourable. From whence he seems a monster, and contrary to nature, since it is a shame to get him, an honour to dispatch him. *Nostri nosmet poenitet et pudet.* On this subject I will offer five or six brief remarks. 1. The act of

planting or getting a man is shameful, and all its parts, the approaches, the preparations, the instruments, and whatever is assisting thereto, are esteemed and called shameful; and there is nothing so shameful in human nature. The act of destroying and killing him is honourable, and whatever serves thereto is glorious: we gild and enrich them, we carry them by our side, in our hand, on our shoulders. 2. We disdain to go and see a man born; all run and assemble to see him die, whether on his bed, in the market-place, or in the field of battle. 3. We conceal ourselves, we put out the candle when we get him, we do it by stealth; it is glory and pomp to destroy him; we light the candle to see him die; we execute him in open day; we sound the trumpet, we fight him and butcher him at mid-day. 4. There is only one way to get men; to destroy and ruin them thousands of means, inventions, artifices. 5. There is no praise, honour, or recompence assigned to those who get, multiply, and preserve the human species; all honours, grandeurs, riches, dignities, empires, triumphs, trophies, are decreed to those who afflict, trouble, and destroy it. The two first men of the world, Alexander and Cæsar, destroyed, each of them, (according to Pliny) more than a million of men; and neither got nor left one behind them. And in ancient times, for mere pleasure and pastime, public massacres of men were exhibited before the people. There are nations, who curse their birth, and bless their death. Monstrous animal! to be the cause of horror to himself! But nothing of all this is to be found among the beasts, or in the world."

STERNE.

“——Wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reason is it, that all the parts thereof—the congredients—the preparations—the instruments, and whatever serves thereto, are so held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, translation, or periphrasis whatever? The act of killing and destroying a man, continued my father, raising his voice—and turning to my uncle Toby—you see, is glorious—and the weapons by which we do it are honourable—We march with them upon our shoulders—we strut with them by our sides—we gild them—we carve them—we inlay them—we enrich them—nay, if it be but a scoundrel cannon, we cast an ornament upon the breech of it.—”

Though I have quoted more from Charron, than Sterne has thought proper to incorporate into his work; yet in what he has taken, he has so closely followed even the language of the old French moralist, as to leave no doubt of the proper owner. “I believe in my conscience” says Sterne, somewhere else, “I intercept many a thought which “heaven intended for another man.” It appears that he was no way scrupulous in availing himself of thoughts and words too, which heaven had long before consigned to the pages of another.

DETECTOR.

A CURE FOR ENVY.

ALL great and noble men who raise themselves above the common rank of mankind, by meritorious actions, are sure to meet with envy and

obloquy from their ungrateful countrymen.—There is but one thing that can reconcile these snarlers to the object of their hatred. Let the envied man be but unfortunate, and they will pity him.

Pericles, for a great number of years, administered the affairs of Athens with ability and integrity.—This alone was sufficient to raise against him an host of foes: he was the constant aim of public hatred—till he lost a beloved son: this accident affected him so much, that he was quite inconsolable. The people now seeing him upon a level with themselves, afflicted with like passions, and liable to the same misfortunes, turned all their hatred and envy to pity—which too often is but a respectful kind of contempt.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way;
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not fordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move;
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames ; those raging fires

The purer bliss destroy ;

On Ætna's top let furies wed,

And sheets of light'ning dress the bed,

T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms,

None of the melting passions warms,

Can mingle hearts and hands,

Logs of green wood that quench the coals,

Are marry'd just like stoic souls,

With ozers for their bands.

Nor minds of melancholy strain,

Still silent, or that still complain,

Can the dear bondage bless ;

As well may heavenly comforts spring

From two old lutes with ne'er a string,

Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold

Two jarring souls of angry mould,

The rugged and the keen ;

Samson's young foxes might as well

In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,

With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind

A gentle to a savage mind,

For love abhors the sight :

Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,

For native rage and native fear

Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,

'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,

And feeds their mutual loves ;

Bright Venus on her rolling throne,

Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,

And Cupids yoke the doves.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 36.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY MAY 6, 1795.

*Comparative VIEW of the CHINESE and BRITISH
Conduct in Life.*

THE Chinese exceed all other nations of the world, in the truth and antiquity of the History of their immense Empire, having for more than 4000 years joined the history of the heavens to that of the earth, confirming the one by the other. Their empire, at this day, is the largest, most populous, rich, and antient in the world; and paternal authority, which there is never infringed, and on which their constitution is founded, makes them as it were one vast family, over which the Emperor presides as common father. They pay a sacred regard to the laws, customs, and manners of their ancestors, which have continued the same for upwards of four thousand centuries, by which they have remained impenetrable to the taint of novelty, and that loose and wanton effeminacy of dress, and luxury of manners, which have of late so infected the minds and morals of the Europeans. In this empire, the garden and paradise of the globe, virtue and merit are continually rewarded and encouraged; and vice and immorality as constantly reprov'd and punished. This is a practice worthy the imitation of all nations and communities, and the surest way to make their virtues famous, and their glory unfulled and immortal. In every state or country, the first great objects of the laws ought to be the reward of virtue, and

correction of vice ; and such laws should be simple, uniform, and concise, free from those intricacies and perplexities with which the laws of Britain unhappily too much abound. The punishment of vice alone is not sufficient to stir up a virtuous emulation in us, to the pursuit and practice of goodness, and noble actions ; but the reward and encouragement of merit and virtue should be carefully attended to ; and no rare and worthy action should be suffered to sink in oblivion, or pass unnoticed, however obscure may be the author. How often, in our military departments, do we see young ignorant boys in commission by purchase, placed, and exercising their authority, over the brave, experienced veteran, who hath spent the best of his blood, and time, in the service of his king and country ; and is now rewarded with the rebukes of a babe, or empty coxcomb, against which his manly soul dares not rebel, or express his indignation. In church and state, we daily see places, benefits, honours or dignities, conferred without any regard to merit, learning, or even common honesty : money or interest is the only recommendation that is paid any respect to, and be the candidate ever so learned, virtuous, or excellent, without one of these, he stands little chance for advancement, unless by the power or interposition of a miracle.

Though we may in some of the arts and sciences boast a superiority over the Chinese, yet in a constant regard to the encouragement of virtue we must yield them the palm : In filial piety, and social endearments, they excel us, as well as in the study and practice of morality. This happy

people live in a country, productive of all the richest and choicest bounties of nature, even to excess; and yet they are far more temperate than we, never indulging in the use of rich wines, or strong liquors, which impair the constitution, weaken the understanding, and degrade human nature; the drunkard being both unfit for society, and the discharge of the religious, or other necessary duties of life; a burthen to himself, and a shock to decency and good manners. The Chinese adore and worship one God, and were never known to cut one another's throats about matters of religion, or those ceremonious inventions of priests, monks, friars, &c. &c. on whose account Europe hath so often been deluged with blood, to the eternal disgrace of all concerned therein. In history they surpass us, we having none of our own country, but what are tainted with party, prejudice, or faction, and very often with all. Though they knew the use of the magnet long before us, they fail not to strange and distant countries, to invade and plunder the natives of their property, murder or make them captives, selling them as beasts in public markets, contrary to common justice and humanity; but, content with what their country affords, they seek no more, living in constant rest and happiness: And though the vices or errors incident to human nature are found among them, nevertheless, their laws do not authorise the robbing, murdering, or plundering those people and nations who never did them harm, nor to whose goods they have any claim, either of a legal, or equitable nature. We are proud of copying those vices and

manners of the Romans, by which their mighty empire, founded on blood and rapine, was overthrown and annihilated, but neglect those virtues, and bright examples, by which alone it so long subsisted and flourished, and by which the Chinese have for thousands of ages been increasing in population, strength, riches, and happiness. We dream that we are a free, mighty, and respectable people; but, in reality, the shadow of greatness is all that remains, and a declension feeds on our vitals, while we loll in the lap of security, and soon or late will leave us a prey to those who with eager eye are watching our downfall. Which God avert.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 139)

OUR host was highly rejoiced and struck with astonishment, when he saw us come back with the intention (as he believed) to engage once more with the nightly sportsmen: Our valiant companions of the preceding night, had given a wonderful account of our adventure, relating how horribly the ghosts had looked, how courageously they had encountered the infernal crew, and how the strange conjurors at last had banished the tremendous host from the castle for ever.

“The whole village assembled, therefore, as soon as our return was known, gazing at us as supernatural beings, and consulting us about several matters. The Lieutenant had his fun with the simplicity of those honest people, and the day was spent merrily.

“It was already dark, and the villagers had

not yet left the inn; they unanimously intreated us to take them along with us to the castle. We were obliged to disavow our design, to feign sleepiness, and to order a bed of straw to be got ready.

“ At ten o’clock we stole silently to the castle without a light; the Lieutenant’s servant lighted our lamp in the court-yard, and we went to the hall, where we had spent the first night, waiting with impatience for the last quarter before midnight. The Lieutenant did not believe the old man would be as good as his word; I joyfully seconded his opinion, and would have been glad if we had not waited for him; but the Baron, who, from his juvenile days, had been fond of every thing bearing the aspect of mysteriousness, was quite charmed with the reverend appearance of the old man, and maintained, upon his honor, that he certainly would stick to his appointment.

“ The Lieutenant began to discourse with the Baron on apparitions and necromancers, maintaining, by experience and reasoning, that all was either deceit, or the effects of a deluded fancy; yet the Baron would not relinquish his opinion, adding, that one ought not to speak lightly of those matters, and that the old man certainly would prove the truth of his assertion: We were still conjecturing who that strange wanderer might be, when we saw by our watches that there were but sixteen minutes wanting to twelve; as soon as it was three quarters after eleven, we heard the sound of gentle steps in the passage.”

“ Our greybeard,” said the Lieutenant, “ is

a man of honour," and took up the lamp to meet the old man.

"Now he entered the hall, his black wallet on his back, and beckoned us in a solemn manner to follow him. We did so, and he led us through the apartments and the vaulted passage down stairs: We followed him through the court-yard to the iron gate of the cellar, without uttering a word; there he stopped, turning towards us, and eyeing us a while, with a ghastly look; after an awful pause of expectation, he said with a low trembling voice, "Don't utter a word as you value your lives." Then he went down the two first steps, taking from his bosom an enormous key, which had been suspended round his neck by an iron chain, and opened, without the least difficulty, the monstrous padlock; the door flew open, and the old man took the lamp from the Lieutenant, leading us down a large staircase of stone; we descended into a spacious cellar, vaulted with hewn stone, and beheld all around large iron doors, secured by strong padlocks; our hoary leader went slowly towards an iron folding door, opposite to the staircase, and opened it likewise with his key; it flew open suddenly, and we beheld with horror a black vault, which received a faint light from a lamp suspended to the ceiling by an iron chain.

"The old man entered, uncovering his reverend head, and we did the same, standing by his side in trembling expectation, awed by the solemnity that reigned around us; a dreadful chillness seized us; we felt the grasp of the icy fangs of horror, being in a burying vault surrounded with

rotten coffins : Skulls and mouldered bones rattled beneath our feet ; the grisly phantom of death stared in our faces from every side, with a grim ghastly aspect. In the centre of the vault we beheld a black marble coffin, supported by a pedestal of stone, over it was suspended to the ceiling a lamp spreading a dismal dying glimmering around. The air was heavy and of a musty smell, we hardly could respire ; the objects around seemed to be wrapped in a bluish mist. The hollow sound of our footsteps re-echoed through the dreary abode of horror as we walked nigher.

“ The old man stopped at a small distance from the marble coffin, beckoning to us to come nigher ; we moved slowly on, and he made a sign not to advance farther than he could reach with extended arms. The Lieutenant placed himself at his right, I took my station at his left, and the Baron opposite to him.

“ Now he put the lamp on the ground before him, taking his book, an ebony wand, and a box of white plate, out of his wallet :—Out of the latter he strewed a reddish sand around him, drew a circle with his wand, and folded his hands across his breast, then he pronounced, amid terrible convulsions, some mysterious words, opened the book and began to read, whilst his face was distorted in a grisly manner ; his convulsions grew more horrible as he went on reading ; all his limbs seemed to be contracted by a convulsive fit. His eyebrows thrunk up ; his forehead was covered with wrinkles, and large drops of sweat were running down his cheeks—at once he threw down

his book, gazing with a staring look, and his hands lifted up at the marble coffin.

“ We soon perceived that midnight had set in; the trampling of horses and the sound of horns was heard; the Necromancer did not move a limb, still staring at the coffin with a haggard look. Now the noise was on the staircase of the cellar and still he was motionless, his eyes being immoveably directed towards the coffin: But now the noise was in the cellar; he brandished his wand, and all around was buried in awful silence. He pronounced again three times an unintelligible word with a horrible thundering voice. A flash of lightning suddenly hissed through the dreary vault, licking the damp walls, and a hollow clap of thunder roared through the subterraneous abode of chilly horror. The light in the lamp was now extinguished, silence and darkness swayed all around; soon after we heard a gentle rustling just before us, and a faint glimmering was spreading through the gloomy vault. It grew lighter, and we soon perceived rays of dazzling light shooting from the marble coffin, the lid of which began to rise higher and higher—at once the whole vault was illuminated, and a grisly human figure rose slow and awful from the coffin. The phantom, which was wrapped up in a shroud, bore a dying aspect; it trembled violently as it rose, and emitted an hollow groan, looking around with chilly horror. Now the spectre descended from the pedestal, and moved with trembling steps and haggard looks towards the circle where we were standing.

“ Who dares,” groaned it, in a faltering hol-

low accent, "who dares to disturb the rest of the dead?"

"And who art thou?" replied our leader, with a threatening frowning aspect, "who art thou, that thou darest to disturb the stillness of the castle, and the nocturnal slumber of those that inhabit its environs?"

"The phantom shuddered back, groaning in a most lamentable accent, "Not I, not I, my cursed husband disturbs the peace around and mine."

Old M. "For what reason?"

Ghost. "I have been assassinated, and he who judges men has thrown my sins upon the murderer."

Old M. "I comprehend thee, unhappy spirit, betake thyself again to rest; by my power, which every spirit dreads, he shall disturb thee no more—be gone."

"The phantom bowed respectfully, staggered towards the pedestal, climbed up, got into the coffin, and disappeared; the lid sunk slowly down, and the light which had illuminated the dismal mansion of mortality died away by degrees. A flash of lightning hissed again through the vault, licking the damp walls; the hollow sound of thunder roared through the subterraneous abode of horror; the lamp began again to burn, and awful silence of the grave swayed all around.

"Now the old man took up his wallet, and his book, beckoning to us to follow him. We returned to the adjoining vault, through which we had entered that abode of awful dread; it was as lonesome as we had left it; our leader

locked the iron-folding door carefully; then he took out of his wallet a large piece of parchment, on which a number of strange characters were written, a piece of black sealed-wax, and a monstrous iron seal. Having made several crosses over those things with his ebony wand, he fixed the parchment above the lock, and sealed it hastily on the four corners.

“ This done he went into the middle of the cellar, assigning us our places; then he strewed sand upon the ground, drew a circle with his wand, and began again to read in his book, amid horrible convulsions. Now he brandished his wand, pronouncing three times with a most tremendous voice, the same words he had made use of in the burying vault. A flash of lightning hissed through the cellar, a clap of thunder shook the subterraneous fabric, all the doors, save that which had been sealed up, were suddenly forced open, with a thundering noise, the lamp was extinguished, and a blue light reflected in a ghastly manner, from the staircase against the damp wall; woful groans, lamentations, and the dismal clashing of chains, resounded through the spacious caverns. The noise seemed to come from the staircase, gentle steps were heard, a numerous troop seemed to be descending into the cellar; the lamentations and the woful groans advanced nearer, and louder resounded the clashing of chains.

“ Horrid to behold did now a second phantom appear before our gazing looks, staggering slowly towards us, and leaving a numerous retinue on the staircase; the garment of the spectre

was stained with blood, the skull was fractured, the eyes like two portentous comets !”

“ Who art thou ?” roared our leader, with a thundering voice, and the dreary cavern echoed to the sound.

“ The phantom answered with a hollow dismal voice, “ a damned soul !”

Old Man. “ What business hast thou in this castle ?”

Ghost. “ I want to be redeemed from hell.”

Old M. “ How canst thou be redeemed ?”

Ghost. “ By the forgiveness of my wife.”

Old M. “ How dar’st thou claim it, reprobate villain ! Return to thy damned companions in hell. Respect this seal, respect these characters.”

“ Here the old man pointed at the door of the vault which had been sealed up : The phantom staggered towards it but suddenly shuddered back, and sunk groaning on the ground ; a flash of lightning illuminated the cellar, and a tremendous peal of thunder resounded through the lofty vault ; all the doors were shut again with a terrible noise ; a frightful howling filled our ears, and horrid phantoms hovered before our eyes ; flashes of lightning hissed through the vault, and roaring claps of thunder threatened to overturn the whole fabric.

“ The lightning ceased by degrees, and the roaring of thunder died away ; a blue flame was still glimmering on the staircase, but it soon died away, and we were surrounded with darkness ; groans and dreadful lamentations resounded still through the winding caverns, but soon all was hushed in profound silence. After a short pause

of horrid stillness, the trampling of horses and the sound of horns was heard again; yet that noise died also away before we recovered our recollection.

“ When our astonishment began to subside, we perceived that we were standing in a dark cellar, without knowing whether any of us was missing. A disagreeable sulphurous odour affected our smelling organs, and bereft us almost of the power of respiration; not a whisper interrupted the dead midnight silence which surrounded us. At length somebody took me by the hand, I started back, my imagination being still the wrestling place of horrid wild phantoms, and my soul divining a thousand dreadful thoughts.

“ It is I,” said the Lieutenant, and I felt at once as if an heavy load had been taken from my breast. Now the Baron began also to speak,—“ Where are you?” whispered he; “ Are you still alive?”

“ We groped about in the dark, and at last found him leaning against the wall.

“ How shall we get out of this cursed residence of horror?” exclaimed the Lieutenant; “ come, let us try whether we can find the staircase; it must be just opposite to us, if I am not mistaken.” Then he began to walk on, and we groped after him, tumbling now and then over loose stones.

“ I have found the staircase,” cried our fellow adventurer, “ at last, after a long fruitless search, I feel the first step.

“ A ray of joy beamed through our hearts as we were climbing up, but, alas! it was soon most

cruelly damped ; the cellar door was locked up, and the blood congealed in our veins when the Lieutenant told it us. We exerted all our strength to force it open, but in vain, it was bolted on the outside. The Lieutenant called as loud as he could for his servant, whom he had left snoring in the hall ; we joined our voices with his, calling with all our might, John ! John !

“ The hollow echo repeated, in a tremendous awful accent, John ! John ! but no human footstep would gladden our desponding hearts. Frantic with black despair did we now begin to knock at the massy door till the blood was running down from our hands, and to cry John, John, till our voices grew hoarse—the hollow echo still repeated in an awful tremendous accent our knocking and crying, but no human footstep was heard. “ The fellow sleeps and cannot hear us,” said the Lieutenant, at length with a faint voice, “ Let us sit down and watch him when he shall come down.

“ We did so, but I had no hope that the servant would come, yet I concealed my apprehension within my breast. The Lieutenant dissembled to be easy, and began to converse on what we had seen and heard ; however his broken accent, the faltering of his speech, and his low voice, betrayed the anxiety of his mind. The Baron and I spoke little, and when we had been sitting about an hour, not one uttered a word more ; all was silent around us. Nothing interrupted the death-like stillness of the night, except the violent beating of our hearts.

“ At length the Lieutenant asked, if we were

asleep ; however, the anxiety of our minds, and the dreadful apprehensions which assailed us, drove far away even the idea of sleep. We sat some hours in that dreadful situation, and it was now about five o'clock in the morning, when the Lieutenant exclaimed, " I fear we wait in vain for my servant, he cannot sleep so fast that he should not hear us ! but where can he be ?" Then he began again to knock violently against the massy iron door, but all was in vain. No human footstep was heard, we remained some hours on the staircase, but all our waiting and listening was fruitless, no cheering sound of human footsteps would gladden our desponding hearts.

" I will not torment you by vain apprehensions," began the Lieutenant, " at length, however, we seem to be doomed to destruction, yet let us try if we cannot escape some way or other, come down with me into the cellar, there we will have a better chance to espy an outlet than here.

" We descended with trembling knees, without saying a word, and groped along in the dark a good while, knocking our heads against the damp wall, and the iron doors : Alas ! our search seemed to be in vain, and the grim spectre of a lingering death stared us grisly in the face, my feet could support me no longer, and I dropped down wearied with anxiety."

(To be continued.) 167

TO A FRIEND, ON A MISTAKEN ATTACHMENT.

ADVICE, that opposes a passion like thine,
May rash and ungrateful appear ;
Yet friendship forbids me a truth to decline,
Tho' it hope not thy patience to hear.

It grieves me to see thee thus covet with rage,
 A heart that no merit can move ;
 While wealth, with disease, or libidinous age,
 In a moment would melt her to love.
 And more still I'm griev'd, that a whim-begot aim,
 In spleen, fits, and idleness bred,
 Shou'd now, by long habit, be nurs'd to a flame,
 And thy heart be thus dup'd by thy head.
 Believe me, my friend, tho' thy well-fashion'd form
 Was adorn'd with the mind of a God ;
 Not all their joint powers that bosom could warm,
 Or awaken that spiritless clod.
 Some hundreds have try'd her, with lessons refin'd,
 As the road to her rust-eaten dower ;
 And some all the sense-winning arts have combin'd,
 But, like Danæ, she will have her shower.
 Her fancy is lifeless, and sluggish her sense ;
 Abortive each wish and desire ;
 And her nerves only stretch to the sound of the pence,
 Her touchstone of amorous fire.
 Her lips are no road to her hand or her heart ;
 They've a cramp flesh and blood can't discover ;
 And, unless your warm touch burns with Midas's art,
 You may press and implore her for ever.
 Cou'd your purse, like your passion, solicit her mind,
 She wou'd strike to the price of your wishes ;
 Both her body and soul are on sale to mankind,
 For a swain with the Loaves and the Fishes.
 But in vain does your barber new miracles try,
 And your tongue flow with Paris-bred jargon ;
 The head of your cane has more charms in her eye,
 And, if Gold, reasons best for the bargain.
 Cou'd a coffin a richer-bred passion unfold,
 She wou'd gaze with more rapture upon it ;
 And the squeak of the hinge, was the metal but Gold,
 Wou'd prevail o'er thy love labour'd sonnet.
 Nay, shou'd you, by teasing, her temper subdue,
 And her heart at the church was relenting :
 The price of the bride-cake wou'd rise to her view,
 And she'd snake to her dust-hole repenting.

Desist then, my friend, and thy reason regain,
 Let the rebel return to his duty;
 Discard the foul idiot at once from thy brain,
 And do justice to passion and beauty.
 As int'rest first taught your vain wish for a bride,
 Though Fate saves your side from the thorn;
 You may still be a gainer, the Curse throw aside,
 And pocket the Blessing, her scorn.
 Love thou'd be a commerce our blis to improve,
 And, where nature denies a return,
 Spurn the profitless curse, for man isn't, thank Jove,
 Like the Phoenix, self-fated to burn.
 Bring thy penitent vows to wrong'd Venus's shrine,
 Treat her scorn, like the scheme, with a laugh;
 Breathe out the pure flame to some nymph half divine,
 And leave her to bow down to the Calf.

SELF-COMMAND.

Happiness is a never-failing attendant on self-command: No man can enjoy without inquietude what he cannot lose without pain.

Antient Lacedemon affords an admirable instruction for subduing our passions. Certain occupations were appointed for each sex, for every hour, and for every season of life. In a life always active, the passions have no opportunity to deceive, seduce, or corrupt. Industry is an excellent guard to virtue.

Before you set your heart upon any thing, consider maturely whether it will add to your happiness.

Indulge not desire at the expence of the slightest article of virtue: Pass once its limits, and you fall headlong into vice.

Examine well the counsel that favours your desires.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 37.]

(Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY MAY 13, 1795.

FREEDOM FRIENDLY TO THE ARTS.

THE progress of Arts seldom fails to be rapid, when a people happen to be roused out of a torpid state by some fortunate chance of circumstances: Prosperity, contrasted with former abasement, gives to the mind a spring, which is vigorously exerted in every new pursuit. The Athenians made but a mean figure under the tyranny of Pisistratus; but, upon regaining freedom and independence, they were converted into heroes. Miletus, a Greek city of Ionia, being destroyed by the king of Persia, and the inhabitants made slaves, the Athenians, deeply affected with the misery of their brethren, boldly attacked that king in his own dominions, and burnt the city of Sardis. In less than ten years after, they gained a signal victory at Marathon; and under Themistocles made head against that prodigious army with which Xerxes threatened utter ruin to Greece. Such prosperity produced its usual effects: Arts flourished with arms, and Athens became the chief theatre for sciences as well as for fine arts. The reign of Augustus Cæsar, which put an end to the rancour of civil war, and restored peace to Rome with the comforts of society, proved an auspicious æra for literature, and produced a cloud of historians, poets, and philosophers, to whom the moderns are indebted for their taste and talents. One who makes a figure causes emulation in all: One catches fire from another.

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other, and the national spirit is every-where triumphant : Classica! works are composed, and useful discoveries made in every art and science.— This fairly accounts for the following observation of Velleius Paterculus, that eminent men generally appear in the same period of time. The historians applied the same observation to the Romans.

With regard to Rome, it is true, that the government under Augustus was in effect despotic: But despotism, in that single instance, made no obstruction to literature, it having been the politic of that reign to hide power as much as possible. A similar revolution happened in Tuscany about three centuries ago. That country having been divided into a number of small republics, the people, excited by mutual hatred between small nations in close neighbourhood, became ferocious and bloody, flaming with revenge for the slightest offence. These republics, being united under the Great Duke of Tuscany, enjoyed the sweets of peace in a mild government.— That comfortable revolution, which made the deeper impression by a retrospect to recent calamities, roused the national spirit, and produced ardent application to arts and literature. The Restoration of the Royal Family in England, which put an end to a cruel and invenomed civil war, promoted improvements of every kind : Arts and industry made a rapid progress among the people, tho' left to themselves by a weak and fluctuating administration. Had the nation, upon that favourable turn of fortune, been blessed with a succession of able and virtuous princes, to what a

height might not arts and sciences have been carried! In Scotland, a favourable period for improvements was the reign of the first Robert, after shaking off the English yoke: But the domineering spirit of the feudal system rendered abortive every attempt. The restoration of the royal family, animated the legislature of Scotland to promote manufactures of various kinds: But in vain; for the union of the two crowns had introduced despotism into Scotland, which sunk the genius of the people, and rendered them heartless and indolent. Liberty indeed, and many other advantages, were procured to them by the union of the two kingdoms; but these salutary effects were long suspended by mutual enmity, such as commonly subsists between neighbouring nations. Enmity wore out gradually, and the eyes of the Scots were opened to the advantages of their present condition: The national spirit was roused to emulate and to excel: Talents were exerted, hitherto latent; and Scotland at present makes a figure in arts and sciences, above what it ever made while an independent kingdom.

In Scotland, an innocent bankrupt, imprisoned for debt, obtains liberty by a process termed *Cessio bonorum*. From the year 1694 to the year 1744 there were but twenty-four processes of that kind; which shews how languidly trade was carried on, while the people remained still ignorant of their advantages by the union. From that time to the year 1794 there have been thrice that number every year, taking one year with another; an evident proof of the late rapid progress of commerce in Scotland. Every one is roused to

venture his small stock, though every one cannot be successful.

Another cause of activity and animation is the being engaged in some important action of doubtful event, a struggle for liberty, the resisting a potent invader, or the like. Greece, divided into small states frequently at war with each other, advanced literature and the fine arts to unrivalled perfection. The Corsicans, while engaged in a perilous war for defence of their liberties, exerted a glorious national spirit: They founded an University for arts and sciences, a public Library, and a public Bank. After a long stupor during the dark ages of Christianity, arts and literature revived among the turbulent states of Italy. The Royal Society in London, and the Academy of Sciences in Paris, were both of them instituted after civil wars that had animated the people, and roused their activity.

An useful art is seldom lost, because it is in constant practice. And yet, though many useful arts were in perfection during the reign of Augustus Cæsar, it is amazing how ignorant and stupid men became, after the Roman empire was shattered by northern barbarians: They degenerated into savages. So ignorant were the Spanish Christians during the eighth and ninth centuries, that Alphonfus the Great, king of Leon, was reduced to the necessity of employing Mahometan preceptors for educating his eldest son. Even Charlemagne could not sign his name: Nor was he singular in that respect, being kept in countenance by several neighbouring princes.

As the progress of arts and sciences towards

perfection is greatly promoted by emulation, nothing is more fatal to an art or science than to remove that spur, as where some extraordinary genius appears who soars above rivalry.

Mathematics seem to be declining in Britain: The great Newton, having surpassed all the ancients, has not left to the moderns even the faintest hope of equalling him; and what man will enter the lists who despairs of victory.

*Some extraordinary Instances of LABIOMANCY, or
DIVINATION by the LIPS.*

A Most singular one is of an English woman, by name Mary Woodward, of Hardwick in Staffordshire, who, losing her hearing at about six years of age, by her extraordinary ingenuity and strict observation of the people's lips that conversed with her, could perfectly understand what any one said, though speaking so low that the bye-standers could not hear. This woman seldom failed of attending divine service at her parish church of a Sunday, and would bring away as much of the sermon as the most attentive hearer there; all which she did, not with difficulty, but with great ease and edification. If any one turned aside in speaking to her, so as that she could not see his lips, she thought it a signal affront put upon her. In short, she was so great a proficient in this art, that in the night time when in bed, if she might lay her hand on her bed-fellow's lips to feel the motions of them, she would perfectly understand what was said, though it was ever so dark.

Borellus affords us an account of a sea-faring

man of Xantoigne in France, who, by the violence of a distemper, having lost his hearing at five years old, was supplied by nature with so admirable a sagacity in lieu of this defect, that he could apprehend what was spoken with the lowest voice, by the motion of the lips only, though no sound was made, and give an answer accordingly. Trial of this was made by Isaac de Riolet, a learned physician of that country, who discoursed with him at twenty-five feet distance, and in so low a voice, that he could not hear himself speak. Borellus has given us the particulars of this dialogue in his historical observations. John Meekren has also recorded a like discourse between William Pifo and a deaf man, who understood, as appeared by the answers, all questions put to him by the motion of the lips, though articulating words in so low a tone, that they moved the least imaginable: At last Pifo speaking Latin, the deaf man only answered, that he spoke a language he did not understand, which certainly was as satisfactory and direct an answer as could be given. Nor did he only answer single questions, but, like Mary Woodward, could understand sermons, as Peter a Castro informs us, one John Ireundo, a cabinet maker, of Salborn in Silesia, could also do by the motion of the lips only, understanding better such as whispered to him, than those who spoke aloud.

Tulpius likewise tells us of one Simon Didericus, a Hollander, who became deaf by a fall from a tower, but could repeat sermons he had seen or learned at church, by the motion of the preacher's lips, which he apprehended much better or

worse according as the speaker's lips were smooth or hairy, lean or fat ; for which reason he could talk with women with much greater facility than he could with men. Casaubon remarked the same in England in a man and woman, both deaf and dumb, who notwithstanding at a certain distance, by diligent observation of the motion of the mouth and face, could readily tell what was spoken unto them, but the woman, not unless the party speaking was close shaved, or beardless ; which is probable enough, the muscles of the mouth having peculiar motions, according to the variety of the formations of words.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 148.)

I NOW began to reproach myself for having plunged into the gulph of destruction not only myself, but also him who had been entrusted to my care. The apprehension of being famished in that infernal abode, thrilled my soul with horror, and black despair ; at first I heard the Baron and the Lieutenant still groping about, neither of them uttered a word ; the hollow sound of their footsteps re-echoed through the vault—at length the sound of the Baron's footsteps died away at a distance, and only one of my companions in destruction remained with me.

“ Where are you ? ” exclaimed the Lieutenant.

“ Here I am,” replied I, “ but where is the Baron ? ”

“ The Lieutenant called him, and I did the same, but we received no answer : At once a sudden hollow noise struck our ears, and at the same

time a faint glimmering of light darted from a remote corner of our dungeon : I started up, half frantic with joy, and we pursued the gladdening ray of light ; it seemed to come from an opening in the wall. No words can express the rapture we felt when we beheld one of the iron doors half open ; we went through it with hasty steps and entered a long vaulted passage : A faint dawn of light hailed our joyful looks at a great distance from below. We descended a declivity, the farther we went the more the light increased, at length we reached the end of the avenue, and perceived some steps leading into a spacious apartment, at the entrance of which some boards on the floor had given way : We descended the steps, and, who can paint the horror which rushed upon us, when we beheld the Baron lying lifeless in the deep vault, upon some mouldering straw ? I leaped down without a moment's hesitation, the Lieutenant did the same, and now we began to shake the Baron 'till we at length perceived signs of returning life. We continued our endeavours to recall his senses ; he breathed, gave a hollow groan, and opened his eyes : His fainting fit had been the effect of sudden terror, and he had not received the least hurt.

“ He now told us that he had met in the dark with a long narrow passage which he had pursued, in a kind of insensibility, 'till he had staggered down from an elevated spot, when the boards suddenly giving way, dragged him along into the deep vault.

“ Looking around we perceived that we were in a spacious cavern, which appeared to have been

formerly a kind of stable. High over our heads were two large round holes, grated with strong iron bars, through which the day light was admitted, and after a closer examination we espied a gloomy outlet in a remote corner, shut up by a wooden door, which we forced open without difficulty : We now descended, through a dark passage, higher and higher, 'till we at length with rapture beheld an outlet which opened into the garden ; we were obliged to cut our way with our hangers, through the underwood and the entangled weeds, and soon came to the court-yard : Tears of joy sparkled in our eyes, rays of unspeakable rapture beamed through our hearts, and we praised God for our unexpected deliverance from the grisly jaws of a lingering death.

“ The dreary desolated court-yard appeared to us a paradise, the dazzling splendor of the bright morning, and the pure air which we now inhaled, filled our hearts with the strongest sensations of bliss. We congratulated each other on our resurrection from the dreary abode of mortality, where we were doomed to be entombed alive, and shook each other by the hand half frantic with joy.

“ We went now to the hall in search of the Lieutenant's servant ; the table and every thing was in the same condition we had left them, but John was not there. We went through the whole gloomy fabric shouting and hollowing, discharging our pistols, but no sound was heard except the hollow echo repeating our shouts and the reports of our pistols, in a dismal accent, all over the dreary building.

"Very likely he is returned to the inn," said the Lieutenant, "and we shall find him there."

"We left that dangerous abode of black horror, praising God again and again for our deliverance.

"As we entered the inn we beheld our landlord, surrounded by a number of villagers, who were come to inquire whether we were returned from the castle. They were very much surprised when we entered the room, and, respectfully taking off their hats, told us, that the uproar at the village last night had been more tremendous than ever. Every one was impatient to know the particulars of our adventure, but the Lieutenant having then no inclination of amusing himself with their simplicity, gave them a short answer, and asked the landlord where his servant was.

"I have not seen him since yesterday," replied he.

"It is impossible," resumed the Lieutenant, "where are the horses?"

"They are in the stable," replied the landlord, "I have just been looking after them."

"The Lieutenant gave us an apprehensive look, and begged the gaping peasants to look after him, all over the village and the adjacent places; they all were very willing to do it, and left the inn.

"It was nine o'clock when we entered the inn, and it struck twelve when our honest villagers returned with the disagreeable news, that they could find poor John no where."

"The Lieutenant thought it not prudent to remain any longer at that fatal place; the Baron

likewise wished to depart, and I too was impatient to be gone. As soon as we had finished our scanty dinner, we departed a second time; the tears started from our landlord's eyes, and from those of the good villagers, when we bade them farewell, after having made them a small present, and they saw us depart with regret.

"The Lieutenant knew the ways through the Black Forest pretty well; he rode by our chaise, leading his servant's horse with one hand, and we reached, without any farther accident, the limits of that dreadful forest. We parted company at the close of the second day, bidding each other a tender adieu.

"I thank you, gentlemen," said the Lieutenant, as we were getting into our chaise at the door of the inn, "I thank you for your kind and faithful assistance in the most dreadful adventure of my life; if I should be so fortunate as to get at the bottom of the mystery which hangs over that castle, as I shall endeavour to do, I will take the first opportunity to apprise you of my success.—Farewel, remember now and then the 20th of September, anno 1750, and do not forget your humble friend."

"The postillion smacked his whip, and we went different roads. On the fifth day we arrived at the castle of Baron R—, the father of my pupil.

"And here, added Kaffman, my narration is finished. A letter which the Baron wrote me, and a manuscript sent me by the Lieutenant, contains every thing that has happened afterwards.

But these papers you shall not get before your departure."

"Though Walfred's curiosity had been spurred very much, yet he could not but consent to his friend's proposal, and spent a fortnight more with him in uninterrupted pleasure.

"The days rolled swiftly on, shortened by the conversation of his friend, by hunting and other diversions, and he at length was obliged to bid his host adieu. Kaffman thanked him once more for his friendly visit, shook him by the hand, gave him a parting kiss, dropped a gentle tear, and then bade him farewell.

"Before he parted with his Walfred he gave him the above-mentioned manuscript, which he had fortunately traced out the day before Walfred's departure, amongst a number of old musty papers—Kaffman cleaned it from the dust and gave it to his friend, saying to him,

"Take, brother, take here the continuation of my tale; and if thou thinkest the publication of it will amuse and benefit the world, thou art welcome to publish it."

"They then parted, alas! for ever. Kaffman's wish was accomplished; he had seen once more the faithful friend of his younger days, and soon after went over to that better world, where good men will meet again the friends of their bosom, never to part again. Walfred too is awaiting the solemn morn of the resurrection in his grave, and he, before he died, set down in writing, the foregoing narration.

(To be continued.) 186

HISTORY of a GIANT found at TRIOLO.

THOMAS CORNELIO relates, that, at Triolo, a castle situated in the upper Calabria, where many very beautiful remains of antiquity are often found, some labourers, digging in a garden of the Lord of that place, discovered some vestiges of ancient edifices. They descended into a building made of bricks, and large blocks of gravel or sandy stone, cut and disposed by chains of a considerable length. This building formed a very spacious yard or inclosure, surrounded by several apartments, and they judged that these were the ruins of some public edifice, as of a temple, or some other building in the same taste. They discovered, in one of the parts of this edifice, a vault formed into a kind of grotto, and there they found bones, the figure of which was exactly like that of human bones; but, from their bigness, it was plain that they had belonged to a man of gigantic stature. The entire skeleton measured eighteen Roman feet in length; the head was two feet and a half long; each molar tooth weighed about an ounce and one-third, some more, others less; and each of the other teeth weighed upwards of three-quarters of an ounce. The bones were become, by lying so long, brittle enough, and were reducible into dust by the least effort; but the teeth were much harder. This skeleton lay stretched out upon a very large mass of bituminous matter like pitch. The labourers took away upwards of three hundred pounds weight of it; but it was not easy to determine exactly what this matter was, as not

having all the properties of pitch:—(Perhaps it was altered by time, and by the mixture of the animal substances that had incorporated with it; perhaps, also, it was, originally, a mixture of which pitch was the basis). Its colour was darker than that of Greek pitch, or colophonia; and lighter than that which is used for pitching vessels: it burnt in much the same manner, but crackling, and shooting a great number of sparks on all sides. Rubbed against a woollen cloth, it attracted light bodies, as amber. A tincture of this matter, dissolved in brandy, was found to be an effectual remedy in several ailments; applied to wounds, or on limbs aking with pains of any sort, it procured ease; and, taken inwardly, it cured women of the troublesome symptoms caused by hysteric vapours: it is thought, that the common pitch possesses, likewise, almost all these virtues. It is very probable, that it was with this mixture, whatever it was, that the dead body was embalmed. A piece of iron was found almost destroyed by rust, and which seemed to belong to a lance: Amongst the pieces of broken bricks, two were found entire, being two palms long, one broad, and five fingers thick, on which were engraved those characters A A M O.

ANECDOTE.

FREDERICK the Fifth, king of Denmark, having contested a law-suit, which regarded him personally, happened to gain the cause on one of those memorable days on which the monarch himself dispenses justice. His opponent was a woman; and after the decree was given against her,

she requested a private audience, when she stated several matters of moment, which had been omitted in her defence, and at length convinced his majesty, that the decree was unjust; who, far from being offended at a subject's taking such a liberty, not only made her instant reparation, but condemned his own precipitate conduct.—Thus Frederic, in the cabinet, repaired the errors of Frederic on the tribunal.

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* was the production of Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, who advanced in conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds and other wits, that he thought 'no man could improve when he was past the age of forty-five. Johnson, who was in company, immediately turned round to the facetious Dean, and told him that he was an instance to the contrary, for that there was great room for improvement in him (the Dean) and wished he'd set about it;' upon which the Dean the next day sent the following elegant *Bagatelle* to Sir Joshua Reynolds and the same company.

To Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS and Co.

I Lately thought no man alive
 Cou'd e'er improve past forty-five,
 And ventur'd to assert it;
 The observation was not new,
 But seem'd to be so just and true,
 That none cou'd controvert it.
 'No, Sir,' says Johnson, 'tis not so,
 That's your mistake, and I can shew,
 An instance, if you doubt it;
 You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
 May much improve, 'tis not too late,
 I with you'd set about it.
 Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
 I turn'd his council in my thoughts,
 Which way I should apply it;

Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach ?

And wit—I cou'd not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill,
You can inform me if you will,

(My books are at a distance.)

With you I'll live and learn, and then,
Instead of books, I shall read men,

To lend me your assistance.

Dear * Knight of Plympton, teach me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,

And smile serene like thine :

The jest uncouth or truth severe,

To such I'll turn my deafest ear,

And calmly drink my wine^d.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,

But genius too might be attain'd,

By studious imitation ;

Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,

I'll copy till I make thee mine,

By constant application.

Thy art of pleasing, teach me, Garrick,

Thou, who reverest Odes Pindaric,

A second time read o'er !

Oh ! could we read thee backward too,

Last thirty years thou should'st review,

And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,

Gibbons shall teach me how to dress 'em

In terms select and terse ;

Jones teach me modestly and Greek,

Smith how to think, Burk how speak,

And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place,

In fairest light, each borrow'd grace ;

From him I'll learn to write ;

Copy his clear familiar style,

And, from the roughness of his file,

Grow like himself—polite.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 38.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY MAY 20, 1795.

ANECDDOTES of the late FREDERIC III.
King of Prussia.

THE return of a sovereign to the capital of his own dominions, after the glorious termination of a war, in which he had experienced such vicissitudes of fortune, could not but exhibit the most affecting demonstrations of sensibility and joy. On the 30th of March 1763, at nine in the evening, the king of Prussia arrived at his palace in Berlin, after having been absent from that metropolis ever since the fourth of January 1757. He was received by the princes of the blood, the foreign ministers, and the principal nobility, assembled for that purpose. The rejoicings and illuminations on this happy event, continued for three days after his arrival. On the evening of the 4th of April, at eight o'clock, he went through most of the streets in an open chariot, accompanied by prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, to view the variety of devices in the illuminations. On this occasion, as well as on his arrival, he was every-where saluted with the acclamations of "Long live our King and Father!" To acclamations so grateful to him, his Majesty returned, "Long live my dear subjects, my beloved children!—These expressions of national joy were widely different from the slavish effusions of adulation. They were justly merited by the Monarch, who, notwithstanding the heavy war in which he had been engaged, had neither loaded

his subjects with new taxes, nor contracted any new debts.

In the year 1764, the election of a new King of Poland, in the room of Augustus III, engaged his Majesty's attention; and he united with the courts of Petersburg and Constantinople, in embracing the party of Count Poniatowski, in opposition to the views of Austria, France, and Spain, the respective Sovereigns of which were in favour of the house of Saxony. The event of that turbulent election is well known. Count Poniatowski was elected with an unanimity unparalleled in the annals of Poland. Soon after the election of this Prince, he received letters of congratulation from all the Potentates by whom his pretensions had been supported. The most remarkable of these letters is that from the King of Prussia. From the manner and the occasion, as well as the character of the writer, it is extremely worthy of being recorded at length. Nothing, indeed, can be more glorious in the intercourse of sovereigns than the communication of such sentiments:

"Your Majesty must reflect, that as you enjoy a crown by election, and not by descent, the world will be more observant of your Majesty's actions than of any other potentate in Europe; and it is but reasonable. The latter being the mere effect of consanguinity, no more is looked for (though much more is to be wished) from him, than what men are endowed with in common; but from a man exalted by the voice of his equals from a subject to a King, from a man voluntarily elected to reign over those by whom he was

chosen, every thing is expected, that can possibly deserve and adorn a Crown. Gratitude to his people is the first great duty of such a monarch: for to them alone (under Providence) he is indebted that he is one. A King, if he be so by birth, if he act derogatory to his station, he is a satire only on himself; but an elected one, who behaves inconsistently with his dignity, reflects dishonour also on his subjects. Your Majesty, I am sure will pardon this warmth. It is the effusion of the most sincere regard. The amiable part of the picture is not so much a lesson of what you ought to be, as a prophecy of what your Majesty will be."

The third of September 1770 was distinguished by an interview between his Prussian Majesty and the illustrious Joseph II, Emperor of Germany. This interview, which was at the camp, and grand review of the Imperial troops at Neustad in Moravia, was productive of consequences that greatly affected the interests of Poland, distracted ever since the election of its new sovereign, by all the calamities of a civil war. The meeting between these two great monarchs was to all appearance so cordial, as greatly to affect the spectators, and particularly the troops, many of whom recollected, and had experienced, the fatal consequences of the animosity which had so long subsisted between the two houses of Brandenburg and Austria.

We are not to look in the life of the King of Prussia for subjects of panegyric only: we find it sometimes marked by that injustice, and even cruelty, which powerful and irresistible States are too

often apt to exercise toward their weak and helpless neighbours. The citizens of Dantzick having given him some occasion of offence, he sent a detachment of his troops to form the blockade of that city, and not only compelled them to pay a contribution of 75,000 ducats, but to submit to the most abject terms of submission. At the same time, all the Prussian subjects that were resident at Dantzick were peremptorily ordered to return to their respective countries. Nothing could be more arbitrary, nor attended with circumstances of greater cruelty than this act. Many of these people had married, had formed all their connections, had acquired considerable fortunes, and had spent the principal part of their lives in that great trading city : so that this order carried with it all the pungent stings of banishment from a native country, at the most critical periods, and in the most interesting situations in life.

The injustice and arbitrary conduct of the king was not less conspicuous in 1772 to the inhabitants of Poland, at a time when the dismemberment and partition of that unhappy country was in agitation. The plague that raged in some of the provinces of Poland, had furnished him with a pretext to march his troops into these countries. These troops from their entrance into the dominions of Poland, acted in every respect as if they were come to revenge the most unparalleled injuries in the country of the most odious enemy. On this occasion, the King violated not only all the obligations of justice, but he disdained even to preserve the mere forms and appearances of it. From the province of Great Poland, and the ad-

joining districts, 12,000 families were carried off, and sent, with their effects, to stock the barren wilds of his own hereditary dominions. He gained upwards of seven millions of dollars, by obliging the inhabitants to take base money for the forage, provisions, corn, &c. which they brought to his troops; and when he had thus monopolized all the corn in the country, it was sold to them again, as they wanted it, at an advanced price, and upon the payment of good money only. His exactions from the abbies, convents, cathedrals, and the nobles, were so exorbitant, and at last so much beyond their abilities, that the canons of Gnesna, in particular, abandoned their cathedral, the priests fled from their cures, the monks from their monasteries, and the nobles from their estates. The young men were every where seized, and sent off to fill the Prussian armies. At length, when all the resources of oppression and tyranny seemed to be exhausted, a new one was discovered, unexampled in the history of mankind. Every town and village was obliged to furnish a certain number of marriageable girls; to each of whom the parents were to give as a portion, a feather-bed, four pillows, one cow, two pigs, and three ducats in gold; all of which were sent to stock the King of Prussia's own dominions. The roads were covered with waggon's loaded with this new species of contribution. Thus were the children torn from the arms of their unhappy parents; and the wretched brides obliged to abandon their country, their religion, their language, their friends, and all the dear connections of life, to be transported to un-

known countries, married to men they had never seen, and to live in a state of mutual hatred with people whom they could not understand. These oppressions continued from the lower part of the year 1770, to the beginning of the year 1773, when the long agitated partition of some of the finest provinces of Poland was formally effected between the three partitioning potentates, his Imperial Majesty, the Czarina, and the King of Prussia. By this partition, the King's dominions were enlarged by the acquisition of that part of Great Poland, situated on his side of the Nottee, and also all the territories of Prussia and Pomerania on each side of the Vistula, which the kings of Poland had hitherto possessed under the name of Polish Prussia, excepting only the cities of Dantzick and Thorn.

*Account of the Representation of the CRUCIFIXION,
as exhibited at LISBON, March 28, 1755.*

By the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, who lay windbound there on his Voyage from South Carolina.

BEFORE, all used to be noise and hurry, now, all was hushed and shut up in the most awful and profound silence. No clock or bell had been heard since yesterday noon, and scarce a person was to be seen in the street. About two o'clock in the afternoon we got to the place where (I had heard some days ago) an extraordinary scene was to be exhibited. It was the crucifixion of the Son of God, represented partly by dumb images; and partly by living persons, in a large church belonging to the convent of St. De Beato. Several thousands crouded into it; some of whom,

as I was told, had been waiting there ever since six in the morning. Through the kind interposition and assistance of a Protestant or two, I was not only admitted into the church, but was very commodiously situated to view the whole performance. We had not waited long before the curtain was drawn up. Immediately, upon a high scaffold, hung in the front with black baize, and behind with silk purple damask laced with gold, was exhibited to our view an image of the Lord Jesus at full length, crowned with thorns and nailed on a cross, between two figures of like dimensions, representing the two thieves. At a little distance, on the right hand, was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, in plain long ruffles, and a kind of widow-weeds. Her veil was purple silk, and she had a wire glory round her head.— At the foot of the cross lay, in a mourning pensive posture, a living man, dressed in woman's cloaths, who personated Mary Magdalen; and not far off stood a young man, in imitation of the beloved disciple. He was dressed in a loose green silk vesture, and bob wig. His eyes were fixed on the cross, and his hands a little extended. On each side, near the front of the stage, stood two centinels in buff, with formidable caps and long beards; and directly in the front stood another yet more formidable, with a large target in his hand. We may suppose him to be the Roman centurion. From behind the purple hangings came out about twenty little purple-vested winged boys, two by two, each bearing a lighted wax taper in his hand, and a crimson gold cap on his head. At their entrance upon the stage,

they gently bowed their heads towards the spectators, then kneeled, and made obeisance, first to the image on the cross, and then to that of the Virgin Mary. When risen, they bowed to each other, and then took their respective places over against one another, on steps assigned for them at the front of the stage. Opposite to this, at a few yards distance, stood a black friar, in a pulpit hung with mourning. For a while he paused, and then, breaking silence, gradually lifted up his voice till it was extended to a pretty high pitch, though I thought scarce high enough for so large an auditory. After he had proceeded in his discourse about a quarter of an hour, a confused noise was heard near the front great door; and, upon turning my head, I saw four long-bearded men, two of which carried a ladder on their shoulders, and after them followed two more with large gilt dishes in their hands, full of linen, spices, &c. These, as I imagined, were the representatives of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. On a signal given from the pulpit, they advanced towards the steps of the scaffold; but, upon their very first attempt to mount it, at the watchful centurion's nod, the observant soldiers made a pass at them, and presented the points of their javelins directly to their breasts. They are repulsed. Upon this a letter from Pilate is produced. The centurion reads it, shakes his head, and, with looks that bespoke a forced compliance, beckons to the centinels to withdraw their arms. Leave being thus obtained, they ascend; and having paid their homage, by kneeling, first to the image on the cross, and then to the Vir-

gin Mary, they retired to the back of the stage. Still the preacher continued declaiming, or rather (as was said) explaining the mournful scene.—Magdalen persists in wringing her hands, and variously expressing her personated sorrow, whilst John, seemingly regardless of all besides, stands gazing on the crucified figure.

By this time it was near 3 o'clock, and therefore proper for the scene to begin to close.—The ladders are ascended, the superscription and crown of thorns taken off, long white rollers put round the arms of the image, and then the nails knocked out which fastened the hands and feet. Here Mary Magdalen looks most languishing, and John, if possible, stands more thunder-struck than before. The orator lifts up his voice, and almost all the hearers express concern by weeping, beating their breasts, and smiting their cheeks. At length the body is gently let down: Magdalen eyes it, and, gradually rising, receives the feet into her wide spread handkerchief; whilst John (who hitherto stood motionless like a statue), as the body came nearer to the ground, with an eagerness that bespoke the intense affection of a sympathising friend, runs toward the cross, seizes the upper part of it into his clasping arms, and with his disguised fellow mourner, helps to bear it away. Great preparations are now made for its interment. It was wrapped in linen, spices, &c. and being laid upon a bier richly hung, was afterwards carried round the church yard in grand procession. The image of the Virgin Mary was chief mourner, and John and Magdalen, with a whole troop of friars with wax tapers in their

hands, followed after. Determined to see the whole, I waited its return, and in about a quarter of an hour the corpse was brought in, and deposited in an open sepulchre prepared for the purpose; but not before a priest, accompanied by several of the same order, in splendid vestments, had perfumed it with incense, sung to, and kneeled before it. John and Magdalen attended the obsequies; but the image of the Virgin Mary was carried away, and placed upon the front of the stage, in order to be kissed, adored, and worshipped by the people. This I saw them do with the utmost eagerness and reverence. And thus ended this Good Friday's tragi-comical, superstitious, idolatrous droll. A droll, which whilst I saw, as well as now whilst I am describing it, excited in me a high indignation.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 172.)

BARON R— TO MR. KAFFMAN.

B—, Nov. 11, 1772.

DEAR FRIEND,

IT is with the greatest pleasure I am going to communicate to you a remarkable accident I met with this summer, when at Pyrmont. I would have given you the following account some time ago, if it had not been for some papers which I was obliged to wait for; they are arrived at last, and here I send them, beseeching you to remit them to me as soon as you shall have perused them.

I had been three weeks at Pyrmont, when I one time went to the promenade, in a very beau-

ful evening, there I happened to meet a gentleman whose features interested me very much, though they were unknown to me: Walking slowly on, I soon saw him come after me; he passed me with hasty steps, and turning suddenly, stared me in the face; I did the same, being surprised that I also had attracted the notice of the stranger: He went on, but soon after turned round once more, directing his steps towards me, and staring again at me. I stopped and did the same. He moved his lips as if he wanted to speak to me, just when I was going to ask him whether he wanted something; however, we both remained silent, pursuing our walk. That pantomime we repeated several times, neither of us uttering a word; at length it began to grow dark and I went to my lodgings.

The next morning I awoke with the first ray of the sun, and went again to the promenade, to inhale the salubrious breeze of the morning air, and to hail the rising king of the day, under the canopy of heaven. I was no sooner seated on a bench beneath a majestic beech-tree, admiring the greatness of the Creator, so striking in the beautiful scenes of a fine summer's morning, when I once more beheld the stranger who had interested me so much the preceding evening. He came nearer, saluted me, and took a seat on the bench where I was sitting. We both admired in profound silence, the beautiful scene around for a quarter of an hour; every object which surrounded us pronounced the greatness of God! Numbers of feathered songsters hailed the rising sun; diamonds and rubies sparkled on the leaves

of the trees, loaded with the pearly drops of dew. Now the sun darted his warming chearful rays all around, and the stranger looked at me with an inquisitive eye, "Sir," he at length began, "you will excuse me if I should be mistaken, I think I have had some years past, the pleasure of being in your company somewhere or other."

"It is possible," replied I, "that I have had that honour, will you favour me with your name?"

"My name is B—, and I am major in the service of the king of Denmark."

"R—! I think I remember that name; yet I cannot recollect where I have had the honour of seeing you."

"Perhaps you may," replied he, "will you be so kind as to favour me with your name?"

"My name is R—."

"Did not you return from your travels to Germany in the year 1750?"

"I replied in the affirmative."

"Then I am not mistaken," said he smiling, "Don't you remember the adventure at the Haunted castle, on the skirts of the Black Forest, and that villainous Necromancer?"

"I was struck with amazement, "How," exclaimed I, "Is it you?"

"Yes, dear friend, it is," he replied, "you are not mistaken. How strangely and how unexpectedly do friends meet sometimes in this world! I am at present governor to a young prince who is on his travels: We are here incognito, yet I could not resist the ardent desire of making myself known to you. Did you never wish to get some

further intelligence of the mystery of that terrible castle and its strange inhabitants ! With the greatest pleasure would I have communicated to you, what came to my knowledge since we parted, had I but known the place of your residence ; I travelled on purpose to your native town, as soon as I had finished my recruiting business, but I was told you had been sent by your prince to England on affairs of State."

"Your kindness deserves my warmest acknowledgment, and I am very sorry that I had the misfortune of being absent when you intended to do me the honor of seeing me."

"Your absence vexed me very much," replied he, "because it not only deprived me of the pleasure of seeing once more an old friend, but also prevented me from performing the promise I had given you when we parted : This happy meeting affords me, therefore, the greatest pleasure, and if you will favour me with your company, at my apartments, I can give you a satisfactory account of several accidents which happened before and after our adventure at the castle, and which are nearly connected with what we have encountered."

"I accepted his kind invitation, and went with him to breakfast at his apartments. On the way he enquired after you, and was rejoiced to hear that you are well and happy, blessed with the love of a dear and virtuous wife. He particularly seemed to be pleased with my little narrative of your matrimonial bliss—I forbore to enquire after the reason of it, fearing to renew the pains, which perhaps the recent loss of a dear beloved

object might have inflicted upon him, and gave the conversation another turn till we arrived at his apartments.

After we had breakfasted we seated ourselves by the window, and he began a tale which took an unexpected and a most wonderful turn, but the accidents were so various and many, that he could only give me a short sketch, which being interspersed with many episodes, was rather confused: He was himself sensible of the defects of his narrative, and promised to send me a written account of those wonderful accidents as soon as he should have finished his travels.

I spent five happy days in his company, and then we parted reluctantly. Two months after he sent me the enclosed continuation of his adventures, which will strike you with astonishment.

Major B— sends you his best wishes, he longs ardently to see you once more.

Farewel, and remember your faithful R—.

(To be continued.) 198

ANECDOTE.

TOWARDS the close of winter 1777, a farmer of the parish of ——— returning from the mill, with the meal of half a load of barley on horseback, was attacked at the turning of a narrow lane by one of his neighbours, who, with his uplifted stick, in a menacing tone demanded the meal. The farmer jumped off, and seizing him by the collar threw him upon the ground. "You see now," says he, "that your life is in my power." "Take it then," answered he, "or give me the meal. I must get food or die with

hunger, as well as my wife and children." What, you are starving then; that alters the case, but you must not therefore rob. Take the sack, I will help you to get it on your shoulder; take it and say nothing." Meantime the horse, eased of his burthen, galloped home to the farm. The farmer's wife seeing him come without her husband, concluded some accident had happened, and ran out greatly alarmed. Her servants followed her, to try what was become of him, and met him walking slowly homewards in a deep reverie. His wife asked him innumerable questions about the horse and the meal, which he refused to answer till they were alone. He then told her what had passed between his neighbour and him, adding that he must be greatly distressed to attempt making such an attack upon him who was so much stronger. He had no sooner finished his recital, than she took a loaf, and wrapping it up in her apron, said softly to her husband, "Since the poor creatures are so famish'd, perhaps they cannot wait till the bread is baked." She brought it to them, who were amazed and terrified at seeing her. The poor little children were devouring the meal by handfuls, and a loaf, so seasonably and charitably bestowed, restored probity to a man whom a word speaking would have condemned to death.

A VIEW OF LIFE.

LOOK well, my friend, o'er life's amazing scene;
 O'er the world's stage, how wild its tumults reign:
 Behold the place where meets each wanton guest,
 Flows the wide bowl, and rings the empty jest;
 Whence sober Modesty with blushes flies,
 And Justice frowning, claims again her skies;

Here, link'd in vilest chains of sin, agree
 The modern wit, and hell-bred debauchee ;
 Vile daring oaths disgrace fair Virtues rules,
 And pure religion is the mock of fools.
 There, thick with blood, rash murder points the blade,
 Rich gluttons surfeit, and the drunkard's mad.

Turn round the eye, the wid'ning scene behold,
 A miser hovers o'er his bags of gold :
 To pompous fools yon cringing flatterers bend ;
 On pride elate a thousand slaves attend :
 Loose in her garb a wanton's arts appear,
 And, ah ! too many feel the deadly snare ;
 In revels lost the wild adulterer lies,
 Groans out a life, and sunk in ruin dies.

Pale in her look, lo, where sad Envy stands,
 And frowning Malice waves her blood stain'd hands :
 Hence Scandal flies, and where she takes her aim,
 Throws the swift dart, and wounds each honest name.
 There silent Merit constant vigils keeps,
 Dtagg'd thro' the world, and lost in secret weeps ;
 Near her dear Friendship feels the heavy chain,
 And Reputation bleeds at every vein.

Thrice happy he (few such, alas ! are found)
 Who walks serene, and views the storm around ;
 Bless'd in Reflection silent treads the shore,
 Calm, though wild billows lash, rough torrents roar ;
 And when retir'd, safe from each worldly toil,
 Can talk with Tully, or converse with Boyle ;
 Then ravish'd thought breaks thro' the bonds of night,
 Bursts o'er the stars, and dwells in boundless light ;
 Calm when he looks upon a bed of death,
 Calm in the hour he yields his fluttering breath ;
 Calm when his God sends nature's summons due,
 Then turns, and smiling, bids the world adieu.
 Then sinks to rest, the soul's great charge is given,
 And guarding angels waft it into heav'n.

OBSERVATION.

Reproof is a medicine like mercury or opium ;
 if it be improperly administered, it will do harm
 instead of good.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 39.]

(Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY MAY 27, 1795.

INSTANCES of SYMPATHY in some EMOTIONS
and PASSIONS of the MIND.

(From Boerhave's Academical Lectures on the Diseases of the Nerves.

WHENEVER the common sensory is affected in a certain way, there is then a power of exciting in it some sensations or passions of the mind, which govern the whole man; and these passions, scarce obedient to the most cogent reasons, bring the whole body to such a pass, that it becomes healthy or sick from the dominion of the passion; and in this manner we so far partake of the sympathy inherent to human nature, that, whether we will or no, we suffer in a great measure all that another suffers.

If one should suddenly see another whose eyelids are inflamed with a scalding rheum, his eyes will be also hurt by the sight, and of this all are in some degree sensible. If a child should have a squinting nurse, or should play with another squinting child, this commerce of observation and conversation will cause him to squint likewise; and it is so that all the lads in a school will learn to squint from a squinting master. When an orator, designing to move his auditory, composes his face to pity, the same pitiful face may be observed in the whole assembly; if they endeavoured to assume it, they could not, but now they do it by sympathy. When one is seen performing strange gesticulations and motions, all the spectators, as

well grave men as women, mimic the same face, they do it exactly without any teacher. This appears as much in hearing as in seeing. If a man, ignorant of all musical modulations, should for the first time hear a tune, and be desired to imitate it, he will do it perhaps with great exactness.

This thing, as very common, is neglected, but there is something here in nature that we are ignorant of : If an organ plays, all will accompany the same sounds. Kircher relates, that on his travels, coming to a place on the confines of Spain and Italy, and hearing one sing, accompanied by a chorus of others in the most harmonious strains, he expressed his astonishment how an unpolished people should have so good an ear for music, and was told that they were so all taught by nature, and, though they did not know they sung to that perfection, yet no jarring or discordant sounds were ever heard in their concerts.

I have heard a man that could sing extremely well, but who was merely a voice and nothing more ; if he stood behind the door and sung, no one could help being enchanted at the sweetness of his voice : Once, in a concert, taking up a violin, he made out the whole air by heart, drawing the bow upon the strings, and yet quite ignorant of what each string would produce. Another musician offered to teach him, but he could not understand one rule, yet, hearing the melody, he imitated it of his own accord. I asked him how he could do so, and he answered I don't know, but you see I do it.

We may hence see, that the foundation of arts, discipline, and knowledge of the brightest things,

is placed in the structure of the body. A man hearing the singing of a song, whether he will or no, sings within himself, and is led into the same strain or melody; and herewith also is mingled that source of pleasure or displeasure on being affected with grating or agreeable sounds. The same may be said of our sensations by the taste, smell, and the like; a variety of tongues, tasting the same lump of sugar, are affected with similar sensations; and, as there are different manners in music that please different persons, so the same will take place in smelling, tasting, and the like. Now, if it be asked, why those sounds move the body at rest, nothing else can be answered, than that we find this law of the Creator never to fail, but that it is beyond our abilities to explain it.

I knew a man, of whom it might be truly said, that he was just, and so firm in his resolves, as not to be dismayed by the approach of an enemy, or the fickleness of the mob. Being invited to see the opera of Agamemnon, whose only daughter was to be sacrificed, he was so affected on seeing the man enter, who was to personate that King, with a particular face and gesture, that he confessed to me, that, before he had even spoken a word, a chilling tremor had pervaded his bones; but, when he began to speak, then our great philosopher wept downright, though he came thither to laugh at the folly and buffoonery of others. Here was a fictitious representation; the mind was composed to gravity, and yet such a man was moved.

We are told of Theodosius the Great, that by levying too high a tribute so great a tumult was

raised at Antioch, that they demolished his statues, and even killed his ambassadors. At last reflecting on what they had done, and with whom they had to deal, they send ambassadors to the Emperor, to deprecate the destruction threatened them, who made them no answer: Hence, the chief Minister, pitying their case, bethought himself of giving a mournful piece to be sung by the youths, who were wont to entertain the Emperor at dinner with music. This mournful composition was scarce begun, when the Emperor, who little expected it, already bedewed the cup he drank out of with his tears, not knowing as yet the reason of his shedding them; but, when the youths came to bewail the distress of the people of Antioch, the Emperor could no longer contain himself, and was so moved by the lamentation, that, though it was not customary with him to forgive, he left them unpunished.

Behold thousands of men in battle array, thousands of warlike engines and implements!—All these, which but the moment before were quiet, we see set in motion at one word of command: Every thing is in a kind of uproar; and the physical cause of all this change is a single thought of the General, ‘Charge!’ If any one should begin to yawn, as if expressing sloth, others would yawn along with him; here is a sympathy of many muscles, of which none are at rest; there is not a drop of blood, or nervous fluid, but receives another motion, and the cause is no other than seeing one yawning. Should a person sit grave at table, a jester will force him to laugh; whilst one laughs, all the rest will laugh. If any one vi-

olently coughs, all, by some straining, will strive to help their friend. There is therefore a faculty in man experimentally known, but its cause inexplicable, whereby one man adjusts himself to another—This we call Sympathy.

This sympathy appeared remarkably in a man, who was of low stature and thin, yet performed all his functions well; but he was addicted from his infancy to so great a degree of sympathy, that he would immediately imitate all motions made by others, and that without any inclination, and even against his inclination; insomuch that when he walked the streets he was obliged to look on the ground, to fit in company with his eyes shut, or to turn his face from his companions. If he saw a man shaking his head, that moment he would shake his own head; if he saw him laugh or smile, he would laugh or smile with him; if any one uncovered his head, he would do the same; if one danced, he would get up and dance along with him; in short, whatever he saw, he would mimic it immediately in spite of himself. If his companions laid fast hold of him and tied his arms, and he then saw any one gesticulating and playing antics, he struggled hard to get loose, and felt within him the strongest motions, which he was not able to conquer. If asked what he was doing, he said he knew not, but was so accustomed from his youth, and begged to be left alone, because his head ached from such motions, and he was greatly disturbed in mind, and withal as much fatigued, as if he had done them of his own accord. We may now see how man is made; what powers he has, how he

chimes in with, suffers, is drawn about to every thing, without his knowledge and will, nay, even contrary to his will.

Hence appears the remarkable mutability of man in regard to sympathy ; for we all have also our strings that want touching, and it may be truly said, that the most consistent man is subject to all sorts of mutability, if his string be touched. If the same string which is struck in a madman, should be struck in another, both would be equally mad. If through pride we endeavour to conceal our faults, we are at least obliged to confess, that in some there is such an excess of sympathy, as gives occasion to the greatest diseases, when the action of no corporeal cause is present.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 190.

CONTINUATION *of the* ADVENTURES *of*
LIEUTENANT B—.

I WAS lost in profound meditation after I had parted with my companions ; all the horrid scenes of the adventure at the castle hovered before my imagination ; I fancied myself at the inn, in the ruinous hall, and then in the cellar, still beholding the Necromancer and the phantoms, seeing the flashes of lightning, and hearing the roaring of the thunder, and the hollow voices of the spectres. My fancy renewed all the horrors which had rushed upon me when shut up in the cellar, as well as the joy I felt, when we had the good fortune to find an outlet from our infernal dungeon ; my restless fancy painted all these pic-

tures with the strongest colours, painted them so grisly, that I sent up to heaven the most fervent thanksgiving for my delivery from that infernal abode.

These horrid dreams vanished at length, giving room to contemplations of a more serious cast.— I was every moment reminded of the unhappy fate of my faithful John, and felt an ardent desire to get at the bottom of those mysterious events, that I might be enabled to deliver my poor servant from the clutches of the spirits, or, at least avenge his death: I was however sensible, that I alone should not be equal to it; the peasants of the village I did not think fit for assisting me in my enterprise, and the whole undertaking too hazardous without the assistance and the counsel of an experienced and resolute man: I therefore was determined to search for such a man, and, aided by his counsel and assistance, once more to encounter those nocturnal sportsmen.

This resolution was the result of my meditations on the first morning after my separation from my companions, and I burned with impatient desire to rid myself of that load of incertitude which lay heavy upon my mind. At length I arrived at the place of my destination, and resumed my recruiting business, assisted by two old serjeants.

I hastened to return to the skirts of the Black Forest, and went to F—, where always a number of recruiting officers reside, on account of the great number of journeymen constantly travelling through that town; there I met with Prussian, Austrian, Hessian, and Swedish recruiting offi-

pers, and now and then with an old acquaintance of mine.

Amongst others I got acquainted with an old Austrian officer, who was highly respected by every one ; when he said any thing, which happened not often, then every body listened with the greatest attention, and when, now and then a quarrel arose, every thing was soon settled by his interference.

A man who thus powerfully could influence a set of people, who admit no law but that of superiority, soon engaged my admiration in the highest degree, and I concluded he would be the fittest person to assist me in the execution of my design, to unfold the mystery of the Haunted Castle, if I could but gain his confidence ; yet I was sensible that it would be no easy task to ingratiate myself so far with him, that he should not refuse believing a tale like mine, which bore such glaring marks of fiction ; I apprehended an old veteran of so much experience, and so serious a turn of mind would laugh at my narrative, and treat it as a nursery tale.

I was the more inclined to fear this apprehension might prove true, when I learned by experience that his curiosity was always guided by cool and just reasoning : His cheerfulness never exceeded the limits of moderated seriousness, and his smile was nothing more than an almost imperceptible unfolding of the wrinkles, which contracted his reverend brow ; his mirth bore the resemblance of his carriage, and whoever knew him, trembled at his anger, though none of his acquaintances had ever experienced the least mark

of passion in his countenance, and much less had he ever betrayed a symptom of unbridled wrath.

I let slip no opportunity of doing him some little services, and thus endeavoured to gain his favor; however, he appeared to take no notice of my unremitted zeal to please him. I treated him with marks of highest veneration, whenever I was in his company, but he seemed not to regard it. All my most anxious endeavours to win that strange man over to my interest, proved abortive, and, at last, I gave over every hope of engaging his attention.

Chance befriended me, at length, unexpectedly, and I got by accident what I already had despaired to attain by the most indefatigable endeavours.

The inn where one of the recruiting officers had lodged was reported to be haunted; many strange stories circulated on account of that report, which the then owner of the house endeavoured to laugh off, because he had lived a fortnight in it without perceiving any thing uncommon.

This subject afforded, one evening, matter for a serious discourse among the officers. The Austrian veteran maintained, contrary to our expectation, that one ought not to treat with ridicule some events of supernatural appearance, and no argument could make him relinquish his opinion. My heart panted for joy, for now I could hope that he would not refuse to credit my wondrous tale.

I was already going to relate the strange events which I had witnessed at the Haunted Castle, when

I suddenly was checked by the apprehension of drawing upon me the laugh of the company, or that some one or other would offer to encounter with me the nightly sportsmen, without being equal to that hazardous undertaking.

The Austrian spoke with uncommon warmth, his eyes sparkled, and the wrinkles on his brow were contracted closer and closer, and when the company persisted in contradicting his opinion, he offered to enforce his arguments by undeniable facts, which he himself had experienced, requesting to be heard in profound silence, which could not but be granted to a man like him. We expected to hear something very uncommon, and for some time gazed at him in dumb expectation, 'till he began as follows :

“If I maintain that apparitions of supernatural beings ought not wholly to be rejected, then I must tell you, gentlemen, that I do not only mean that it is merely possible that departed souls, or supernatural beings of another class, can appear when and wherever they please ; but think I shall convince you, from what I have myself seen, that there are people who can affect apparitions of that kind, at certain times and under certain conditions.” In proof of which he related a most astonishing adventure ; and then, with a solemn bow to the company, he left the room. I followed him with hasty steps, and, coming up with him, accosted him respectfully. “ You will excuse the liberty I am going to take, to request of you a private hearing, wishing to impart to you something.”

"That I will hear to-morrow," interrupted he drily, and went away.

The night being far advanced I went to my lodging. I awoke with the first dawn of day; I arose, and, having put on my cloaths, waited with impatience 'till it should strike eight o'clock, at which hour I intended to pay a visit to the Austrian. It was about five o'clock when I got up, and the seeming slow progress of time was very painful to me. At length the wished for hour arrived, and I went with hasty steps to the veteran's lodging. He received me as he was wont to do, with great kindness, giving me a pipe, and after I had lighted it he asked me what my pleasure was: "Speak freely," added he kindly, "I am an honest man."

After some circumlocution I broke the matter to him, giving him a full account of our adventures at the Haunted Castle. He listened with great attention to my tale, and hinting at the conclusion of it, that I wished he would assist me in unfolding that mysterious matter, he looked seriously at me without uttering a word. Having waited some time for his answer with anxious impatience, he rose, and walked up and down the room in profound meditation.

"Friend," said he at last, after a long and painful silence, "what reason have you to engage in that dangerous undertaking?"

"I have no other motive," replied I, "than to chastise the impostors, and to deliver my servant from their clutches."

He shook his head: "Are you certain," resumed he at length, after a short pause, that your

servant has not been associated with those nightly sportsmen."

I stared at him and replied, after having meditated awhile, "No, it is impossible, the fellow was too honest; and what motive—"

"You are right," interrupted he, "it cannot have been a preconcerted plan, for you have delivered yourself to the power of the spirits."

He walked again up and down the room in a pensive mood, and then exclaimed suddenly in a determined tone, "Well, I will be one of the party, and, if you like, we will set off instantly."

I eagerly accepted his proposal, and having put in readiness every thing necessary, we agreed to depart in the evening. He proposed to take one of his serjeants with him, and I resolved to do the same. I returned to my lodging against noon, highly pleased with my success, in order to prepare myself for a speedy departure.

We left F— at eight o'clock in the evening, nobody was privy to our design, and our serjeants fancied we were going on official business, wondering very much how recruiting officers in the service of two different princes, could act thus in concord; but on the road we undeceived them, and were much rejoiced that our hoary veterans did not dislike our enterprize. (*To be continued.*)

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EXTRACTS from VOLTAIRE'S QUESTIONS on
the ENCYCLOPEDIA.

NATIVE COUNTRY. We shall content ourselves (says the author) on this subject, with our usual custom of proposing some questions which we cannot resolve.

Has a Jew then any country?—If he is born at Coimbra, he is born among a set of ignorant wretches, who will pester him with absurd arguments, to which he would answer in terms as absurd, if he durst answer at all. He is watched by the inquisitors, who will burn him for refusing to eat bacon, and by that means become masters of his property. Is Coimbra then his country? Can he be so passionately fond of Coimbra?—Can he say, as in the *Horatii* of Corneille,

*Mon cher pays, et mon premier amour—
Mourir pour la patrie est un si digne sort,
Qu'on briguera en foule une si belle mort.*

Is Jerusalem his country? He has heard from some report that his ancestors, such as they were, inhabited that barren, rocky region, which borders on a miserable desert, and is now inhabited by the Turks, who get nothing by it. Jerusalem is not his country. He has no country, not a foot of ground that he can call his own.

The Geber, more antient and more respectable than the Jew, the slave of the Turk, or the Persian, or the Mogul, can he call a few piles of stones which he has erected secretly on the mountains his country?

The Banian, the Armenian, who pass their lives in wandering over the East in the capacity of brokers, have these any country peculiarly dear to them? Their purse and their pocket-book is all the country they have.

In the European nations, all those murderers by trade, who let out their services and sell their blood to the first prince that will pay them, have they any country? Not so much, surely, as the

bird of prey, that returns at night to the hole in the rock where his mother built her nest.

Shall the Monks presume to say that they have any country? Their country, they tell you, is in heaven. And I am contented. I never knew any they had on earth.

With what propriety could a Greek make use of this term, *country*, who is ignorant that there ever were such persons as Miltiades and Agesilaus, and who knows only that he is the slave of a Janissary, who is the slave of an Aga, who is the slave of a Bashaw, who is the slave of a Vizir, who is the slave of a being whom he calls the Grand Turk.

What is it then that a man can properly call his country? Is it not a good estate with a good house upon it, of which the possessor can say, these fields that I cultivate, and this house which I have built are my own. I live under the protection of laws which no tyrant can infringe.—When those, who, like me, are possessed of lands and houses, assemble for their common interest, I am a part of the whole, a part of the community, a part of the sovereignty. This is my country. All else loses the idea of an habitation of men, and may more properly be termed a stable of horses, that, at the pleasure of the keeper, undergo the discipline of the whip.

POPULATION. I believe that England, the Protestant part of Germany, and Holland, are more populous in proportion than France. The reason is evident: there are no Monks in those countries, who make a vow to God to be of no use to men. The clergy there, having but little,

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else to do, apply themselves chiefly to study and the propagation of their species. Their children are commonly robust and healthy, and they give them a better education than those of the nobility of France and Italy enjoy.

Mankind does not multiply in a geometrical progression. All calculations of that kind are absurd. Were a family of men or apes to propagate on this principle, the whole earth, at the end of two hundred years, would not supply them with subsistence.

Nature hath provided both for the preservation and the limitation of the species. She resembles the *Parcæ*, who were always spinning and cutting. She seems to be wholly occupied in production and annihilation.

POST. Mr Voltaire calls the post, *la consolation de la vie*, the comfort of life, and says, as on most other occasions, some sprightly things on the subject.

“ Your mistress is at Bourdeaux, and you are with your regiment before Prague.—By this means she gives you regular assurances of her tenderness, and tells you all the news of the town—her own infidelities accepted.”

TIME, AND AN OLD BLIND WOMAN,
A FABLE.

O H! Time, thou mercenary cheat,
What! wilt thou rob me of my feet?
Must I, thou bald pate thieving knave,
With crutches halt into my grave?
When I was sucking at the breast,
And native innocence possess'd,
Thou stole it, unperceiv'd, away,
Coward! whilst I defenceless lay.

My beauty too which was so great,
 That beaux, when kneeling at my feet,
 Admiring, prais'd my rosy bloom,
 And swore my breast was all perfume ;
 That Cupids dwelt in either eye,
 From whence they let their arrows fly ;
 And oft, in extacies, repeat,
 ' No syren's voice was half so sweet.'
 Such language from their tongues would flow,
 That Nature could not more bestow.

All this thou took, and still does keep ;
 Thou next engross'd my strength and sleep ;
 And now my memory, my ease,
 And sight, thou takest by degrees :
 In short, I've nothing now remains,
 But dire infirmities and pains ;
 Yet still thou art unsatisfy'd,
 And some things from me daily slide.

Thus spoke a dame, depress'd with age,
 And thus reply'd the hoary sage :

Base woman ! Wherefore dost complain,
 And speak of me with such disdain ?
 Thou know'st I never us'd thee ill,
 Since thou wert born, nor ever will :
 I take no more than what's my due,
 And that I may with justice do :
 I'm never partial for a fee,
 But do by Monarchs as by thee.
 Then prithee woman why this rout ?
 Thou had'st them 'till thy lease was out :
 So be content, and freely give
 That breath of thine, and cease to live.

Alas ! says she, some pity take,
 Give me one day for Heaven's sake :
 For yet I'm unprepar'd to die.—

' And who's to blame for that ? not I :
 ' No, no, 'tis all in vain to crave it,
 ' My debt is due, and I will have it.'
 Let careless souls example take,
 And much of ev'ry moment make.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 40.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY JUNE 3, 1795.

THOUGHTS ON ENNUI.

ENNUI is a French word much perverted from its original signification; it meaning in that language a strong passion, or at least the misery occasioned by the indulgence of one: so one reads of the Ennui d'Amour, d'Ambition. It is not confined to the want of sensation occasioned by the absence of them all. In English, we have no word for it, and know merely the effects of it: in Scots, the word Languor very well expresses it. It arises in general from want of occupation, and takes place in persons without profession or employment who have been ill educated, in statesmen out of place, in chiefs out of service, in sportsmen out of the hunting-season, in beauties becoming old. It is the cancer of the mind; tho', like some other humours of the body, it may be diverted so as not only to become not dangerous, but even salutary. Though it has made many persons give into hurtful pursuits, it has been the occasion of great and useful designs; it has given rise to the noblest undertakings, and the greatest stretches of honor, ability and exertion. To effect these, however, requires a vigour of mind which few persons possess. In general, Ennui is the offspring of stupidity, or pride begot upon idleness: of pride, as every one will not submit to employ himself in the way for which alone he is fitted; of stupidity, as it often happens that a man has not mind enough to suit himself for any employ-

ment. Idleness is however in general the fruitful parent of this malady of the mind, and acts as the remora does upon vessels, by impeding its progress and obstructing its exertions. Regnard, the French comic poet, gives a striking picture of the effects of Ennui in his *Voyage de la Flandre et la Hollande*; and was himself an illustrious example of its strange effects; and who in Lapland, at the top of a very high mountain, at that time untrod- den by human feet, wrote this inscription, signed by himself and his two friends.

Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa, Gangem
Hauimus, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem;
Casibus et variis acti terraque marique,
Hic tandem stetimus, nobis ubi desuit orbis.

DE FERCOURT, DE CORBERON, REGNARD.

Anno 1681, die 18 Augusti.

It is not, however, either in the power of every one to describe the wretchedness of Ennui so well, or to make such noble efforts to conquer the foul fiend, as this ingenious Frenchman appears to have done.

A London grocer, who retired to his native town in the west of England to enjoy himself after the fatigues of business, was much afflicted with the gout. His friends occasionally used to visit him, and condole with him on his situation. He constantly replied, that in his situation, with nothing to direct his attention to, he found pain far from being an evil, as it gave him something to think of, as he expressed it.—Suicide, I believe, oftener proceeds from the mere Ennui of having nothing to do, than from suffering very great calamities. What did Sir Horace Vere die

of? said Spinola to one of his friends. The answer was, He died of having nothing to do. In good truth, retorted the Marquis, that is enough to kill any General.—Sir Robert Walpole was observed, by the late Lord Holland, to burst one day into tears, at not being able to pick up a book in his library at Houghton that would amuse him. This happened, however, when he retired from public business; and though, confessedly, a man of great sense and parts, had been so used to the agitation and bustle of politics and party, that mere reading, to no particular purpose, was not stimulative enough to his mind to engage his attention. He, I think, recommended Lord Holland, who was then very young, to lay in a great stock of Greek. He did not long survive his retirement at Houghton; and was much harrassed with the stone; a disorder to which, I believe, he had been long subject; and which was, perhaps, aggravated by the want of exercise and employment his public situation had been used to afford him. What a wretched picture of the Count Duke d'Olivarez, when he was banished from Madrid, does Vittorio Siri give in his *Memoire Recondite*! He represents him as filling up his time with unmeaning acts of devotion, and taking the air twice a day in his carriage, till, oppressed with ennui and chagrin, he sunk in a short time to the grave.—Lord Clarendon's account of a neighbour of his in the country dying before he was forty, of the "mere having nothing to do," is exceedingly curious, and should teach parents to oblige their children to lay in, in early life, a proper stock of serious and useful know-

ledge. This story is well told in detail, in his Dialogue on the want of respect paid to aged persons in his time.

Our neighbours the French laugh at the English, and say,

C'y git Jean Roast Beef sçavoit ennuyer,
Qui se pendit pour se defennuier.

Their ennui, however, to speak in medical language, puts on another type. It makes them restless, and fly from one thing to another; a burthen to themselves, and the miserable persons who are obliged to endure the company of those who are tired of themselves, and to endeavour to amuse persons who, as Madame de Maintenon said of Lewis XIV. "qui ne sont plus amusables."—Of all professions, the physicians, I believe, profit most by this malady of the mind; which, in process of time, may really affect the body; though often the *malade imaginaire* is merely Ennui.—Body and soul should act in concert, or the blade will cut the scabbard at last. Where, however, there is no real disease, the mind can make one, to have something besides itself to complain of. Then draughts and potions are scattered with incredible avidity, the physician not always reflecting, that the "*mentis piacula*" are in this case to be administered instead of the "*remedia corporis*."—To a *malade imaginaire* of this kind said Monsieur de Senac, a famous French physician in the time of the Regency, I could wish, Sir, you could rob some one, and think yourself obliged to fly the kingdom to prevent your being broken on the wheel for it.—What a wonderful picture of this disorder of the mind is drawn by Sauvage in

his *Nosologia*, and by Helvetius in his *L'Esprit*!—
What then are the remedies that philosophy
would suggest for this disease? Occupation, occu-
pation, occupation.

Throw but a stone, the giant dies.

If this may be said of the most trifling employ-
ment, what may not be expected from those of a
higher nature; from those founded on the great-
est exertions of the mind, and built on the firmest
principles of reason and religion? Reason tells
us, that to labour under this malady of the mind
is to be void of sense, of conduct, of those pow-
ers of intellect that distinguish men from brutes.
Religion tells us, that from man the improvement
of his faculties, the proper and useful employ-
ment of them are expected. If he is reprehensible
for every idle word he speaks, what danger does
he not incur for every idle hour he spends; eve-
ry idle hour which contributes to his own misery
as well as to that of others; to his own misery,
by rendering him dissatisfied with his own situ-
ation; and to the misery of others ultimately, by
not administering to their ease and comfort; by
not rendering those talents of use to mankind
with which he was entrusted for the honour of
his Creator, and for the benefit of his fellow-
creatures.

MEMOIRS of the celebrated TASSO.

THIS celebrated Italian poet was born the 11th
of March 1544, at Serrento in the kingdom
of Naples: he was descended from an illustrious
family; and his father, Bernardo Tasso, was also
a poet; and, like most poets, he died in poverty

and distress, occasioned by his attachment to Prince Salerno, who was despoiled of his territories by Charles V.

Terquato Tasso, the subject of these memoirs, testified from his infancy an extraordinary taste for poetry, and sought for patrons, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his father, who was taught by experience the danger that attended the votaries of the Muses, who aimed at the protection of the great. At the age of seventeen, he already displayed his poetical talents, and at twenty-two he began his *Jerusalem Delivered*, one of the finest epic poems ever written, and the only one in the Italian language.

Tasso travelled into France at the age of eight and twenty, and was presented to king Charles IX. who gave him a gracious reception, and even yielded to his solicitations in pardoning a criminal, which the king had refused to every one else who had interceded for him: this malefactor, who was condemned to death, was a poet of some eminence, which partly induced Tasso to make application in his favour. He repaired to the Louvre; but, upon his arrival, he learnt that the king had given orders for his execution in a few days: this order did not, however, deter Tasso from proceeding on the business he designed. He appeared before the king with an open countenance, and said, "I am come to supplicate your majesty to suffer a wretch to perish by the laws, who has proved that the frailty of human nature sets at nought all the precepts of philosophy." The king, struck with this reflection, and the

ironical manner of supplicating the criminal's pardon, was induced to grant it.

Tasso was thirty years old when he published his *Jerusalem Delivered*, at the time he was at the Court of Alphonso, duke of Ferrara, his patron. This poet, born with a heart sensible of every tender passion, became deeply enamoured with Princess Eleanor, the duke's sister, and she did not behold him with indifference. Tasso, according to the biographers who have written his life, was completely formed to please; his manners were soft and engaging, his figure prepossessing, agreeable in conversation, with a happy imagination, and a great nobleness of sentiment. To these accomplishments he united a virtue which is not often met with in poets, uncommon courage. Having intrusted the secret of his passion to a friend who betrayed him, he fought him and three of his brothers, who were so ungenerous as to oppose four to one; but the poet defended himself so valiantly, that he wounded two of his adversaries, and gained time to receive assistance, when they were separated.

The duke having received intelligence of this quarrel, and offended at Tasso's audacity, in entertaining a passion for his sister, the poet was put under arrest, and the remainder of his life was a tissue of misfortunes. He was exiled, imprisoned, and reduced to extreme poverty. This ill treatment and his extravagant passion, joined to the severe criticisms of his rivals, destroyed his health, and brought on him a fixed melancholy, which made him appear bereft of his senses, af-

ter having displayed a genius superior to all his cotemporaries.

At length, however, after passing twenty years in this wretched situation, his merit surmounted all opposition. Honours and fortune were now strewed before him. Clement VII. emulous of doing honour in a peculiar manner to the author of *Jerusalem Delivered*, sent for him to Rome. The pope had resolved in a conclave of cardinals to bestow on him the crown of laurel, and a triumph, a very serious ceremony, eagerly sought for at that time in Italy. He was met about a mile's distance from Rome by the two nephews of the pope, who were then cardinals, and who admired and esteemed Tasso. He was conducted to an audience of the pope, who said to him, "I intreat you to honour this crown of laurel, which has hitherto honoured all those who have worn it." The coronation was to have been in the capitol, and the two cardinals proposed performing the ceremony. Tasso's triumph was upon the point of being complete; but the poet, who had for a series of years been unfortunate, fell ill, and died the very day before the ceremony was to have been performed, as if fortune had resolved to make him a play-thing to the end of his days.

The author of *Observations upon Italy*, relates a singular event, and which evinces that providence always blends some consolation in the greatest distress, with which the days of illustrious men are embittered by their cotemporary rivals. Tasso was once attacked upon the road by a numerous banditti; but upon their hearing the name of the au-

thor of Jerusalem Delivered, they presented him to their chief, who received him with respect and veneration; all his baggage was restored to him, to which was added a considerable present, and the chief at the head of an escorte conducted him out of all peril.

Tasso, though constantly unfortunate, as constantly displayed much mildness and generosity. An acquaintance having advised him to be revenged of a man who had done him several ill offices, Tasso replied, "I would not," said he "deprive him of his life, his wealth, or his honour; but I should like to take from him his evil disposition."

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 204.) 227

THREE days after our departure from F— we arrived within a small distance from the place of our destination, without having met with any sinister accident.

We were now on the skirts of the Black Forest but could see no village; the spot where the houses leading to the castle had begun was deeply impressed on my memory: I shewed to my fellow traveller the rivulet, on the borders of which the old man had been sitting when we first had met him.—We looked about for the houses but we could find none. I did not know what to think of the matter.

Pursuing our route, we ascended a rising ground—Gracious heaven! how was I shocked when I at once beheld an heap of ruins on the spot where the village had stood! We could trace

the marks of conflagration. In the back ground we saw only a few miserable huts left, and a little farther the castle presented itself to our view. We gazed at each other in dumb astonishment, and the Austrian alighted; I and our two hoary veterans did the same, and we climbed, after much difficulty, over the heap of ruins. As we approached the few remaining houses, the inhabitants came running towards us, covered with rags, and exhibiting pale woe-worn countenances. I never beheld such an horrid picture of wretchedness and misery;—they wrung their hands, crying for alms, and wept bitterly.

Having distributed money among them, I inquired when that misfortune had happened. “Alas!” groaned they, “who should have thought, when your honor left us, that you ever would see us in such a miserable state? We all are ruined; all our little property has been consumed by the flames. Good heaven! how shall we keep our little helpless babes from starving.”

Repeating my question when that terrible accident had happened, the poor unfortunate people told me, their village had been set on fire the day after we had left it.

Dreadful apprehensions filled my soul, and the Austrian's looks seemed to confirm them.

When I inquired after my former host, I was told that he had lost his life in the flames. The fire, said the poor people, broke out suddenly, in different places, in the dead of night, they had not been able to save their property, and a great number of the inhabitants, with their cattle, had perished in the flames. This horrid tale made my

blood run chill, being convinced that I had been the primary cause of that dreadful event.

As we entered one of the miserable huts, we were met by the lamentations of people half naked ; they all recollected me, receiving me with hideous groans. All my money was not sufficient to comfort the unhappy sufferers, but I divided it willingly amongst them, feeling an inward pleasure in being able to ease at least their sufferings a little. The Austrian smiling at me, followed my example as far as the expences of our journey would admit.

At last I ventured to inquire after the Haunted Castle ; the poor sufferers shuddered at the question, telling me, without reserve, that they did not doubt that the last visit we had paid to that abode of horror, had drawn upon them the dreadful ire of the revengeful spirits, which I in vain wished to be able to contradict. Unwilling to behold any longer the marks of sorrow and distress so deeply imprinted on the faces around me, and stung to the heart by the tormenting thought to have partly contributed, by my idle curiosity, to provoke the lurking tempest of woe, that had thus cruelly crushed the earthly happiness of the wretched villagers, I hastily inquired for the next village, they shewed us the way, and we bade them farewell with a bleeding heart, riding away in full speed.

But, alas ! I could not escape the hideous spectre of self reproach, pursuing me with icy fangs : the groans of woe which I had heard still vibrated in my ears, the haggard looks of these unhappy people, undone by my heedlessness, stared me

in the face ever and anon, and I struggled in vain to shake off the grisly spectre pursuing me with unrelenting resentment. "How comfortless and miserable is the man," said I to myself, "whom conscience accuses of having plunged into the gaping gulph of misery a fellow creature!"

The Austrian saw the painful workings of my soul, kindly striving to dispel the gloomy clouds hovering over my brow. "How can you accuse yourself," said the reverend veteran, "of having been, though involuntarily, accessory to the fatal blow that has thus cruelly destroyed the happiness of these people, whose fate you are bemoaning? It was the high decree of a superior power, that rules the fate of man. The ways of the all-wise are ever good and just, though surrounded sometimes with impenetrable darkness. Men are but tools in the hand of providence, and never ought to murmur against the father of the universe. It is not you who have destroyed the happiness of these poor sufferers; your heart is good, and you could not foresee the dreadful consequences of your juvenile rashness; cheer up, young man, and trust to the supreme ruler of all things, that he knows best what is good and fit, he produces light from the womb of darkness, and leads sometimes his children to greater bliss over the thorny path of misery and woe."

I listened with eager attention to the soothing speech of comfort flowing from the reverend lips of my sage companion, and an heavy load was taken from my heart; when he had finished, the clouds of gloominess dispersed by degrees, and a ray of cheerfulness passed through my mind. Af-

ter half an hour's ride we beheld a large village before us ; we agreed to wait there the setting in of night, and then to visit the Haunted Castle secretly.

Our host could not, or perhaps would not answer our inquiries concerning the desolated castle, and we endeavoured in vain to know whether the nightly sportsmen were still housing there or not ; my serjeant went abroad to get some information, and was so fortunate to draw from the school-master of the village as much as we wanted to know ; returning after an hour with the corroboration of our suspicion, that the spirits residing at the castle had set fire to the desolated village, and that they since that time had forsaken their former abode.

Although the latter part of his intelligence gave us but little hope that we should succeed in our design to unfold the mystery of the ruinous castle, yet we determined to make at least a trial, the Austrian being very desirous to explore the noted building, and we went all four to the Haunted Castle as soon as it was dark.

We arrived at the gloomy fabric after a short walk, lighted some torches we had brought with us from F—, entered the court yard, and ascended the spiral staircase ; the Austrian searched every corner, and I found all the rooms in their former condition, the seats and the table we had constructed were still as we had left them, unmoved, untouched.

When the Austrian had carefully searched every thing, we descended the stairs leading to the cellar, but found the iron door strongly fastened

as before. We entered the garden, searching and prying around, till we at length espied the aperture of the garden through which we had effected our escape from the grisly jaws of a lingering death.

Stepping into the stable, we espied the hole in the boards through which the Baron had fallen down, and detected in one of the corners a ladder, and above the place where it was standing, a trap-door. Having ascended the ladder I opened the half-decayed door, with one violent push, and entered with my fellow adventurers the well-known spacious apartment, leaping over the gaping opening where the boards had given way.—Looking around we beheld several small iron doors, one of which flew open at the first push of the Austrian, and presented to our eyes the avenue of a damp arched vault, from which a stone staircase led to that part of the fabric which faced the cellar door.

(*To be continued.*) 227

PROLOGUE spoken by MR. GARRICK,

In the Character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to himself.

He enters, singing

“How pleasant a sailor’s life passes—”

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow?
A sailor half seas o’er—’s a pretty fellow!
What cheer ho? [*to the pit*] Zounds I carry too much
fail—

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

[*He staggers forward, then stops.*]

But softly though—the vessel seems to heel:
Steddy! steddy! boy—must not shew her keel.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
 Shall I again to sea—to bang Mounseer?
 Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue—
 Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand, I do!
 A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
 There's nothing better, 'faith—save flip and fighting.
 I must not sculk—my country now commands!
 Shall I turn in when honour pipes all hands?
 What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
 Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
 What! shall these *parly-vous* make such a racket,
 And shall not we, my boys, trim well their jacket?
 What! shall Old England be your Frenchmen's butt?
 Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
 I'll to 'em, 'faith—Avast!—before I go,
 Have I not promis'd Sall to see a show?

[Pulls out a play-bill.

From this same paper we shall understand
 What work's to-night—I read your printed hand!
 First let's refresh a bit—for 'faith I need it—
 I'll take one sugar-plum—and then I'll read it.—

[Takes some tobacco.

[He reads the play-bill of Zara.

“ At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
 “ will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy called—
 S A R A H.”

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—and a tragedy;
 For Sall will see her namesake; and for me,
 I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.
 I'll skip the names—I would not give a pin—
 Damn all their actors, except Harlequin.

}

“ To which will be added, a new mask.”
 Zounds! why a mask? We sailors hate grimaces:
 Above board all; we scorn to hide our faces.
 But what is here, so very large and plain?
 “ Bri-ta-nia”—oh Britania!—good again—
 Huzza, boys!—by the Royal George I swear,
 Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall strait be there.
 All free-born souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part,
 And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!

[Going off, he stops.

I wish you landmen, ho, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics ;
And like us, honest tars, drink, fight, and sing ;
True to yourselves, your country, and your King !

A MUSICAL PARROT.

THE celebrated composer Vogler is a great friend of birds, and has always a number of them in the room where he composes ; among others he was complimented with a beautiful parrot, the exceeding fine voice of which tempted him to try an experiment. Accordingly he sang and played the scale to him, but to no purpose ; until he perceived the bird attentive to D upon the fourth line in the treble ; he then began by that note, and the bird soon attained a full octave upwards ; but to keep him in tune and spirits, he used to shew him a chesnut as a reward. Now he endeavoured to bring him higher, but the effort of the bird was truly laughable ; he tried the note, and finding it too hard for him, he set up a screaming with all his might, beat his wings against the cage, and appeared in the utmost agitation. Vogler then composed some airs to the compass of his pupil's voice, which he readily learned ; and now the bird knew that a chesnut was his recompence for good performance, whenever he got an appetite to his favourite food, he began one or more of his favourite airs, to the astonishment of all hearers. Another curiosity was, that when Vogler sat down to the harpsicord to try some new composition, the bird began to sing piano with his usual airs, but only one or two different notes, which were generally a consonant, *viz.* 8, 5, or 3.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 41.] (Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY JUNE 10, 1795.

ON UNIFORMITY OF OPINION, *as it respects*
the Happiness of Society.

AS the absurdity of expecting uniformity in point of religion, stands now manifest to all the world, I shall ask this simple question, What comfort would society afford, and conversation one of its chief supports, without variety in humour and sentiment? Language would be useless, and no uniting tie would remain but of many hands to procure the necessaries of animal life. Man would degenerate into a brute—an illustrious effect, worthy to be enforced by fire and sword! Is this to copy nature, which diversifies our minds as much as our faces? What then shall be thought of those who in company are rude to every one who differs from them? I cannot illustrate this topic more agreeably than by a fable from a French author, which I venture to put into the English dress: ‘Four friends there were, linked into close union. If they differed, it might be in sentiment, but never in affection. One was for the fair beauty, the other was for the brown: one dealt in prose, another relished verse. Frequent were their debates, but all tending to enliven conversation. One day, a favourite topic was brought upon the carpet. They took sides, grew keen, their blood was up, nothing but noise instead of reason. They parted in bad humour, scarce sensible of friendship to one another. After having time to cool, Gentlemen, says one of

them, how happy for friends to be always of one mind : let us humbly pray the gods for that blessing. No sooner said than done. They marched in a body to the temple of Apollo, and presented their supplication. The god, inclining his ear, granted their request ; and in the twinkling of an eye, they were perfectly unison. One made an observation ; all concurred. One declared his opinion ; the rest gave a nod. Good, said they ! Farewell disputes, we wish them a good journey. But behold ! the charm of society has journeyed with them. No more amusing conversations, no beautiful reflections, no shining thoughts, struck out by opposition ; that enlighten the mind and cheer the heart — Aye is now the only word. Friendship subsided, indifference took its place, and irksome became the hours that formerly glided sweetly along. Entire concord dissolved the union. Let men forbear mending the works of Nature : we are well enough as we are. Give all men the same turn of mind, and you take away the very salt of society. *Uniformity* brought forth : to her infant she gave the name of *Disgust*.’

Speculations like the present have a tendency to banish every sort of bigotry in opinion. There are indeed certain opinions that ought to be universal, because they are grafted on our nature. I would persecute every opinion contradictory to the following propositions ; that there is a Deity to whom we owe gratitude and worship ; and that there is a right and a wrong in actions, which ought to regulate the conduct of every human being. But I would persecute the opinions only, not the persons who hold them ; they are

the objects of pity, not of persecution. It is not in the power of man to eradicate his opinions, more than his feelings or his appetites. How absurd is it to punish a man for what he cannot help? There is not in science a principle more evident than that now mentioned, which every man must assent to when fairly stated. Yet such is the influence of passion and prejudice, as to have rendered that principle invisible for many ages.

And, to go no farther back than the beginning of the present century, Mr Locke, even by Protestants, was held grossly heterodox for maintaining toleration. I am however hopeful, that within the next century it will be thought strange, that persecution should have prevailed among social beings. It will perhaps even be doubted, whether it ever was seriously put in practice.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 222.)

WE pursued our way to the large folding door leading to the great hall under ground, but found it strongly bolted on the inside, and all our hopes of further discovery were blasted at once. We made the utmost efforts to disengage the massy door from its rusty hinges, but all our labour was lost, for its strength proved superior to our united endeavours of forcing it.

While we were standing before that door, consulting whether we should go back or not, we heard suddenly a distant noise, as if a lock was opening, and soon after a folding door seemed to fly open, with an hideous creaking, which in-

stantly was followed by a terrible noise of numerous steps, as if people in boots were descending: When the noise drew nearer we could distinguish the clattering of many spurs, and the harsh voices of men; the whole subterraneous cavern was at length filled with a most tremendous noise, and we gazed at each other rather pleased than frightened, being four vigorous men, used to dangers, provided with four cutlasses and as many brace of double barrelled pistols.—The Austrian standing nearest the door, retained his equanimity unimpaired, and, ere long an hollow voice like the distant rolling of thunder, exclaimed, “Come hither with the booty.” A confused bustle ensued, the tinkling of money was heard, some quarrelled, and some cursed and scolded, but were soon reconciled. At length the bustle ceased, a door was opened close by us and money locked up in a chest. Meanwhile the following discourse took place in the unknown assembly.

First Voice. To-morrow we will way-lay the gentlemen of Norrinberg, and ease them of their golden burthen. I trust you will behave like men, my jolly boys! It would be pity if they should give us the slip once more.

Second Voice. By holy Peter! they shall not escape.

Many voices. They shall not, they shall not.

Third Voice. I wonder where our greybeard may stay so long, I have not seen his holy face since our last fun.

Fourth Voice. Take my word, brother, he sits by the fire side and chaunts penitential hymns.

The fellow is of no farther use to our community, we must send him to the devil.

First Voice. Let him alone, my boys, he has rendered us many good services, has saved our brave companions from the hangman's ruthless fangs ; don't grudge him a little rest, he will soon return and bring us joyful tidings.

Second Voice. He has procured us many a golden booty : has, by his cunning, extricated us from many neck-breaking difficulties ; it would be ungrateful to be angry with him. What would become of our noble band if he did not guide our arm by his sage counsels ?”

Third Voice. Bravely spoken, my lad, he is a good sort of a fellow, it is a thousand pities that he begins to grow old and infirm.

First Voice. Let him grow old and infirm, if he but escapes the gallows.

Here somebody was locking the door of an adjoining room, an hollow bustle and humming ensued, and the robbers (for such they must have been) were going to withdraw.

“ Shall we break in upon the scoundrels ?” whispered the Austrian to me.

“ By what means ?” replied I.

“ Through the garden, or the adjoining wing of the castle,” resumed he.

“ But the danger,” said I—

“ Is not so great as you fancy,” interrupted the Austrian, “ yet it will be better to force the gentlemen to open the door ; if they should refuse to do it, then it will be time enough to surprise them in the court-yard, for I do not think it prudent to venture on the staircase, because they

would then have too much advantage over us."

Now all was silent in the cellar, till after a short pause a new conversation began.

First Voice. I say, brother, what shall we do with the officer's servant we have entrapt? The dog is good for nothing, and we are in danger that he will betray us one time or other.

Second Voice. Let us knock his brains out.

Third Voice. Let us give him his liberty.

Fourth Voice. Or sell him to a recruiting officer.

First Voice. We will take thy advice, brother Rasch, and set him at liberty. If his master has saved his life, the servant may share the same fortune with him; but first the blockhead shall swear a terrible oath never to betray us, else I will break his rascally neck.

Many Voices. Well spoken, Captain, let us break the scoundrel's neck, if he refuses to swear.

Now we heard them ascend the staircase with a terrible noise, and instantly the Austrian knocked with his hands and feet against the door; a momentary silence ensued.

"Open the door ye miscreants!" roared my friend with a thundering voice, "Open the door, ye rascals," exclaimed I and my fellow adventurers, but before the hollow sound of our voices had ceased re-echoing through the vaulted passage where we were standing, the whole crew was running up stairs with a tremendous noise, and we hurried with all possible speed through the long winding passage, our pistols cocked; but before we could reach the end of the subterraneous avenue, we heard the trampling of hor-

ses, which soon was dying away at a distance. A gust of wind had extinguished our torches, but the light of the moon was shining so clear that we soon beheld an opening in the garden wall leading to the field, where we could see at a small distance, a numerous troop of horsemen galloping away at a furious rate. On our return we observed that the horsemen made their flight through the garden, which appeared to be their common in and out-let since the burning down of the village.

I left the residence of these robbers very much dissatisfied; the Austrian, on the contrary, was highly pleased, representing to me that we should not know much more of the matter than we had heard, even if we had surprised them; that I did wrong if I complained of having been disappointed, being now informed of my servant's fate, and the mystery of the castle; and that every wish of taking personal vengeance on these miscreants was not becoming men like ourselves, because the hangman would have been defrauded of his perquisites if we had killed some of them.

"All that we could do," added he, "would be to give notice of what we have seen and heard to the magistrates of the next town; but I fear the gang is too numerous than that they could be taken prisoners, besides, they will take care not to suffer themselves to be entrapped; and if the magistrates were to take cognizance of our denunciation, and should fail in their attempt to destroy the whole crew, they perhaps would be made a second example of the revengeful daring spirit of these lawless wretches, and pay dearly

for having enacted the laws against them. Remember the agony of grief you felt when you beheld the horrid consequences of opposition against these outlaws, in viewing the ruins of the village which but lately has fallen a victim to their cruel resentment, and then tell me whether it is advisable to inform against them? We had better leave their punishment to that supreme Judge who certainly will overthrow them with his vengeance when their measure shall be full."

I returned to our inn at the next village, comforted by the seasonable reasoning of my worthy friend, and I never shall forget the wise instructions he gave me on the way; I never shall forget his tender exhortations to take care not to follow the first impulse of the moment, but always to listen attentively to the voice of reason before I should engage in any undertaking, and to bridle the youthful ardour of heedlessness by prudence and cool reflection.

We entered our inn at two o'clock in the morning, and we were met by the landlord who had been very uneasy at our staying away so long, because many murders had been committed lately within the environs of the village. We told him we had taken a walk, but having missed our way had strayed about 'till the dawn of day had assisted us in finding our way back. He happened to believe our words and we went to rest.

We awoke at eight o'clock and departed at nine for F—, where our absence had not been much taken notice of, those secret journeys being very common among recruiting officers; yet some of my friends puzzled themselves very much, by va-

rious conjectures, about the reasons of my connection with the Austrian; but neither we nor our trusty serjeants communicated our adventures to any one of our acquaintance.

(To be continued.) 279

ANECDOTES.

AN infirm Knight of St. Louis, being reduced to extreme misery, and every resource exhausted, chose Paris for his residence, as the place in which he could easiest conceal his rank, his indigence, and his misfortunes. He lodged in a garret, the entire furniture of which was a wad of straw; his wardrobe consisted of some tattered remains of his old uniform; his society, his companion, his only friend, was an old domestic, long zealously attached to him, more by affection and fidelity than from any other motive.

One day this forlorn officer, with tears in his eyes, thus addressed the only confidant of his sorrows: "My friend, you know my distress, and it is too long that you have shared it. This dreadful and humiliating condition to which I am reduced, is doubtless a punishment that Heaven inflicts on my misconduct, my former prodigality, vanity, and excesses. Victim of my imprudence, I cannot escape the sharp tooth of Famine: Death will at length put a period to my shame and sorrows. Honour, as thou knowest, the only good I could preserve, does not permit me to descend to the usual means that many people employ to keep off indigence; in that respect they are happier than I am, but sooner let me die than be guilty of the least meanness. Honour struggling

with death, is preferable to a life unworthy of my rank and profession. Go then, dear friend, far from thy wretched master ; go and seek a better situation. The regret of being unable to reward your faithful services will ever remain with me. Go, and shun the most unfortunate of mankind ; may I languish out the remainder of my wretched life unknown to all the world, and yield up my last sighs only in the presence of my Creator." " Ah ! my dear master," cried this affectionate domestic, " can you think me capable of the baseness of quitting you in your adversity, after having enjoyed your benefits in your prosperity. No, never will I forsake you : my zeal, my industry, and my inviolable attachment will furnish me with resources in our mutual indigence." With a heart overflowing with gratitude and admiration, this afflicted master tenderly embraced his generous servant, saying, " May that divine power who has not yet exhausted upon me the fulness of its indignation, reward thy noble sentiments." This domestic, full of joy and confidence, had recourse to the means suggested by his zeal and affection ; he brought home every day whatever he could collect from the public charities, and was overjoyed when he could buy a little wine for his dear master. " Let us blest" said he at entering " that Providence who has favoured us this day." He endeavoured to soften and amuse the painful sense of his master's deplorable situation by relating to him any news or curious anecdote he could pick up ; but one day, fatal day ! this virtuous servant was taken up by the Police as an idler, on account of his healthy and

vigorous appearance, and brought before the Lieutenant General de Police; this Magistrate interrogated him, who without being dismayed or disconcerted, answered with that manly and noble assurance an upright conscience only can inspire, and requested a moment's conversation with him in private. The magistrate having consented. "I doubt not then," said this excellent man, "that you will grant me the honour of your protection when I shall acquaint you with the motives of my conduct." He then succinctly informed him of what had passed between his master and him, adding, that to prove his veracity they might send a person to his master as he directed. The Magistrate accordingly sent an exempt, who in effect found this distressed warrior extended upon his wad of straw. "What are you doing here, Sir," said the exempt, "my wretched appearance, and the deplorable state to which I am reduced, sufficiently explain the excess of my misery and misfortunes." But, added the officer, with emotion, Are you not come to announce me some new misfortune, Alas!—my faithful servant!—Ah! Sir, be so good—speak, and let me know what has befallen him." "He is perfectly safe, Sir," replied the exempt, "and will be with you in less than an hour. I only came to verify by your testimony the facts he has advanced in his deposition. Be composed, Sir; in a short time you will have this faithful domestic restored to you." Accordingly the exempt rendered an exact account to the Lieutenant General de Police, who reported it to the King, (Lewis XVI.) and this benevolent monarch immediately settled a pension on the of-

ficer, and another on his faithful and deserving domestic.

A young painter arriving at Modena, and but very barely provided with money, applied to a wharff porter to look out for some place wherein he might lodge, either for charity or at a small expence. The porter, who was a young lad, offered him part of his own bed, and strove, but in vain, to procure him some employment; yet, not discouraged, he still continued to assist and console him. The painter fell sick, the porter got up still earlier, and worked later, to earn more money, to relieve the sick man's necessities, and supported him through a tedious illness with care and tenderness. Some few days after his recovery, his friends, whom he had written to soon after his arrival, remitted him a sum of money. He immediately offered to pay his benefactor, but he positively refused to accept of it. "You have only, says he, contracted a debt towards the first honest man you will find in distress. I owed this benefit myself to another, and have acquitted it. Don't you neglect to do as much when occasion offers."

*Particulars relative to the strange MURDER of a
JEW at Allerstein, in Prussia.*

MELCHIOR Meizing, a farmer, and Peter Gæhrmann, a journeyman miller, at Allerstein, in the bishopric of Ermeland in Prussia, had, during many years, been acquainted with Tobias Moses, a Jew, of Crojanki near Flatow, who had given Meizing credit for merchandize sold to him, and had, for a long time, taken up

his nightly abode at his house when his affairs led him into that district. The fortune of Meizing having considerably diminished, he considered of a method of enriching himself without trouble ; and at length conceived the horrid project of murdering the Jew, his guest and his friend, with whom he had been so long connected. He communicated this scheme to a woman, the widow of the person to whom his farm had belonged ; and she not only listened to the proposal, but persuaded her own son to take part in its execution. But, as if Providence intended to forewarn and terrify these monsters, that young man, as he was felling some wood, was killed by the fall of a tree. Regardless, however, of this admonition, the survivors only postponed the commission of their project to another season, and the farmer sought another assistant, whom he soon found in the person of the journeyman miller, Gærhmann. It was not long before the Jew came into the country, and lodged as usual with Meizing ; and the following morning the assassins waited for their unsuspecting victim in a wood, through which he was necessarily to pass, and there slew him with a wood-bill. A youth, apprentice to the Jew, escaped from the murderers, proclaimed the fact, and the officers of justice apprehended the offenders as they were quietly dividing the money they had found upon the Jew. They attempted neither to escape nor resist, nor even to deny the fact, but actually appeared surprised that so much notice should be taken of the death of a Jew. Upon the first examination of Gærhmann, who was a Catholic, he declared that he had ever been an

orderly man and a good Christian, and that, on the day upon which he had murdered the Jew, he had duly assisted at morning prayers, and had implored the aid of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the commission of the deed. He therefore expressed his hopes that, as the person killed was *only a Jew*, the tribunal would pay no farther attention to it.

But the provincial tribunal at Heilsburgh instituted a criminal process against the murderers: when Meizing was condemned to be broke upon the wheel, Gæhrmann to be beheaded, and the widow (who, after the death of her son, was privy to the crime) to be imprisoned for several years. This sentence was confirmed by the king of Prussia, and in April 1787, it was put in execution.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

THE house of a Greek, living in the suburbs of Constantinople, had been set on fire; by the assistance, however, of a few Janissaries, he had nearly saved all his goods; but by some fatal chance, one of his children lying in his cradle had been forgot. No possibility was left of re-entering the house, and the despairing father had given up the babe as irrecoverably lost. At that very instant, a large mastiff, the property of the Greek, was seen coming out of the house holding the child in his mouth by the body. Vain were the attempts to stop, or make him lose his hold; the sagacious creature ran through the croud, and never stopped, till reaching the house of his master's intimate friend, he dropped at the door the precious burthen. The gratitude of the fa-

ther towards this excellent servant cannot be expressed ! nor could you imagine what reward he resolved to bestow upon the faithful creature !—The Greek killed the animal with his own hand, and had the carcase dressed, which was served up as a principal dish at an entertainment he had prepared to solemnize his child's lucky escape from the devouring flames, saying, " He has behaved too well to be left a prey to filthy worms, men alone should feed upon his remains ; and ye, my guests, cannot but profit by it ; you will grow more benevolent, feeling, and virtuous."

THE POOR LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR BOY.

NEAR the jaws of a prison in whose dismal gloom,
Disease sat by Penury's side,
And the culprit with terror broods over his doom,
A child of distress sadly sigh'd.
Adown his wan cheeks slowly trickled the tear,
Bereft was his bosom of joy ;
" And alas ! I am driven almost to despair,"
Cry'd the poor little blind beggar boy.

" My father, whose labour provided each meal,
And to poverty oft' gave relief,
" In these walls is confin'd, by hearts harder than steel,
" And my mother's been murder'd by grief.
" The infant companions, who oft were my guides,
" No longer their friendship employ,
" And the misery—light hearted pleasure derides—
" Of the poor little blind Beggar Boy.

" The debt which alas ! a false friend made him owe,
" Robb'd my Parent of liberty's sweets,
" Each moment he breathes is imbitter'd with woe,
" And nought but misfortune he meets :
" Each slender refreshment from charity's store,
" Or famine his span would destroy,
" And alas ! that kind hand that reliev'd is no more,"
Cry'd the poor little blind Beggar Boy.

Thus mournful he pleaded, when sudden as thought
 This tale near depriv'd him of breath,
 That his father was gone, and his spirit had sought
 For peace in the bosom of death :
 He rush'd (for affection each sense did inspire)
 " To his cell, every means to employ
 To revive him—then clasping the corpse of his sire
 Dy'd the poor little blind Beggar Boy.

Chusing a WIFE by a PIPE of TOBACCO.

TUBE, I love thee as my life ;
 By thee I mean to chuse a wife,
 Tube, thy colour let me find,
 In her skin, and in her mind.
 Let her have a shape as fine ;
 Let her breath be sweet as thine :
 Let her, when her lips I kiss,
 Burn like thee, to give me bliss ;
 Let her in some smoke or other,
 All my failings kindly smother.
 Often when my thoughts are low,
 Send them where they ought to go.
 When to study I incline,
 Let her aid be such as thine :
 Such as thine her charming pow'r,
 In the vacant social hour :
 Let her live to give delight,
 Ever warm, and ever bright :
 Let her deeds whene'er she dies,
 Mount as incense to the skies.

ANECDOTE.

Philip the Fair acquired the esteem and veneration of a man, who, having materially disappointed him, he was solicited to take vengeance of : " I can easily do that, says he, but it is best to have the power to punish, and refrain from using it."

GLASGOW: Printed by W. BELL, Trades Land, Head
 of the Saltmarket.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 42.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY JUNE 17, 1795.

THE UNFORTUNATE HEIR.

AH! unpropitious fortune, thou art more inconstant than ungrateful! Thou art blind to every opportunity of conferring good, and clear-sighted in the distribution of evil! How often art thou found, when thou wast not sought; and incessantly pursued, without ever being overtaken!

Never had any one a more sincere and unaffected love for this ungrateful being, than the luckless Orophilus. He had ever an ardent passion for inheritances; for he thought that of all the possible ways to affluence, that of heirship was the most convenient as well as the most innocent.—Whenever he met a person in new mourning, he was instantly alive to certain very pleasing ideas. “There goes an heir, perhaps,” he would say.

Orophilus had an uncle and aunt, who were extremely rich, and who had each invited him to be with them. To which shall he give the preference? To the uncle or to the aunt? This is a point that cannot be determined without mature deliberation. As Orophilus was determined to have no reason for self-reproach, he made every previous inquiry, and took all the prudent steps that the great importance of the case required.—Before he would determine the point, he made a calculation of their respective estates: he procured an extract from their baptismal registry, that he might ascertain their ages with precision; and

with respect to the health of each, he had recourse to the opinion of the most eminent physicians. He decided for the aunt, because, with a fortune not inferior to his uncle's, she was at least a dozen years older. Thus we see, that Orophilus did not act like a thoughtless inconsiderate youth, but regulated his conduct by reason and argument.

To this aunt then he repaired, and immediately put in practice all the principles of the art of pleasing: he studied her temper with indefatigable attention. It was not easy to succeed in this; but arduous exertions very often ensure success. In the minute attentions he was never once deficient, and his efforts were constant and unwearied. Madame Erbina (which was the name of this ancient widow) was extremely fond of reading; but as she could neither read without spectacles, nor wished to be thought to have occasion for them, she made her nephew read continually to her, on the pretence that he read admirably well. Poor Orophilus was condemned to the irksome task; in the day time to amuse his aunt, and, at night, to compose her to sleep. This exercise lasted almost the whole night, for Madame Erbina could never close her eyes without the assistance of an orator or a poet; and, as she could not sleep but at the sound of the reader's voice, she awaked the moment he left off.

He had never one opportunity to take a dinner in town; and yet this was not to be neglected; for he had other relations, and very near relations too. In a word, Orophilus led a life of perpetual fatigue and perpetual sacrifice. Ma-

dame Erbina, indeed, was so susceptible and grateful, that the only subject of her conversation was—*her charming nephew*. He was charming indeed; with the title of *heir* he had all the graces that could adorn one. He was a perfect Chesterfield in his manners; minute in his attentions, and equally ingenious and happy in his complaisance. He praised the good old times, and satirized the present. Age had inexpressible charms for him; but in the company of young people he was perfectly pestered. On this subject his reflections were numerous and sagacious: “In the four ages of man,” he would say, “there were two to be reformed; that one ought to pass at once from youth to old age; that the interval between these two points of human life was absolutely lost time, it being constantly occupied in absurd schemes and ridiculous pursuits.” Innumerable reflections, equally profound, enchanted the good aunt to such a degree, as to be even rather detrimental to the interest of Oriphilus; for the satisfaction which she found in his conversation had evidently an influence upon her health, and seemed, in a manner, to renew the halcyon days of youth. Oriphilus regretted, internally, the success of his exertions. “It is very hard,” thought he, “that an honest man cannot deserve an inheritance, but by attentions that postpone the happy moment of receiving it.”

While he was involved in these reflections, he received a letter, informing him, that his uncle was extremely ill, and given over by his physicians. Oriphilus, always considerate, and reasoning upon his minutest actions, made new re-

fections;—the result of which was, that it was necessary to quit the aunt, in order to repair to his uncle: for a young dying person is naturally nearer death than one older, but in good health. This, we see, is to *reason*; to consider a subject in every light. Even the conscience of Orophilus was interested in the question; for persons indisposed have certainly more need of assistance than those in good health. He therefore took leave of his aunt in a polite letter. She wept, but wept in vain, for Orophilus was now with his uncle.

To this uncle, whose name was Herminius, the nephew had address enough to make apologies for not waiting upon him sooner: and these apologies were accepted. He soon displayed such zeal in his service, that the neglect of the past was forgot in the assiduity of the present. In a word, he intirely gained the confidence and friendship of the dying man. “My dear nephew,” said the latter, one day, in a moment of grateful expansion, “if you had been always with me, I should not have been in my present condition.” Orophilus could scarce forbear answering, “If you had not been in your present condition, you would not have seen me at all.”

In the mean time Herminius, whom all the faculty had given over, sent for a quack doctor, who, whether by skill or chance, perfectly cured him. This doctor had endeavoured to find, and was still seeking for, the philosopher’s stone.—Herminius, restored to health, inquired of him one day, how it had been possible to cure him, when he had been given over by the most eminent

physicians. He answered, that the cure had been effected by some secrets which he had learned in the study of alchemy. A close attachment between them was the consequence of this explanation; and the alchemist, who was an honest fellow, discovered some of his secrets to Herminius.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTES of Sir MATTHEW HALE, Lord
Chief Justice of England.

THIS worthy knight, not long after he was made a judge, when he went the circuit, a trial was brought before him at Lincoln, concerning the murder of one of the townsmen, who had been killed by a foldier of the garrison there.—The person was, it seems, in the fields with a fowling-piece on his shoulder, which the foldier seeing, came to him and told him, that it was contrary to an order the Protector had made, That none, who had been of the King's party, should carry arms; and therefore he would have forced it from him; but the other, not regarding the order, and being stronger than the foldier, threw him down, and having beat him, left him. The foldier went into the town, and told one of his fellow-foldiers how he had been used, and prevailed on him to go with him and wait for the man, to be revenged on him. Accordingly they soon after saw him coming to town, and one of them went to him and demanded his gun, which he refusing, the foldier struck at him; and, as they were struggling, the other came behind and ran his sword through his body, of which wound he presently died. It was during the time of the

affizes that this affair happened, and therefore they were both tried. Against the one there was no evidence of fore-thought felony, and therefore he was only found guilty of manslaughter, and burnt in the hand; but the other was convicted of murder; and though colonel Whaley, who commanded the garrison, came into court and urged that the man was killed only for disobeying the Protector's orders, and the soldier was but doing his duty; yet the Judge regarded neither his reasons nor his threats; and therefore not only gave sentence against him, but ordered the execution to be performed immediately, that a reprieve might be impossible.

In another case, he understood that the Protector had ordered a jury to be returned for a trial, in which he was more than ordinarily concerned. Upon this information, he examined the Sheriff about it, who knew nothing of it, for he said he referred all such things to the Under Sheriff; and, having never asked the Under Sheriff about it, he discovered that the jury had been returned by order from Cromwell. Upon which he shewed the statute that all juries ought to be returned by the Sheriff, or his lawful officer; and, as this was not done according to law, he dismissed the jury and would not try the cause. The Protector was highly displeased with him for this; and, at his return from the circuit, told him, in an angry manner, "That he was not fit to be a Judge;" to which all the answer he made was, "That it was very true."

He would never receive private addresses or commendations from the greatest persons, in any

matter in which justice was concerned. One of the first Peers of England went once to his chamber, and told him, that, having a suit in law to be tried before him, he was then to acquaint him with it, that he might the better understand it when it should come to be heard in court. Upon which the Lord Chief Baron interrupted him, and said, He did not deal fairly to come to his chamber about such affairs, for he never received any information of causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike; and therefore would not suffer him to proceed. Whereupon the nobleman went away, not a little dissatisfied, and complained of it to the King, as a rudeness which was not to be endured. But his Majesty bid him content himself that he was not worse used; adding, that he verily believed, he would have used himself no better, if he had gone to solicit him in any of his own causes.

Another accident happened in one of his circuits, which was somewhat censured as an affectation of an unreasonable stiffness; but it really flowed from the exactness of the rules which he had laid down for himself. A gentleman, who had a trial at the assizes, had sent a buck for his table; when the Judge therefore heard his name, he asked, if he was not the same person who had sent him the venison; and, finding that he was the same, told him, he could not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for the buck. The gentleman said he never sold his venison, nor had done any thing more by him than he did by every Judge that came that circuit, which was confirmed by several gentlemen present. But all this

would not satisfy the Lord Chief Baron, who had learned, from Solomon, that "A gift perverteth the ways of judgment;" and therefore would not suffer the trial to proceed till he had paid for the present; upon which the gentleman withdrew the record.

About four years and a half after his being advanced to be Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, his health greatly declined, to which his extraordinary study and application greatly contributed, though before of a firm and vigorous constitution; and therefore he resigned his post on the 21st of February 1675-6.

He had some secret and unaccountable presages of his death; for he said, "if he did not die on such a day, he believed he should live a month longer;" and accordingly he died that very day month.

INSTANCES OF GENEROSITY.

THE conduct of the Chevalier Bayard, upon innumerable occasions, affords examples of generosity which do honour to the memory of so brave a man.

Lewis the Twelfth, master of the Milanese, and Ferdinand, king of Arragon, divided the kingdom of Naples by treaty among them. They made conquest of it in about four months; but afterwards falling out, they commenced a furious and bloody war against each other. Bayard, to whom they had given the government of a small city, finding its situation secure from molestation or insult, went out skirmishing. They met a small Spanish party, whom they beat, and took Alonzo,

who commanded them, prisoner. He being a man of great courage and reputation, was treated with every mark of respect and consideration by his conqueror, who allotted him a handsome apartment in his castle, exacting no other security for his remaining there but his word of honour.—

Alonzo was unworthy of such generosity; he abused it, he fled, and had already got to a considerable distance, when his pursuers overtook him and brought him back. He was then strictly guarded in a tower, till his ransom of 1000 crowns arriving shortly after, and Bayard, who would not be suspected of treating him rigorously, through motives of interest distributed the intire sum immediately, in his presence, among the officers and soldiers of the garrison.

It may, perhaps, be urged that this principle of generosity originated from self-love; but that was the very reason that he listened to its suggestions upon this occasion, as he was naturally generous. There are many convincing proofs of the truth of this assertion in the numerous fine actions that the historian of his life has not failed to transmit to us.

Being informed by his spies, that captain Gonfalso de Cordova, commander of the Spanish troops in Naples, was to receive a considerable sum for their pay, and that this treasure could not pass but by two particular roads, he stationed M. Tardieu, and 25 men under his command, in one of these roads, and placed himself with only 20 men in ambuscade in the other. Chance conducted the Spaniards to Bayard, who fell upon them sword in hand, and in their terror, not

knowing who attacked them, they fled, leaving their treasure behind them. The coffers were brought into the neighbouring town, and were found to contain 15,000 ducats, which they counted and spread upon a large table. Tardieu coming in at that moment, cast a greedy eye upon the heaps of gold, and cried out, that half of that sum belonged to him, as being at the enterprize. "I agree," said the chevalier, dissatisfied at his speaking in such a manner, "that you were of the enterprize, but you were not at the taking of the treasure; and, moreover, you should consider, that as you act under my command, your duty subjects you to wait my determination."

Monsieur Tardieu, forgetting at that moment his obligations to his friend and benefactor, went instantly to make a complaint to the general, who was greatly surprized to hear a friend of Chevalier Bayard accuse him of covetousness and injustice, when even his enemies allowed that he was equitable and generous. The matter being investigated, Tardieu was condemned, but he already condemned himself. "I am more provoked," said he to Bayard, "at what I have had the baseness to attempt against you, than at the loss of what I wished for. How could I be dissatisfied at your being rich, when all your friends, and I in particular, experience your liberality?" The chevalier embraced him, smiling, and ordered the ducats to be counted out a second time before him. Tardieu, unable to contain his transport. "Ah! what a charming windfall," said he; "but it does not belong to me yet; if I had the half of it, it would set me at my ease for the re-

mainder of my life." "Take it then," replied Bayard; "God forbid that for such a trifle I should make a brave man uneasy. I freely and with pleasure bestow upon you what you should never have gained by force from me." He then assembled the garrison, and divided the remaining half among them. The Spanish treasurer, in whose presence all this passed, admired such an uncommon and disinterested generosity, but dreaded that the conqueror had reserved the price of his ransom for himself, and would consequently make an exorbitant demand. His uneasiness did not pass unnoticed by Bayard, who, divining the cause, hastened to relieve it. "My military profession authorised and obliged me to take you prisoner," said he; "and I shall not dissemble with you, that I am glad I have done so, as my success enabled me to do good to my companions; and that this that I have taken belonged to your master, who is the enemy of mine; as for whatever belongs to you I restore it to you with pleasure; you are free and at liberty to depart whenever you please." He also gave him a trumpeter for his guide and escort, who accordingly conducted him safely to Gonsalva.

To expose one's self anew to perils from which nothing can be gained but trouble, and to despise the most imminent danger to serve our fellow creatures, is undoubtedly the height of generosity. Such, in a few words, is the memorable action of Mr Richardson, Captain of an English vessel. Being near Dantzick, his ship was assailed by a furious tempest, and during a whole night he strug-

led with its violence; though the sails were shattered, and the cords broken by it, he managed with such skill and attention that he entered the port of that city by break of day. Scarcely had he succeeded, so far when he went to entreat a captain, whose ship lay at anchor, to go to the relief of seventeen persons, whom he had observed to be in very great distress upon the wreck of a Dantzick vessel. He replied, that he did not chuse to expose himself and his ship to any such hazard. "Well then," said the Englishman, "since you are intimidated by the danger, fatigued as I am, I will brave it; only lend me some of your men, as all of mine are overpowered with labour and watching." Being refused this request also, he then asked for a shaloup that was stouter than his vessel; but being denied even that, and growing enraged at so many refusals, Mr. Richardson quitted his ship, and returning to his own, "Britons," said he to the sailors, "I find here base and inhuman minds; let us convince them that we are incapable of such despicable sentiments, and hasten to the relief of these poor people you have seen in such distress." All his crew testified their assent by acclamations of joy, and directly put to sea. Braving again the fury of that ungovernable element, the English were so fortunate as to bring these 17 people safe to land; but their boat being very small, they were obliged to make three trips to compleat it; and out of that number only one woman died, of the terror she had undergone. The King of Poland being informed of this brave and generous act, charged his Commissary General, who resides at

Dantzick, to present from his majesty to the deliverers of his seventeen subjects, a gold medal, representing his effigy on one side, and upon the reverse a wreath of myrtle and laurel; with this motto, "Merentibus." Such medals were only bestowed on those who had rendered an important service to their country, or to mankind in general; and was presented to Mr. Richardson in presence of some of the magistrates of Dantzick, of the greater part of the English who resided there, and of several strangers, who were eagerly desirous to join their encomiums where they were so justly merited.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

AT the end of the 16th, and beginning of the 17th century, the Lewis island was inhabited by a body of people who maintained an independency as a free state. King James VI. of Scotland, in order to subdue that island, equipped a fleet upon the coast of Fife, and embarked a little army of the people on that coast, which sailed to the Lewis; but in their attack were defeated, and the men and ships destroyed. Upon this disaster the King was advised to employ the Highlanders on the opposite coast to the Lewis. The Mackenzie clan inhabited that coast that was opposite to the Lewis; and their chieftain, Colin Lord Kintail, undertook the adventure; and he with his friends and followers having succeeded in part, his successor finished the enterprize. The tradition given of particulars informs, that the success of the enterprize was chiefly owing to stratagem. One of the leaders, assuming the character and

figure of a merchant-sailor, appeared on the coast of the Lewis in a trading vessel, loaded in appearance with merchant goods only, but in the hold lay concealed a number of armed men ; and the goods being sold cheap to such as came on board to buy, the chief or headsmen of the island having, out of curiosity, and to purchase some goods, gone on board with a few attendants, after a hospitable carousing, he was seized upon by the men in arms, and carried to trial and execution.

To the Hon. COMMISSIONERS of EXCISE.

The Humble Petition of Patrick O Conner, Blandy O'Bryan, and Carney Macquire, to be appointed Inspectors and Overlookers (vulgarly called Excisemen) for the Port of Cork, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

AND whereas we your aforesaid petitioners, will, both by night and by day, and all night and all day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send, and fetch and carry ; and we will see all, and seize all, and more than all, and every thing, and nothing at all of all such goods and commodities as may be, and can be, and cannot be liable to pay duty.

And we, your aforesaid petitioners, will at all times, and at no times, and times past, be present and absent, and be backwards and forwards, and be behind and before, and be no where, and be every where, and be here and there, and no where at all.

And further, we your aforesaid petitioners will come and inform, and give information and notice duly and truly, wisely and honestly, according to the matter as we know and don't know,

and by the knowlege of ourselves, and every one, and no one;—and we declare further, we will not rob or cheat the King, any more than is now lawfully practised.

And know moreover, that we your aforesaid petitioners are Protestants, are gentlemen of reputation, and we love the King, and we value him, and we will fight for him and against him, and run for him and from him to serve him, or any of his family or acquaintance, as far, and as much farther as lies in our power, dead or alive, as long as we live.

Witness our several hands, and separate hands in conjunction, and one and all three of us together.

*Blandy O'Bryan, Carney Macquire,
Patrick O'Conner.*

THE FAIR HYPOCRITE. A Jeu d'Esprit.

YES, Chloe, I say you are a cheat,
A little arrant hypocrite;
Your frowns a while I pray suspend,
Until the matter be explain'd.
To be not what we really seem,
Hypocrisy we rightly name;
That you are one I'll clearly shew it,
As clearly as—that I'm no poet.
First, then, to see your angel face,
The chosen seat of every grace,
The tender lamb that nips the bent,
You'd swear was not more innocent;
And yet, 'tis confidently said,
Much human blood rests on your head;
Of far more deaths you've been the cause
Than Robespierre the tyrant was.
The hypocrite most plainly lies,
In those two dazzling orbs your eyes;

You'd think they only were design'd,
 To warm and cherish human kind ;
 But where they throw their radiant rays,
 They scorch like Africk's solar blaze.
 Your cheeks, too, shew the hypocrite,
 With every rosy charm replete ;
 They painted seem to every one,
 Whilst nature's glow reigns there alone.
 Good hope I'll take when you reprove
 The soft effusions of my love ;
 Whene'er with frowns my suit you treat,
 More than your smiles, I'll think them sweet ;
 Th' more you oppose the more I'll press,
 Until my passion meets success.
 In blessing me you'll quite compleat
 Your character of hypocrite.

Glasgow, 15th July 1795.

W. F.

ON A SWINDLING MUSICIAN. An Epigram.

HIS *time* was short, his *touch* was neat,
 Our gold he freely *finger'd* ;
 Alert alike in hands and feet,
 His *movements* have not linger'd.

But where's the wonder of the case ?
 A moment's thought detects it :
 His *Practice* has been *thorough bass*—
 A *chord* will be his exit.

Yet while we blame his hasty flight,
 Our censure may be rash ;
 A traveller is surely right
 To change his *notes* for cash.

• OBSERVATION.

• All your actions will appear at one time or another, and nothing can continue hidden always. For this reason, do nothing which you fear men should know: What you are afraid God should know, you ought not so much as think of.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 43.]

(Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY JUNE 24, 1795.

SKETCH OF THE EMPIRE OF CHINA.

THIS vast empire is nearly one thousand five hundred miles in length, and about one thousand two hundred and sixty in breadth. It is divided into fifteen provinces, each of which might, for their largeness, fertility, populousness, and opulence, pass for so many distinct kingdoms. The country is every where plain, excepting to the north, and contains no remarkable mountains in any of these extensive territories.

The numerous canals, with which this empire abounds, are sufficient to entitle the antient Chinese to the character of being the wisest and most industrious people in the world, the length and commodiousness of their canals being incredible. Many of them are lined with stone on the sides; and the canals are so deep, that they bear large vessels, and sometimes extend some hundreds of miles in length. These vessels are adapted to all the conveniencies of life: and some travellers are of opinion, that the waters of China contain as many inhabitants as the land. They have stone quays, and over their canals are some bridges of an amazing construction. The navigation is slow, their vessels being often drawn by men. No precautions are wanting, that could be formed by art or perseverance, for the safety of passengers, where a canal is crossed by a rapid river, or exposed to torrents from the mountains. These canals, and the variety of objects they afford, con-

tribute to make China the most delightful to the eye of any country in the world.

Though no country is better adapted to the growth of timber of all kinds than China, yet they are not too much encumbered with forests or wood; for they suffer none to grow but such as are necessary for ornament or use, or on the sides of mountains, from whence the trees, when cut down, can be conveyed to any place by water.

It is natural to suppose, that in so extensive an empire as China, the air and temperature of the climate must considerably vary. Towards the north the air is sharp, in the middle mild, in the south hot. Nature or art has made the soil fruitful in every thing requisite for the necessities, conveniencies, and even luxuries of life. The culture of cotton and the rice fields, from which the inhabitants are clothed and fed, is truly ingenious. The choice trees, and aromatic productions, either ornamental or medicinal, which are found in other parts of the world, abound in China, and some are peculiar to itself. Of these, we cannot avoid mentioning the tallow-tree, which has a short trunk, a smooth bark, crooked branches, red leaves shaped like a heart, and is about the height of a common cherry-tree. The fruit it produces has many of the qualities of our tallow, and, when manufactured with oil, serves the natives for candles; but they smell strong, and do not give a clear light. Among the other trees peculiar to China, some yield a kind of flour, and some partake of the nature of pepper. The gums of some are poisonous, but afford the finest varnish in the world. As to their tea-plant, so much

has been said about it in every Natural History; that we shall here leave it unnoticed. There are but few metals and minerals in any part of the world, which China does not produce, and white copper is said to be peculiar to itself, though it has not yet been discovered to possess any extraordinary quality. The Chinese are fearful of introducing among themselves too much gold and silver, lest it should be hurtful to industry; and therefore their gold mines are but slightly worked, the currency of that metal being supplied by the grains the people pick up in the sands of rivers and mountains. Their silver is furnished from the mines of Honan.

It is impossible to estimate, with any degree of certainty, the number of inhabitants in so extensive an empire; but the best authority we can rely on, computes them at upwards of fifty millions. The Chinese in person are of the middle size, with broad faces, black and small eyes, and their noses rather short.

As to the Chinese cities, little more can be said of them, than that some are immensely extensive; and, if we may credit the reports of travellers, this empire contains four thousand four hundred walled cities. The chief of these are Pekin, Nankin and Canton. The former is the residence of the royal family, and is reckoned to contain two millions of inhabitants; but Nankin is said to exceed it both in extent and population. The walls of Pekin are fifty cubits high, and are defended by towers, at a bow-shot distance from each other, with redoubts at every gate.

THE UNFORTUNATE HEIR.

(Concluded from page 245.)

ONE day Herminius entered his nephew's chamber with a chearful countenance; "My dear Oriphilus," said he, in a transport of tenderness and joy, "I am come to communicate something to you in confidence, which, I am sure, will give you the greatest pleasure.—You know the doctor that has cured me?" "Yes, my dear uncle," said Oriphilus, "and I know how unspeakably he has obliged me by this service." "Oh!" resumed Herminius, "you do not know all the obligations you are under to him." Oriphilus, who knew the pretensions of the alchemist, thought at first that he had revealed to his uncle the secret of making ingots; and instantly, with a most affectionate air, he inquired of Herminius if his friend had not taught him to make gold?" "Something better than that," answered the uncle. "Better than that!" exclaimed Oriphilus, "I do not understand you." Herminius then, thinking to overwhelm his nephew with joy, whispered him, that the alchemist had given him a phial of liquor, that would enable him to live for ages. We may easily imagine the impression which this unexpected communication made upon Oriphilus. The secret, indeed, deserved no more credit than so many others which deserve none at all. But such a communication was the more calculated to alarm, as the unexpected cure of Herminius gave it a degree of probability, and excited a certain confidence in the knowledge of the alchemist. Oriphilus was so terrified at this

information, that he hastily left the room, wishing his uncle a *happy immortality*.

Till he could take proper measures to be reconciled with his aunt, he took lodgings in a house in which Orphisa, an elderly lady, had also apartments. This lady was equally burdened with years and riches, and still more with infirmities. In the emotions of vexation which Orophilus now experienced, she would not have excited his attention, if he had not perceived, that she was wealthy, and had no relations. This was a very interesting circumstance. "Poor woman!" said he, "to be so rich, and not to have one nephew near her!"—As a neighbour he made her a visit of civility; it was kindly received; he repeated it soon; his visits were more frequent, and, at last, with such success, that, without having come to the slightest explanation with Orphisa, he was considered as the heir to her whole fortune, and almost received congratulations on the occasion.

For some time past, a very amiable young man had paid his respects to Orphisa, which not a little alarmed *her heir*. One day, being alone with the latter, she thus affectionately addressed him: "My dear Orophilus, I have experienced your sentiments for me. I am convinced of your attachment and disinterested friendship; and I think that I ought to communicate my intentions to you!"—Orophilus, at this declaration, already thought he saw the notary ready to write his name in fair and legible characters on a good and lawful will, when Orphisa added, "I am going to be married: you know the young gentleman who

comes here so often : I shall make him my husband, and settle my whole estate upon him."

At this instance of confidence, which was of equal value with that which his uncle had given, Orophilus was struck dumb and motionless.— "Congratulate me then, continued Orphisa, since my happiness is so dear to you; and you know what an amiable young man he is." Orophilus, with a voice scarce articulate, made her a compliment, without common sense. He soon took his leave, and the next day quitted the house. Orophilus was enraged; and, to vex him the more, he was informed at the same time, that his aunt could no longer bear the name of her once *charming nephew*. And yet we must allow, that hitherto Orophilus is irreproachable; and that if he has not yet had the satisfaction of inheriting, he has neglected nothing to obtain it.

He was so chagrined at his ill success, that he declared he would ever renounce the pursuit of inheritances. "I am not lucky," said he, "the plague might depopulate two-thirds of the kingdom before I should be an heir." He cursed the alchemist, who communicated the secret of longevity; the malice of old aunts, that were inexorable to their nephews, and the rage for marriage, that had prevented an honest gentleman from enjoying the inheritance he had so well deserved. Unfortunate Orophilus!—These reflections, so far from affording him the least consolation, were the source of the most gloomy melancholy. At last, from the circumstance of not seeing his name written in the will of another of his relations, he soon found himself in a situation that would ren-

der it requisite to dictate his own. His health was rapidly declining, when a new incident once more revived the delightful hopes of heirship. He read an advertisement in the public papers, in which an elderly gentleman, just arrived with a great fortune from the East Indies, enquired whether he had any relations living. The name in question being the same with that of the mother of Orophilus, inspired the latter with the most flattering hopes. He immediately claimed relationship with the advertiser. Whether he was a relation I know not; but he persuaded the old gentleman to believe it; and the latter intreated him to reside at his house, to perform the last duties at his death. Nothing could be more agreeable to Orophilus than this invitation. His tenderness and assiduity soon won the friendship of the old man, whose name was Valemon. He was an inoffensive good sort of a character. He soon saw with no other eyes than those of Orophilus; nor had he an idea but what was his. In a word, he evinced for his relation all the affection of a father. After having repeated often in conversation how much he valued him, he came at last to the grand test of it—his will. And now Orophilus is absolutely an heir; and, as if to render the enjoyment sweeter, one would imagine that Valemon, in bequeathing his fortune to Orophilus, had been anxious to accelerate the succession; for hardly had he signed the testament when he was taken ill.—Fortune, at last, was no longer ungrateful; justice was now done to the singular merits of Orophilus, who, on his part, neglected nothing that

could render him still more and more deserving of his good fortune.

Valemon had, for some time, been involved in an expensive law suit, which, by degrees, assumed a more serious aspect than had been at first imagined. The issue of it was, at last, disastrous. Valemon, I would say Orophilus, lost the cause; for Valemon had the address to die a quarter of an hour before the news arrived of the decision.

Orophilus was acknowledged to be the legal heir; but, as if it were decreed that Fortune should incessantly persecute him, the loss of the cause involved with it the whole fortune of the deceased. In fine, the unfortunate Orophilus, having more to pay as heir, than he could reap from the succession, was obliged to relinquish it legally. An unfortunate heir indeed! After having spent his whole life in the pursuits of inheritances, he had been able to obtain only one, and that he was compelled to renounce. He had no other consolation than the testimony of his conscience, which witnessed for him that he had neglected nothing to gain his virtuous ends.

ANECDOTE.

From a Pamphlet written in French, entitled, *The Groans of Great Britain.*

LET us now turn our eyes to Great Britain, and see whether she has any thing of the fine taste of Euripides. Learning has never had much encouragement for these last hundred years, and much less in our days. Poetry has never had any patrons of consequence. The noble Spencer, when he had lost his only patron Sir Philip Sid-

ney, (who seems to me to have been the only person ever qualified for a patron in this nation) was reduced to starving. Milton, the greatest poet of any age or nation, got his bread by teaching school. And Butler (a species by himself), whilst he pleased the Court and City with his verses, perished for want. The Chancellor often bid him find out something to make him easy, which when he had done, it was sure to be disposed of before he could put in for it. But that statesman comforted him, by telling him that the courtiers had a quarrel with him, since the King still answered them out of his book; but Butler replied, that he wished that his Majesty would think a little of the author, since he was so conversant with his works. The then Duke of Buckingham, who was no niggard of his money on his whimsies, though a professed friend to poetry, could not be brought to do any thing for Butler. Mr. Wycherly had one night fixed him at the Cock in Suffolk-street, to a conversation with Mr Butler, in order to do the latter a service. They had not been long together, but the Duke was infinitely pleased with the poet; but in the midst of the business, he heard some squeaking fiddle and whores in another room, and broke from the poets and run to the whores. The former starved, and the latter had his money. The fate of this gentleman, as well as some others, makes me justly censure the Britons as more barbarous than the Getae, who received Ovid in his banishment with honour, and when he died buried him with no less; he found favour, protection and life from barbarians, but our poets, want, misery and death from

the Britons, though their countrymen. But the very barbarians of those times were proud to assist the literati; but the men of figure in our days, think it so unmodish to take any care of learning, wit and poetry, that they avoid it as a scandal to their quality. Shakespear had wanted bread, had not the player maintained the poet; Suckling and Waller had estates; Sir William Davenant, with a very ordinary capacity, and no genius, found friends and got money; but Butler could not attend at the levees of great men, and fawn on their valets. Dryden with his pen, and a small estate, just kept himself alive; Wycherly dragged on a heavy life, till his paternal fortune came late to his relief. Otway was more beholden to Capt. Symonds the vintner, in whose debt he died 400 l. than to all his patrons of quality. Lee perished in the streets. Ben Johnson, the greatest comic-poet that ever wrote in any age or nation, was supported by his place of poet-laureat, and he complained justly, that many who had made poetry their mistress, had made their fortune by it, but none who had made it their wife: for we have several proofs of this in our time; Prior, Stepney, Montague, Addison, and others. But this is a double mistake in our great men, since by that means they encourage the imperfect, and discourage the perfect masters of the art; a mastery in which is not attained without long practice and study. A knack of versifying, a brisk expression, a gingling epigram, a little copy of verses without any design, may be prettily performed by a young man, and one that applies himself but little to the art; but a tragedy, or greater

poem, requires more years and experience. The Athenians would never permit any poet to bring a tragedy on their stage till thirty years of age; we admit boys of eighteen, nay women who cannot write English or spell, to debase the taste of the audience. The second thing our great men are mistaken in is, that by not encouraging masters in poetry, they discourage very useful members of the commonwealth.

RIDICULOUS CHARACTERS.

THERE is a set of females who are very disagreeable in society, whose characters I have never seen touched upon in print; I therefore take up the pen, though a mechanic, to give you a sketch of their portraits, as I think they deserve to be pointed out to deter others from imitating them.

A woman of the complexion I am speaking of, piques herself upon being *very knowing* in every branch of business, and takes uncommon pains to make you acquainted with her skill and judgment. If she sends for a tradesman to consult him upon any point of his profession, she reads him a long lecture upon the different artizans she has employed in his line, and after insinuating she cannot be imposed upon, probably objects to his terms as exorbitant, and dismisses him after having fruitlessly taken up his time for three or four hours.

Not long since a lady of this disposition sent for an upholsterer to perform some work in her house: after the usual lecture, he entered upon his commission; but from the length of time that

had been taken up in giving him instructions, it was impossible to complete the *job* that night; and having picked up his tools, he was going to retire, which she perceiving, locked him into the room, and vowed he should not depart, till he had finished the business. He remonstrated in very modest terms, and assured her ladyship that he had not the materials about him; but this was of no avail, as she insisted upon it he had. Finding himself a prisoner in the bed chamber, and knowing the impracticability of performing what the *judicious termagant* insisted upon, he had no other resource than making his escape out of the one pair of stairs window, at the risk of his limbs, if not his life.

Strange as this anecdote may seem it is literally true, and it has had such an effect on the prisoner's brethren, that not one will go near her ladyship, whose *job* still remains undone, and probably will be all the rest of her life.

HINT TO SEA-FARING PEOPLE.

FROM several experiments it appears, that middling-sized men, or those between five feet six inches and five feet nine inches, weigh about 150 pounds, and are in bulk equal to about two three fourths solid feet; and the small sized men, or those, between five feet three inches and five feet six inches in height, weigh about 135 pounds, and are in bulk equal to two one fourth solid feet; and from those experiments it also appears, that most men are specifically lighter than common water, and much more so than sea-water. Consequently, could persons who fall into water,

have presence of mind enough to avoid the fright usual on such occasions, many might be preserved from drowning; and a very small piece of wood, such as an oar, would buoy a man above water, while he had spirits to keep his hold.

A gentleman who had been on board a Maltese ship of war, observed hanging to the taffarel, a block of wood almost like a buoy, and so balanced that one end swam upright, carrying a little flag staff with a small vane. The person who was on duty on the poop, had orders to cut the rope by which the buoy hung, upon any cry of a person's falling overboard; and as the block would be in the ship's wake by the time the person floated therein, he was sure of having something at hand to sustain him, till the boat could come to his assistance; and should that take so long time to do, as that the distance from the ship to the man rendered him invisible, yet the boat would have a mark to row towards, shewn by the vane.

THE NIGHT

THE ev'ning came—the tables set,
 The fire was stirr'd—the gentry met;
 And having first all talk'd together,
 Display'd their breeding, and the weather;
 The Beaux and Belles next sipp'd their tea,
 Which being over and away;
 The cards were brought with mats and fish,
 With counters, contracts, and pool dith.
 The lady who in such a case,
 Does all the honours of the place,
 Entreated next each senior dame,
 Would fix upon her fav'rite game;
 She begg'd th' admirers of spadille,
 Would make a party at quadrille,

While they who chose (sans ceremonie,)
 Would make a set at matrimony,
 Or commerce, lott'ry, Pope Joan, whist,
 Or lansquinet, or what they list;
 At last agreed—why down they sat,
 And put an end to this debate.
 Now all intent upon their game,
 Cried out for Fortune—Fortune came,
 From Guildhall mansion, where she rules
 In easy rein a tribe of fools:
 She strait assum'd her old dominion,
 And stept into her throne opinion.
 Now here the wanton each beguiles,
 Alike with with sudden frowns and smiles;
 She puts the fair one in the dumps,
 For want of mats to grace her trumps,
 But soon what joy o'erflows her soul,
 When lo! the captivating vole:
 While there a Beau against his will,
 She makes a beast with his spadille;
 This sends such noise around the table,
 Like tongues confus'd at tow'r of Babel;
 Here did this fickle goddess shew
 Her pow'r to make each bosom glow,
 And pant with all the eager fire,
 Of passion kindled with desire:
 And pleas'd herself with the disgrace,
 Of beauties pale and ruffled face.—
 When supper came, and gave the doom,
 And cards and fortune left the room,
 Now hearken to their friendly chat,
 While each was help'd to what they ate.

The fair one who pretended best
 To know the taste of ev'ry guest,
 With this address begins the jest;
 " Pray give me leave, 'tis worth your picking,
 " To send you, Miss, this bit of chicken—
 " I'll not intrude, but by the bye,
 " Insist you'll taste my fav'rite pye:
 " Take Sir, this sauce, I know you chuse it,
 " This fricasee, you shan't refuse it;

" Well—as to friends we don't deserve 'em,
 " For look, my dear, see how you starve 'em :
 " Bless me—I'm griev'd to see you will not eat,
 " Whate'er I say, howe'er intreat ;
 " Some wine John—I'm amaz'd to think
 " You'll nothing eat, perhaps you'll drink."

Thus would she fret, and plague and tease you,
 And all forsooth because she'd please you.

A trusty wight, with age grown grey,
 Who now and then would have his way,
 Sore vex'd to see such complaisance,
 The growth he thought of modern France.

" Madam," quoth he, " that welcome's best,
 " Which gives most ease to ev'ry guest,
 " With this officious care to please us,
 " The more you strive, the more you tease us ;
 " 'Tis most unlike our fathers' ways,
 " Their hearty welcome homely phrase,
 " That never did the least impart,
 " But the true language of the heart ;
 " Not that I would infer you mean,
 " That we're not welcome—but you seem,
 " By this whip syllabub discourse,
 " To lay restraint, and that is worse ;
 " For as we're welcome, do ye see,
 " We should b' indulg'd the liberty,
 " To chuse whate'er may please the palate,
 " Whether of fish, or flesh, or fallad ;
 " Humbly presuming each knows best,
 " What most agrees, and will digest."

Here silence seem'd to give applause,
 For each was partner in the cause.

Now supper done with thanks to God,
 The glasses clink'd to hob or nob,
 With jovial healths, and next as soon
 As hands could do't, they clear'd the room,
 And John to open all the riddle,
 Had chang'd his napkin for a fiddle ;
 And now the swains began t' advance,
 And lead the nymphs in mystic dance,

Attending to the chearful sound,
 With merry feet they beat the ground.
 Thus gaily smiling as they go,
 While tripping on "fantastic toe,"
 The little god with am'rous darts,
 Stole in and wounded all their hearts;
 And kindling strait his anxious fires,
 Alarm'd the mind with soft desires:
 Old Time perceiv'd—he gave the shock,
 And his dread hand struck four o'clock;
 Eager to save his heedless sons,
 Thus summon'd them unto their homes.

REMARK.

THE tokens of finding out a married couple, as the case stands now, are quite different from what they were in the days of yore—Abimelech found out Isaac and Rebecca to be man and wife by their expressions of fondness to one another. This would prove a sorry token now-a-days, and expose such as relied on it to many blunders.

RECEIPT to make YEAST or BARM.

(Communicated by Geo. Dempster, Esq; M. P.)

TAKE 1 lb. of flour (fine) make it the thickness of gruel with boiling water, add to it half a pound of raw sugar, mix them well together, put three spoonfuls of well purified yeast into a large vessel, upon which put the above ingredients; they will ferment violently. Collect the yeast off the top, and put it into a brown small-neck pot, cover it up from the air, keep it in a dry and warmish place: when used in part, replace with flour made into a thin paste, and sugar in the former proportions. I saw this used after it had been five months made. No yeast is necessary except the first time.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 44.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY JULY 1, 1795.

*Account of the ESCAPE and MARRIAGE of THREE
NUNS from a Nunnery in the Island of Mahon.*

AMONG the religious houses in the island, there are two nunneries, into which parents put their daughters, when they have no prospect of getting husbands for them, or when they are so poor as not to have fortunes to give with them.

They are sent to these nunneries when very young, and have no hopes of getting free but by death.—At the age of seventeen they take a vow of chastity, of obedience to the mother abbess, and of retirement from the world. To enforce the first part of their vow, they have no access to see any of the male sex, holy priests excepted, but through an iron grate; and there they have the liberty of conversing with them.

Two officers of Offarrel's regiment, happening to go out of curiosity to see and converse with the nuns of St. Clare, saw two whom they admired very much; and, in short, fell desperately in love with them. They declared their passion to the girls; whose heads being stuffed with nothing but romances, which they read in the convent, looked upon them as two adventurous knights come to deliver them from their enchanted prison, and gave them all the encouragement they could wish for. The gentlemen declared themselves upon honour, and that they would marry them whenever they got them out. Many were

the schemes they formed to evade the vigilance of the old maids, their keepers, to pick the locks, and get over the walls ; and as love surmounts all difficulties, they got a false key made to the garden door ; and having given the slip in the dark to the nun who locks them up when they go to bed, (for they all sleep in one room), they got down into the garden about twelve at night, where they found the two gentlemen ready to receive them ; who, by means of ladders, had got over a wall twenty feet high, to get at them, and by the same way got the ladies out. But how surpris'd were the gentlemen, when, instead of only the two that they expected, they found a third, who was a volunteer ! This was the confidant of the other two ; and, though she knew of no body that would give her protection, yet was resolv'd, at all events, to get free from prison ; thinking nothing could happen to her so bad, as to be kept in the nunnery for life. This bold adventurer was the chief promoter of the others making their escape, on purpose that she might have an opportunity of coming out along with them. Though the nunnery is in the middle of the town, and every way surrounded with houses, and though it was clear moonshine, providence had so ordered it, that no body observed them scaling the walls, otherwise the consequences might have proved fatal ; for the gentlemen had gone well armed, and resolv'd, at any rate, to carry off their prizes.

Next morning, upon missing of the nuns, the whole convent was in an uproar. The town took the alarm, and all was in confusion, not know-

ing where they were, but concluding they were among the English, none else being so wicked as to harbour them : for the people here consider the carrying them off as the greatest height of impiety, as they were persons who had dedicated themselves to the service of God.

The gentlemen immediately applied to Mr —, an English clergyman, to marry them : who acquainted them, that if the ladies were resolved to continue Roman catholicks, he would not take upon him to marry them : for though he did not look upon the vow of chastity which they had taken, to be lawful in itself ; yet, as long as these ladies continued of that persuasion, it would be impossible for them to think so ; and that they might look upon any future engagements they entered into with them, not to be binding, as they were contrary to their prior vow. And therefore, when he waited upon the ladies, he asked them, if they did not look upon the vow which they had taken, of renouncing the world, and of chastity, to be binding upon them ? To which they readily replied, That they did not ; for that they looked upon it as unlawful in itself ; and that it was so contrary to the dictates of their own natures, that they could not believe it was enjoined them by the God of nature ; which made them have some doubts of that religion which imposed such cruelties and hardships upon them : and that therefore they were desirous to be instructed in the principles of the Protestant religion. They added, that the vow was extorted from them by force : for that when they were seventeen years old, the age at which they came under these en-

gagements, they informed their Father Confessor of their aversion to that reclusé sort of life, and their resolution of not taking the vow. But he told them, if they refused the vow, and came out of the nunnery, that their relations would put them to death ; and upon his acquainting the mother Abbess with it, she shut them up in a dark dungeon, and fed them only with a little bread and water, and whipped them every day with a cat-o-nine-tails, till she forced them into a compliance. This is the way they take to fill up their religious houses ; and without it they would be quite empty ; for what the ladies further observed, is doubtless true, that there is hardly a nun there, under forty, but would come out if she could.

Mr ——— was five or six days employed in instructing them in the principles of the Protestant religion, and shewing them the difference betwixt that and the Roman Catholick ; all which time the Romish clergy had, by the General's orders, free access to them, that if they could prevail upon them to continue Roman Catholicks, or return to their convent, they should be left entirely to the freedom of their own will. But love turned the scale in Mr ———'s favour ; and what he said, had more influence upon them than that of six priests, who were all the time thundering damnation against them if they became Protestants ; for, amidst all their surrounding anathema's, they made a formal renunciation of the errors of the Roman catholic religion, and declared themselves Protestants.

The priests pressed upon them to return back

to their convent, from the obligation they lay under from their vow; and as for any thoughts they might have of marriage, that that was impossible, they being already married to Jesus Christ. However, when the priests found that the ladies were desirous of being instructed in the Protestant religion, they offered, if they would continue Roman Catholics, to give them immediately a dispensation from their vows, without waiting for one from Rome (which by the bye was not in their power to do), and to marry them to whom they pleased. But Mr — took upon him the power of being Pope for once, in giving the two ladies a dispensation from their vows, and married them the day after they had declared themselves Protestants. From the time of their escape, till they were married, they continued in the lodgings of their two lovers; but the doors and windows of the room where they lay, were sealed up every night, before the priests, and opened before them in the morning, in order to satisfy their relations that these gentlemen had no communication with them. When their marriage put an end to this ceremony, dreadful was the outcry; for their relations thought that there was more occasion for shut doors than ever; and they never will look upon them in the light of these gentlemen's wives. The unmarried lady was put in the Master of —'s house, under the care of his lady; where she immediately got a crowd of admirers, and was married in a month's time to another officer.

It is not to be conceived into what a ferment this adventure threw the whole island. All their

relations, (which are the best families in the place), all their magistrates, and all their clergy, were constantly harrassing the General, complaining of the sacrilege that was committed, and petitioning, that they might either be returned back to their convent, or delivered up into their relations' hands; they did not say, to put them to death; but doubtless that would have been their fate, if either of these demands had been granted. When they found that they could not succeed with him, they laid a scheme of making reprisals, and of carrying them off: for one evening, taking advantage of one of the gentlemen being abroad, and having bribed one of the servants, his wife's mother, and some of her relations, came into his house, and carried her away by force. Their design was to have sent her in a boat to Majorca, which is but a very little way from this island, and there put her into the inquisition. The gates of the town being immediately shut, and guards placed to suffer no body to go out, a search was made for two days, but to no purpose: and, till orders were issued to put all those concerned in carrying her off in prison, and they were threatened with death, they would not produce her. At last, fear compelled them to deliver her up. They kept her in bed all the time she was among them, and would not suffer her to put on her cloaths, lest she should run away from them, or get to the windows, and call out to any of the English; but did not use her any otherwise ill, knowing it would have been retaliated upon them. They brought a priest to reconvert her, whose endeavours were all in vain; she

had tasted too much of the sweets of liberty, to think any more of convents and cells.

One of the ladies made a Spanish song upon their coming out of the nunnery, which a gentleman turned into English, to the tune of, *By Jove I'll be free.*

N. B. Mr A. L. says that the third line of the song, *Leave your cords, &c.* "alludes to a cord which the nuns tie about their middle, to keep their habit together; one end of which hangs down to their toes, full of knots, which which they ought to whip themselves, by way of mortification. But the mother Abbess, fearing they do as Sancho Panca did, whip the trees instead of their backs, has an old surgeon, who comes twice in a month, and physicks and bleeds all those who have too much health, or too good a complexion."

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 233.)

DURING our visit to the haunted castle, a strange accident had happened to one of our comrades, which had made every one wish for the return of the Austrian, and no sooner were we arrived, before all the officers repaired to my room to inform us of it.

The officer who lodged at the haunted inn, coming home against midnight three days ago, sat down to finish a letter to his colonel. As soon as it had struck twelve o'clock he heard a tremendous rap at the door, which he did not mind at first, but continued writing. A second rap more violent than the first, disturbed him soon after, but he still took little notice of it. A third, not unlike a clap of thunder, ensued; after a short pause, the door of his apartment flew o-

pen, and a white figure was going to enter the room.

“ Fearless,” these are his own words, “ did I start up, unsheath my sword and run towards the phantom ; it retreated, but I pursued, and pierced it with my sword, it gave an hollow scream, but what farther happened I cannot tell ; I awoke as if from a deluding dream, and was lying stretched on the floor at the bottom of the stairs, surrounded by a great number of people with lighted candles ; terrible pains had seized me, and my sword was still in my hand.

When the narrator had finished his wonderful tale, I perceived visible marks of its authenticity on his face, and inquired whether he had been hurt by the fall. He told me he had received no material injury except a few bruises.

“ I would not,” resumed he, “ have troubled you with an account of this strange incident, if an accident was not connected with it, which happened last night.

“ My recruiting business having called me abroad yesterday, I returned in the afternoon ; in the dusk of evening I entered a thicket, in a gloomy pensive mood, all around was lonely, and buried in profound silence ; no sound was heard except the dismal dirge of the screech-owl, and the chill chirping of the amorous cricket. At length I heard a whispering within a small distance, and cocking one of my pistols, I rode on with the greatest circumspection. At once I saw a manly figure coming out of the thicket, but could not distinguish his dress ; advancing a little farther, I beheld somebody in a peasant’s garb,

walking on briskly and talking to himself. As I came up with him I observed a black wallet on his back, and a thick branch of a tree in his hand, serving him instead of a walking cane. He seemed to take no notice of me, pursuing his way with hasty steps, and still muttering between his teeth. I saluted him but he gave me no answer.

"Whether art thou going, good friend," exclaimed I.

"To men!" replied he, to my utter astonishment.

"Very likely to F—," resumed I.

"Yes," said he, "there are men."

"Supposing him to be a lunatic, I passed him, pursuing my way in a brisk trot; when I came out of the thicket I saw that I was nearer the town than I thought, and made my horse quicken his pace; but how was I astonished, when I beheld again the same figure walking before me"

"Old gentleman, exclaimed I, it seems thou knowest the road better than I do."

"I think so myself," answered he dryly, and I believe I know many things better than you do."

"Strange being," resumed I, "who art thou?"

"A friend of wisdom!" was his answer.

"Thy wisdom," replied I, "must be as odd as thyself! But pray what dost thou call wisdom?"

"What you do not understand," was his reply.

Hearing the words friend of wisdom, I was suddenly struck with a suspicion which my readers will easily be able to guess, and that suspicion was strengthened when the narrator inform-

ed me of his definition of wisdom. I strongly suspected that he was the same person I had met with in the Black Forest, under the garb of a pilgrim, and I hardly could refrain from exclaiming, art thou here, impostor?

Every one may guess the conclusion of the Lieutenant's wonderful tale, I scarcely had patience to await it: The narrator being highly charmed with the hoary juggler, could not find words to express the sensations his reverend aspect had raised within his breast. He had fancied to be in company with a robust countryman, but when he entered his house in the suburbs, to which he kindly had invited him, he beheld the countenance of an old man with silver hair, and a mien exciting awful respect. He offered him a glass of excellent wine, and began by degrees to become more cheerful and communicative.

The old man's conversation on the road having betrayed a high degree of occult knowledge, had very nearly tempted the Lieutenant to communicate to him his adventure at the haunted inn; that temptation returning now with redoubled force, he could no longer resist, and told him every thing that had happened. The result of the ensuing conversation was, that he entreated the old man to come and conjure up the apparition, to which he, after many seeming struggles at last consented, under the condition that no more than six persons should be present, and the landlord's leave could be obtained. The Lieutenant left him in high spirits, after having promised to fulfil strictly these two conditions.

I could not bridle any longer my ardent desire

to hasten to the Austrian and to get rid of my visitor, who now became exceeding troublesome to me, being tired of his overstrained encomiums on the old deceiver, I therefore anticipating the renewal of his request to speak to my friend, promised that I not only would engage to persuade him to assist at the conjuration, which was to be performed the ensuing night, but I also assured him that I myself would be present.

The Lieutenant's raptures exceeded all bounds; he almost stifled me by his embraces, and called me his dear obliging friend. I was however indifferent to his raptures and endearments, pondering how I might best confound the vile dissembler, and put a final stop to his enormous cheats. I begged the poor hood-winked Lieutenant to give me leave to go directly to my friend, and to win him over to our party, which he instantly did, after having fixed an hour in the afternoon, when he would wait on me to hear how far I should have succeeded with the Austrian.

"Mean while," added he, "I will go to the owner of the haunted inn, in order to talk the business over with him, and to engage three able assistants more from among our friends."

Not finding the old veteran at home, I was vexed very much; but when dinner time came, I had the pleasure of meeting him. The recapitulation of Lieutenant N—'s account of his late adventure at the inn, and his conversation with the hoary juggler, produced the desired effect.—Though a man like him, who was of a cool temper, and never suffered his passion to get the better of his reason, could not be seized with a fit

of amazement, yet I never saw him so violently agitated.

Having with apparent emotion awaited the conclusion of my tale, he exclaimed at last, after a short pause, during which his desire for vengeance and punishment seemed to struggle with his reflection and prudence, "Friend, what do you intend to do?"

"To seize the Necromancer."

"Before or after the conjuration?" asked the Austrian.

"After it," replied I.

Now the dinner bell rang, and he left me, with the promise to repair at night to the place of action.

(To be continued.) 296

ON ETIQUETTE.

THE etiquette, with regard to the precedency of princes and ambassadors, has often occasioned misunderstandings and disputes, some of which have terminated very seriously, and even tragically, while others have afforded subjects for ridicule.—The following is an instance of the latter kind.

BEFORE Frederic I. king of Prussia, had obtained a crown for himself and his successors, M. Besser was envoy from the court of Brandenburg to that of Versailles. He arrived at the court of Lewis XIV. at the same time as a new ambassador from Genoa, with whom he contested for precedency. They agreed that he who reached Versailles the first should be presented to the king. Besser passed the night in the gallery of Versailles,

and got into the apartments before the Genoese ambassador; but the latter finding the audience-chamber open, slipped in, whilst Besser was engaged in a conversation with one of the lords in waiting. Besser immediately perceiving the motion of the Genoese, flew like lightning into the same chamber, and pulled him out by the flap of his coat, just as he was going to begin his speech, and taking his place, addressed himself to the king, who could not refrain from laughing at this violent contest for precedency even in his presence.

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

(Extracted from the Epistle from the Yearly Meeting of the Quakers held in London anno 1795, to the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends in Britain and elsewhere)

O That Youth would be willing to pause, and give time for their passions to subside, which, when not checked, hurry them on to the accomplishment of their desires, e'er the still small voice of Wisdom is distinctly heard, to guide them in the way in which they ought to go. O beloved youths! we warn you in an especial manner, to guard against the first sacrifices of duty to inclination. If ye curb your inordinate desires in their infancy, your victory over future temptations will be the more easy; and through faith in him that hath loved us, and hath overcome, ye will in time be more than conquerors.—But if ye shrink from the conflict, or resign the victory to the tempter, ye will be despoiled of the armour designed to preserve you in future assaults; and, it

may be, you will be rendered unable to resist, in your farther progress through life, those temptations which, in the fresh morning of your day, ye would have held in abhorrence.

ANECDOTE.

SOME years ago many Jesuits arrived in Cochin-China. They travelled through the country, and made known their principles; but no sooner was this done than the people in general began to dislike them: and at last they were all expelled. The *first* and chief objection that arose against the Jesuits, was, that the nation perceived them persuading several young women to make the vow of chastity, and to retire into a convent: from which the king and magistrates concluded, that the Jesuits in practising this could have no other end and purpose, than to keep these women for their own use, in an unlawful manner, which by no means was to be suffered in that kingdom. *Another* motive for driving them out of the country was, because by the doctrines which they taught, they gave too much room to suspect that they aimed at the government, and designed to bring all under their subjection. The *third* disagreeable thing, which offended the nation, was, that the Jesuits had brought with them bones and other relicts of saints, which the nation supposed to be of people they had murdered; or, if not, yet they judged it a most barbarous and injurious act to disturb the bones of dead people, and carry them about through all the world; besides that it was a great discouragement to virtue, thus to disturb and carry away, by pieces, the remains of

a virtuous man or woman. For these reasons, the whole kingdom was cleared of Jesuits, by the king's order.

The following address was distributed some time since, at a Masquerade at the Pantheon, by nine persons in the characters of Morrice Dancers.

ADDRESS.

TO the mirth loving crew who can laugh and be jolly,

Here met in full glee at the Temple of Folly;

To the belles, and the beaux, that are buzzing about 'em;

To wise heads with tongues, and to blockheads without 'em;

To Lords out of breath, in the midst of their leisure;

To Harlequins hopping in minuet measure;

To Temple bar Highlanders—Scotch petit maitres;

To the whole corps of songsters from all the Theatres;

To house maids, and hay-makers, fair, young and civil;

To dominos, peevish and black as the devil;

To petticoat Gentlemen—Ladies in breeches;

To shepherds and sailors—wits, wizzards, and witches;

To non-descript figures—Automaton stalkers;

To the lollers, the loungers, the leapers, the walkers;

To the grinners, the growlers, the huffers, the pleasers;

To all un-charactered character-teazers;

To clowns, sweeps, and soldiers, nuns, rakes, and old women,

Kings, cobblers, fools, conjurers—Ladies and Ge'mmen.

The merry Morrice dancers from the North-country present their compliments. Being Folly's own children, begotten upon Mirth, they have ventured into the Pantheon, and beg leave to consider themselves at home. While their Northern manners are one degree less barbarous than the present prize-worthy standard in the South; they not only expect the indulgence, but protection of the company; and should their behaviour rise but one degree above that standard, they should justly hold themselves beneath its notice. Their

aim is to please and be pleased—the first part of which may be difficult to accomplish, but of the latter they entertain no doubts ; for in all places, and in all companies, Folly is ever pleased when dancing to the music of its own bells !

Vive la Bagatelle !

From the Foot of Skiddaw,

GENEAL MOTIVES FOR LENITY.

From the COUNTRY JUSTICE, a Poem.

BE this, ye rural Magistrates, your plan :
 Firm be your Justice, but be friends to man.
 He whom the mighty master of this ball
 We fondly deem, or farcically call,
 To own the Patriarch's truth however loth,
 Holds but a mansion ' crush'd before the moth.'
 Frail in his genius, in his heart too frail,
 Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
 Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
 And give to life one human weakness more.
 Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed ;
 Still mark the strong temptation and the need :
 On pressing want, on Famine's powerful call,
 At least more lenient let your Justice fall.

EPITAPH, designed for its AUTHOR.

I HAD my failings, be the truth confess'd ;
 And, reader, canst thou boast a blameless breast ?
 Nor hold me all defect ; I had a mind
 That wish'd all happiness to all mankind :
 That more than wish'd ; the little in my pow'r,
 I cheer'd the sorrowing, sooth'd the dying hour ;
 Yearn'd, tho' in vain, to save life's panting thread ;
 Much mourn'd the pious, more the vicious dead.
 Spare me one tear, and then, kind reader, go,
 Live foe to none, and die without a foe ;
 Live, and, if possible, enlarge thy plan,
 Not live alone, die too the friend of man ;
 And when our dust obeys the trumpet's call,
 He'll prove our friend who liv'd and dy'd for all.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 45] (*Price One Penny.*)

WEDNESDAY JULY 8, 1795.

CONSIDERATIONS AGAINST SELF-MURDER.

IT was the saying of Seneca, that a good man struggling with misfortunes is a sight (as he properly expresses it) worthy the gods to behold: for indeed true greatness and magnanimity of soul consists in the weathering the misfortunes of life like a man; and not meanly withdrawing from them like a coward. How foolish and unmanly, in the language of Shakespear, by a pistol or bodkin, to fly from present ills, to those they know not of! such a conduct would appear still more monstrous, by the stating only the following queries.

Are not many of the misfortunes you complain of the effects of indiscretion?

Are not many of those evils at a distance?

Is it not probable they appear greater, because at a distance, and therefore as objects of fear, heightened by imagination?

Is it not possible they may never reach you, or, that time and custom may render them bearable?

And lastly, is it not possible, that those evils you complain of now as intolerable, may end much happier than you now imagine, and oblige you to own in the end, that whatever is, is right?

To prevent my countrymen therefore from continuing so unnatural a practice, and to encourage a becoming resolution, and manly presence of mind, under every circumstance, I shall sub-

join the relation of a fact, as it was delivered to me by one of the family.

THE STORY OF CAMILLUS.

CAMILLUS, in that year which will ever stain the English annals, was, with many others, reduced to the most pressing circumstances; which tho', to outward appearance, he bore like a man of sense, yet it was thought by his acquaintance to have preyed a good deal on his spirits. It was not however long before a Lady, who took a liking to him, gave him an opportunity, by marrying her, of living in a more gay and affluent manner than ever. If he was chagrined before at his reduced circumstances, his gratitude on being delivered from them heightened his passion to his wife; in short, he regarded her as that dear friend that had snatched him from distress and want, and accordingly paid her not the affection only of the husband, but the compliances of the most obliged friend. The undesigning artless Camillus was no sooner in these agreeable circumstances again, but his friends also revived; for they only died in his adversity; and they revived indeed only to reduce once more the unhappy Camillus. How shall I tell you, the designing, artful villain, Maskwell, imposed so much on the honest-hearted Camillus, that he became his surety in a bond for a much larger sum than he was worth? The villain having thus raised a large sum, immediately made off. The confused report of his being gone abroad was too soon confirmed to the unhappy Camillus; for he was informed by a letter, that, as Maskwell was gone abroad,

the security of the bond revolving intirely on him, they must be excused if they very shortly called it in. What a blow was this to the generous Camillus ! how unpleasing his prospect ! how severe his reflection ! what can he say to his wife ? how shall he comfort her ? how shall he tell her he has reduced her to as low circumstances as she had relieved him from ? how shall he reconcile her to the change ? how attempt it ? when, aggravating thought ! it is a change effected by his own imprudence ? and I had forgot to tell you, he had four childrin, who now occasioned as many uneasy sensations as ever they had agreeable ones.

Saluted in the morning of life as heirs to a splendid fortune, they were the joy of their parents ; but the reflexion of their being exposed to the storms of life, without a guide, companions of infamy and want, now distracted him : for what could he do for them, who, perhaps, rotting in a jail, subsists himself on the common basket ? subsists on that charity just sufficient to make misfortune live. Fancy heightened all his prospects into horror ; the baseness of his friend, the reproach of his acquaintance, the suddenness of the change, aggravated his other circumstances into terrible ones indeed. He thought it was death to live, and therefore resolved to struggle no more. His thoughts were now taken up about the instrument that he should use, whether the rope or pistol ; and, as one undetermined, he prepared both, and went up to his room ; where, after he had fixed the rope to his mind, he wrote a letter to his wife, which he left on the table with

the pistol. He then went to take one last view of his children, who were playing in the court, when accidentally one of them fell and cut himself.—The unhappy Camillus immediately felt the bowels of the father; and, forgetting every thing but that it was his child, ran down immediately to his relief. The confused noise he made in running down, together with the child's crying, frightened the good woman; who ran directly up to her own room, where she expected to find her husband, as he had told her he would go up and lie down upon the bed; where, who can describe the anguish of her mind, when she found not her husband, but the rope, the pistol, and the letter!—who can describe the pangs she felt, when she read she was to become a widow; a helpless widow to four fatherless children!—The powerful workings of amazement and horror had perhaps fixed her there a monument of grief, had she not been awakened by the coming in of her husband, who came up to execute what he had intended! I shall not say much of the spectacle each was to the other. If the one blushed at the discovery of the purpose, the other wept at the knowledge of it. Her anguish of mind, under the apprehension of losing him, staggered his resolution. Alternately he blushed and glowed. But when she declared, that, tho' they had lost all, she should still be happy if he lived, and that she would not survive him; she could not be a father and a mother too: Oh! she could not bear the thoughts of the childrens' losing their only guide and guardian, their father! The tears ran from his eyes; the tenderness of the husband, the affection of

the friend, the bowels of the father, stood confessed in silent eloquence and speaking grief. His intention now appeared to him as the highest act of cruelty and ingratitude; as a cowardly intent of withdrawing himself from the sharing of those misfortunes which he had involved his family in; and as a base refusal of that aid to make them more tolerable, which perhaps he might one day be able to give. But it is sufficient to add, that he now resolved, by industry and application, as a merchant, to discharge his bond, and maintain his family. The event answered his most sanguine expectations. His father-in-law supported him with all his credit and fortune; and, having no fortune of his own to indulge the gaieties of life with, as usual, he bent his mind entirely to trade; and, in a few years, with unexampled industry and untainted honour, he found himself in a capacity of discharging his obligation to his father, and of giving a handsome fortune to his children; for he used often to say, his misfortune had taught him to be contented with that which would place his children above the temptation of doing wrong from want, and prevent their being ruined by too much. I need only add, that he often used latterly to say, he had felt so much true pleasure since his misfortunes, that he should certainly have been ruined if he had not been betrayed.—His life indeed ever after was the life of the righteous, and his latter end was like theirs. When he died, he left this laconic advice to all his children,—HOPE.

Fatal Effect of SUDDEN JOY.

A POOR woman who had laid out her all in the purchase of a lottery ticket, on enquiring at an office found it had been drawn an hundred pound prize. The sudden news had such an effect upon her, that she fell senseless on the floor, and it was with difficulty she was recovered by bleeding, &c.

The Abbe de la Ville has wrote a learned treatise on the passions, which contains a curious disquisition on the consequences of sudden grief and joy, in which he proves the latter to be more fatal to the human frame than the former. Among the many instances he brings to enforce his arguments, he relates a story of a lady in Languedoc, who was married to a gentleman, between whom and herself their reigned a reciprocal and passionate fondness. One day at dinner the husband fell dead on the floor. The lady gave a dreadful shriek. The family were alarmed; they ran to know the cause; and found them both seemingly in the same situation. All possible means were used for their recovery. After many efforts the lady's senses returned, but the gentleman was declared no more. She abandoned herself to the most pungent sorrow: but whilst the necessary preparations were making for the husband's funeral, her relations and confessor used every means to persuade her to be reconciled to her fate. Their arguments at length alleviated her grief, and she seemed resigned to the will of Heaven. Three days were now past, when a relation in the practice of physic, who resided at a conti-

derable distance, arrived, having been sent for express the day the unhappy accident happened. — After he had been in the house a few hours, and paid his respects of condolence to the widow, he desired one of the servants to shew him the corpse. The lid of the coffin was removed; he gave a look or two, and then ordered it to be replaced. But happening to touch the flesh with his hand, he thought he felt a warmth unknown to a body so long dead. He applied, but there was no pulse. Yet not satisfied, he waited for some time; then touched, and observed the heat to gain considerably. Within an hour he plainly found the pulse to beat: he directly ordered a warm bed, and had the body put into it. Whilst this was doing, he went to the lady, “My dear niece,” says he, entering the room, “be of good comfort: I have seen the corpse, touched, and discovered warmth in it, watched the gradations of returning life, am satisfied of its certainty, and come to give you joy that your dearest husband lives.” All this while the lady listened to him with attentive surprise, mixed with a seeming pleasure; but as soon as he had finished, she stood some time motionless, her eyes were bent on vacancy, and before he could catch her in his arms she dropt upon the floor, and never spoke afterwards, but was interred in the very grave intended for her husband; who recovered from the trance he had laid in, and was restored to health; but from the most volatile, changed to the most melancholy disposition of any man living. Thus (says the Abbe) we see this lady deprived of life by sudden joy, when sudden grief could not effect it.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 284)

HAVING accustomed myself by degrees to examine minutely what likeliest might be the result of my noble friend's almost unfathomable considerations, before I determined on any thing he was concerned in, I succeeded sometimes in my anxious endeavours to act in unison with his principles, and to coincide with his ideas; but in the present case I was quite at a loss how to proceed conformable to his wish, not having the least clue by which I could expect to extricate myself out of the labyrinth into which he had led me, leaving every thing to myself.

However, after much reflection, I was at last so fortunate as to hit upon a plan which he fully approved, proposing to conceal myself till the whole transaction should be finished, and then to rush like lightning upon the hoary deceiver, to upbraid him with his glaring cheats, to force him to a confession of the dark fraudulent means he had employed to play that infernal trick upon us, when he left us in the lurch in the cellar of the Haunted Castle, and then to make him a prisoner without farther ceremony.

We both agreed to deliver him up to the civil power, after having convicted him of his roguery, and to order four stout corporals to rush into the room at the first signal, in order to arrest the shameless cunning deceiver. Flattering ourselves with hopes of success, we parted, after a mutual promise to repair to the place of action at eleven o'clock.

Lieutenant N— came to my lodging at three o'clock in the afternoon, to inform me that every thing was ready for the performance of our nocturnal adventure. The landlord had made no difficulty to give his consent to the conjuration, and was desirous to be admitted one of the spectators, being elated with the hope that his house would soon be cleared of that troublesome being which had, 'till now, banished all his customers, and very much impaired his circumstances. He knew the reverend Necromancer, as the Lieutenant was pleased to call him, and was in raptures that the honest old man was returned to F—, and had consented to restore the tranquility of his house, exclaiming, "Now I am easy, Father Francis is the very man! It is a thousand pities that he visits these parts so seldom, and that he, if present, buries himself in solitude."

"He could not tell me precisely," added the Lieutenant, "how the old man employs his time, because no body was on an intimate footing with him, nor could any one tell where he came from, or whither he was travelling so often; but that it was universally known that he possesses houses in most of the neighbouring towns, where he was in the same retired and harmless manner as here."

The Lieutenant, highly pleased when I told him, that the Austrian had consented to be present at our nocturnal meeting, went to the other associates, in order to settle every thing, and invited myself and friend to supper, which I readily consented to.

Having shifted my clothes, that the old de-

ceiver might not know me so easily, I went to the Austrian, whom I, without difficulty, persuaded to sup with me at Lieutenant N—'s. We repeated our orders to our trusty corporals and left the house.

When we came to Lieutenant N—'s apartment, we met two of his most intimate friends, who had been present at the late alarming apparition of the ghost, and were determined to engage the spectre once more.

The cloth being laid we sat down to supper, but none of us did honor to the meal except the Austrian; the wine promised to dispel the clouds of gloominess from our circle; however our host plied us in vain with bumpers, the heart elevating juice of the grape could not raise our crest-fallen spirits, and the Austrian was the only one who relished it, and experienced "its powers divine." Though he founded the praise of the wine's excellence, by words and deeds, yet he kept within the bounds of soberness, and when it struck eleven o'clock, bade us drink a final bumper to good success, and then took up his hat and sword.

I did the same, and our companions followed our example with fear and trembling. We went down stairs in solemn taciturnity, and groped our way through midnight darkness to the Haunted Inn.

The master of the house welcomed us most cordially, thanking us before hand for the expected tranquility of his house and the return of his prosperity—he led us to the hall where the above mentioned dreadful apparition had appeared, en-

larging with indefatigable garrulity, on many horrible incidents which had taken place, within the space of a twelvemonth, in that disastrous apartment.

The Austrian uttered not a word, but searched closely every corner of the spacious lonely room, and then took up a candle and went out. Having been absent a good while, he returned at length, pulled his great coat off, and entered into a long conversation with the master of the inn, asking him many different questions, which betrayed his diffidence in the poor fellow's honesty. I was not much pleased with his unequivocal marks of suspicion, knowing the inn-keeper as an upright honest man, void of disguise and art, and that he had suffered the most glaring damages by those nocturnal apparitions: His inn had been unfrequented by travellers for many months, on account of that sleep-disturbing phantom, which haunted the weary traveller in the dead of night; and he swore, by every thing sacred, that he had never seen Father Francis, (so he called the hoary deceiver) though he had heard of many marvellous deeds perpetrated by that wonderful man.

"It is now," added he, "a good while since I have heard of that sagacious old man, they say he is gone to a distant place, offended at the ingratitude of the people of our country: Formerly he has told the people's fortunes, but without fee. My father, the late possessor of this house, has told me many marvellous instances of his astonishing skill in detecting thefts, and recovering stolen goods; as how he has been possessed of a

wonderful sagacity to read in people's looks, at first sight, whatever they had done all their life long; discovered and solved the spell of witchcraft, and horribly punished the old hags that dared to bewitch the countrymen's cattle. In short, said my father, God rest his honest soul, Father Francis has indeed been a father and a friend to every one in distress, and a baneful foe to the Black Spirit and his infernal hosts."

It struck twelve when the inn-keeper was still in close conversation with the circumspect Austrian. The door opened and father Francis entered the room; the sight of the hoary deceiver made my blood boil in my veins, and I clapt my hand involuntarily to my sword; the Austrian, who was standing at a small distance from me, hiding a part of his face under his hat, and holding a brace of pistols in his hands, seemed to ask me by a side glance, whether Father Francis and my old acquaintance in the Black Forest was one and the same person. I affirmed it by a quick motion of my eyelids, and the Austrian turned his back to the Necromancer; I removed behind Lieutenant N—, and peeping over his shoulders, watched the proceedings of the juggler, who advanced with solemn steps into the middle of the apartment, where he stopped, resting his inquisitive looks on the countenances of the company.

Profound silence swayed all around, and we were fixed to the ground like so many statues, thrilled with anxious expectation, and scarce ventured to breathe.

The old man was clad in a long robe of black silk, his snow white head uncovered, a white

filken sash, marked with strange characters, was tied round his waist, and the well known black wallet hung on his back; having taken it down he untied it, and exhibited the mysterious instruments of conjuration: at his mute command the host carried a table into the centre of the room, put too lighted torches upon it and bolted the door.

Now he gave us a signal to form a circle round him; the Austrian placed himself to his left side, turning his face towards the door, Lieutenant N. by the conjuror's own desire, to his right; the inn-keeper stood close by the Austrian, one of Lieutenant N—'s friends took his station by the landlord, and I placed myself close to the latter. The Necromancer appeared to care little for the right wing, and I could clearly observe that his left neighbour raised his suspicion.

However, he began his conjuration with apparent firmness, after he had strewed a reddish sand on the floor, and delineated a treble circle with his ebony wand. The particulars of the act of conjuration were nearly the same as in the cellar of the Haunted Castle. The ceremony being finished, he cast his book on the table, and pronounced thrice the well-known mysterious word: Suddenly a howling blast of wind rushed against our faces, a thick column of smoke ascended from the floor, overcasting the whole apartment, and extinguishing the torches. Darkness and horror surrounded us.

'Ere long a faint gleam was breaking from the floor, sparingly illuminating the objects around, and rising higher and higher on the opposite wall

till it reached the cieling. At once the floor seemed to shake beneath our feet, and we beheld with chilly horror an human figure hovering on the wall; its garments and face, bearing the grisly marks of corruption, appeared to have suffered by the flames. It shook its head and fiery sparks flew around. A sudden smell of brimstone almost suffocated us. *(To be continued)* 310

EASTERN APOLOGUES.

From Heron's Letters on Literature.

NOURSHIVAN the Just being but Prince of Chorazin, and subject to the King of Kings, loved pleasures and lived with splendor. His riches were bounteously dispensed far and near. The most excellent singers, the most skilful musicians, came to entreat his audience; and the first audience made them opulent. When he at length sat upon the throne of the world, they flocked from all parts of the earth. He heard them with pleasure; but paid them with far less liberality than when he was a subject prince. One of the musicians dared to complain: "May heaven, said he, be propitious to Nourshivan; Empire hath enlarged his wealth, and contracted his mind." Ye kings, write the answer of the Just in letters of gold; and while you read it every day after your morning devotion, again bend the knee in adoration, for the Deity spoke by his mouth. Nourshivan said, "Formerly I gave my own money: now I give that of my people."

A king ought to nourish his people even with his own substance, because he holds his kingdom of his people. Every subject is the soldier of a just king.

A virtuous king, in an angry moment, ordered one of his slaves, who was innocent, to be put to death. "O king, said he, my punishment ends with my life: thine begins with the close of mine." He was forgiven.

THE LOVER'S LEAP. A TALE.

LOVERS of the sighing kind,
To precept deaf, to int'rest blind,
Who rhyme and trifle all the day,
And whine the best of time away;
Then out of life disgusted fling,
And on a waving willow twing;
Ye swains, who such attachments keep,
I pray you listen e're ye leap,
Unto a short and simple tale,
Which may be read when precepts fail.

Patrick long had woo'd in vain,—
Norah sneered at his pain,
Bid him go and feed his swine,
"For," said she, "I'll ne'er be thine;"
And always tripped o'er the plain,
While he sigh'd, and sigh'd again.

Patrick's passion fiercely burn'd,
Nor by Norah's scorn was turn'd.
Once he cried,—“O well a-day,
All my hopes are flown away;
Thoughtless Norah, whither gone,
Heedless of a lover's groan?
Wilt thou not—My love, my life,
Be the honest Patrick's wife?
I will tend thee every hour,
Screen thee from the winter's show'r;
Store thy house with milk and meal,
Labour for thee,—beg or steal.—
Free from want, or fear, or harms,
I will shield thee in my arms;
Deck thy head, and plait thy hair,
Call thee gentle, good and fair;

Soothe thy sorrows, share thine ill,
 And be thy fond protector still.
 Tarry then, my love, my life,
 Be thy constant Patrick's wife."

Thus he fann'd his hopeless flame,
 Echo howling back her name;
 Whilst the vacant, giddy maid,
 Laughing, sought the neighb'ring shade,
 Crying, careless, as she ran,
 "End your wooing, simple man!"
 This was sounding Patrick's knell —
 This, he thought, was worse than hell,—
 To be faithful, true and kind,
 Casting birth and wealth behind;
 To pursue for love alone,
 For which he would reject a throne;
 Yet at last to be refus'd!—
 Here the hapless Patrick mus'd.—
 Reason quit her trembling reins,
 Frenzy swell'd his burning veins;
 Wildly star'd the youth around,
 Struck his head, and beat the ground:
 Quickly, then, he pass'd along,
 Where the diving sea fowl throng,
 To the well known pointed rock,
 Where, attended by his flock,
 Often he had bent his way,
 On the sultry summer-day,
 To see the rapid current flow,
 And catch the sea-breeze from below.
 Hurrying on, he faintly cries,
 "Cruel maid, poor Patrick dies;—
 "Flatt'ring hope can charm no more."
 So down he leapt—AND SWAM ON SHORE!

IMPROMPTU.

On hearing a Bird sing in the Fields.
 Sweet bird, would'st thou attain the power to please
 With notes that charm and elevate the soul,
 Forsake thy native haunts, the groves and trees,
 Approach the town, and learn of ROSSIGNOL.
Glasgow, July 8th, 1795.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 46.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY JULY 15, 1795.

ANECDOTES of the BUCCURO or TYGER.

THIS animal is too dangerous an object of curiosity to be much known. He is seldom visible to human view, unless by accident, and then the minds of spectators are too much alarmed, to survey his manners with any degree of calmness or accuracy. Those we see in the Tower, or exposed for *show*, are but a pitiful emblem of the animal in a state of nature. In eastern countries, where the species are most plenty, the herbage is every where luxuriant enough to conceal them; nor do they ever saunter abroad from their lurking places, unless when impelled by hunger, or the usual accesses of mutual desire.

The figure of the Tyger is, for the most part, larger than that of the Lion; and he is even more than match for this majestic creature in sheer strength, tho' greatly inferior in fighting. There is no animal so strong, perhaps, as the Lion in his jaws, his chest, his shoulders, and his paws. But every part of the Tyger seems muscular alike; under the appearance of a slender make he hides the most enormous strength. His burdens so vastly exceed his bulk, that he sometimes runs off with a Buffalo, which is at least twice the size of himself, as easily as a cat carries a rat in its teeth.

His colour is most exquisitely shining and beautiful. At a distance, where the native glare of his eyes is not distinctly perceived, his counte-

nance seems uncommonly placid and harmless. A regular arrangement of black and yellow stripes, somewhat like those we sometimes see in cats of a tabby kind, diversify his skin or pile in a very curious manner. The distinguishing gloss of the different colours is superior to all description or imitation.

The make or form of his body is superlatively neat and symmetrical; the living model of elegance, strength, and agility. He commonly appears equally plump and hearty. The severest famine which he often feels, but always supports with a characteristic fortitude, however it may whet his appetite, seldom either reduces his carcase, or tarnishes his lustre. His head is little, comely, and compact; his shoulders broad and firm; his back straight and thick; his belly thin and square with his sides; his posteriors round and fleshy, and his tail speckled, tapering, and long in proportion to his size.

But under all these exterior charms, he conceals the fellest and most malignant dispositions. His appetite for slaughter is equally staunch and universal. All creatures avoid him with horror, but such as he dares not attack. Wherever he prowls, all is solitude and apprehension. The very fowls of heaven are said to flock together, and send forth a hideous noise at the minutest movements of this deadly and ferocious monster.

He expresses his resentment, whether of rage, or terror, or delight, like all other animals of the cat kind, by twisting and moving furiously the muscles of his face, by exposing a set of fangs more adapted for tearing than cutting, and by

shrieking with a loud savage growl. Such are his uniform gesticulations when he fights or flies, seizes his prey, or caresses his female.

It is one of the most curious facts in Natural History, that almost all beasts of prey seem to possess a wonderful sympathy with the genius of the climate, and the temperament of the hemisphere. It may be owing in part, perhaps, to something peculiar in the structure of their hearing organs. They are known in general, however, to accompany loud winds with their voices; the Tyger particularly never shrieks so savagely as in the very height of a violent storm.

His fearful voice is yet so familiar to the Indians, that they generally know, wherever it reaches them, the humour he is in, from its tone. The moment he has gotten possession of his prey, he falls a-growling, as cats sometimes do in feeding. The language of both is that of defiance, purposely, no doubt, to deter others from a share; for selfishness and malignity distinguish the tribe.

A gentleman of science and veracity told me, that while he resided in some of our Asiatic settlements, he was taken so ill in the night, that one of his negroes was ordered to fetch the physician, who lived at some distance. The poor fellow set out, but instantly returned in a panic; and assured the family, he had heard a Buccuro shrieking so madly, that he would not venture out for the whole world. In the morning, however, two or three went in company, and, on the very spot where the noise came from, found the shocking fragments of a human body scattered

horribly about, which had been torn to pieces by this voracious and unrelenting creature.

Their method of hunting is perfectly similar to that of a cat. They catch entirely by surprise, and in quest of game are singularly cautious, crafty and treacherous. They never attempt the chase, because most animals exceed them in fleetness. Whenever the usual keenness of their appetite returns, they leave the fastnesses of the forest, and lie in watch among the shrubs on the roadside, or among the reeds and other herbage on the banks of rivers, where they sometimes catch other animals as they descend, in these parched countries, to slake their thirst. Here the Indians in their canoes are often alarmed by them, and they have even been shot climbing up the side of a trading vessel as they lay at anchor in the river Ganges.

When at any time they can be observed without danger, it is wonderful with what dexterity and address they single out and secure their game. They are then seen couched as close and silent as death. In this attitude they sometimes remain for hours and days together; nor do they ever stir, till the destined victim either totally escapes, or comes within the circle of their vengeance; then destruction in all its horrors is inevitable and immediate.

They are said to spring above twenty feet at one bound; if they, notwithstanding, miss the object, which is rare, they never repeat the attempt. It is common for them to kill their prey on the spot, but they seldom feed on it but in their retreat. Not many years ago some gentle-

men went out with their guns, somewhere in the vicinity of Bengal, and as they passed a thicket, a large Buccuro sprang on one of them, and levelled him in an instant; but when the savage had just seized the man behind the ear, one of his companions fortunately shot him through the brains.

The natures of all the fellest and most formidable monsters are tinged with cowardice. This deadly monster, in the very height of his cruelty, on some occasions, is yet easily startled from its purpose. We read, in Pennant's Synopsis, of some ladies and gentlemen being on a party of pleasure, and while under the shade of trees on the banks of a river in Bengal, a Tyger was observed preparing for its fatal spring: but one of the ladies, with amazing presence of mind, hastily snatched an umbrella, and furlled it full in the animal's face, which instantly retired, and gave the company an opportunity of removing from so terrible a neighbour.

The Tyger preys on all weaker animals without exception; and when his hunger renders him desperate, the Rhinoceros, the Elephant, and even the Lion are obliged to put themselves on their guard against him. He has all the noxious qualities of these noble animals, without sharing any of their good ones; he is daring without mercy, strong without magnanimity, and often cowardly where there is no danger. He kills merely because he delights in carnage; and his courage and rage seem to increase only as he meets with resistance. But what marks his sanguinary habit more than any thing else, he generally plunges

his head up to the very ears in the carcase, to glut his maw with the blood while it is yet warm.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 302.)

AFTER we had gazed at the phantom some time, with secret horror, the Necromancer exclaimed with a thundering voice, "Who art thou?"

Phantom. (Staggering back) "A soul from purgatory."

Old Man. "What is thy desire?"

"*Phant.* "To be redeemed from the flames."

Old M. "By what means?"

Phant. "By the sale of this house."

Old M. "For what reason?"

Phant. "Because I have got it by fraudulent means."

Old M. "How can the sale of this house expiate thy crime?"

Phant. "It can, because my children will be saved."

The Necromancer was silent and the phantom disappeared.

A violent gust of wind rushed again in our faces, the smoke evaporated, and the torches began to burn. Lieutenant N— with his friends and the landlord were struck with amazement, and unable to stir; the Austrian lifted his hat, which had hidden part of his face, staring wildly at the hoary cheat, and I expected with impatience the signal for seizing the rascal, who, with great tranquility and unconcern, was busied with putting his gewgaws again into his wallet.

Now the Austrian came forth, and I clapped my hand to my sword : Awful silence reigned around, and our companions were still fixed to their places, whilst the Austrian's sparkling looks rested on the Necromancer, who now had packed up the instruments of fraud, and thrown the wallet over his shoulder. Just when he was going to leave the room, his eye caught the glowing face of my friend, and he seemed thunderstruck. Their looks evinced a mutual emotion of an uncommon nature; my friend's looks grew more and more terrible, and the old man was apparently grasped by horror's icy fangs : Our expectation rose to the highest pitch, and we were standing around them in a grisly attitude, most of us thrilled with secret awe, and I not without chill.

"Yes," began now the Austrian with a trembling voice, "it is thou, Volkert ! it is thou !"

The old deceiver shivered violently, his face was distorted by terrible convulsions, he gave a hollow groan, and fell lifeless on the floor.

We all seemed to be touched by a magic wand, and the Austrian was standing a good while in our middle, in a state of wild stupefaction ; at length he recovered his recollection, drew with his wonted firmness nearer the lifeless Necromancer, raised him up, shook him with all his might, and exclaimed,

"Volkert, Volkert, return to life once more."

But all was in vain, the old man gave no sign of life.

"Volkert, Volkert," exclaimed my friend once more, but he did not hear him.

The inn-keeper ran down stairs, fetching a

glass of water and some drops, but all our endeavours to restore the hoary villain to the use of his senses proved abortive, and he remained senseless in our arms.

"Well then," resumed the Austrian, his eyes flashing with anger, "if amicable means will not do, then I must have recourse to violence." So saying, he discharged a pistol, the door flew open, and four corporals rushed in with their swords unsheathed.

"Tie the rascal's arms and legs," roared the Austrian, "away with the villain, he is our prisoner."

"Your prisoner!" replied the gray deceiver, who had recovered at last, "your prisoner," roared he with a ghastly grin, disengaging himself from our grasp.

The corporals rushed upon him.

"I am a citizen of F—, of a free imperial town, who dares to touch me?"

The corporals retired hastily, and the Austrian's brow was covered with terrible wrinkles, his eyes flashed anger, his mouth foamed, and his whole frame trembled in an agony of furious rage. I never beheld a more terrible aspect.

"Infernal spirit! hell born villain!" roared he, gnashing his teeth, "I am deceived!—" deceived by thee, Volkert!—Volkert!"

At once the thunder of his voice lowered to an entreating accent.

"Volkert, Volkert, for God's sake have mercy on me; save me from an ocean of doubts; spare me, O spare me; save me from the disgrace to appear to myself and my friends a fool and a su-

perstitious fanatic ! Tell me, O tell me, am I indeed deceived ? O, I will forgive thee, I will pronounce thee my benefactor, my saviour, only speak—tell me I am not deceived !”

The tears ran down his cheeks as he pronounced these words, spoken in the most violent passion.

The old man either would or could not speak, and the Austrian once more addressed the hoary deceiver in an accent of utter insensibility, and with a sternness of look not to be described.

Volkert, thou wilt not know me. I will spare thee the disgrace of confessing thine own guilt ; but, if thou wert in my power—

His eyes darted flashes of lightning, and his voice was like the roaring of thunder.

“ If thou wert in my power, I would make thee confess thy cheats, and if I should be forced to beat thy old rascally limbs to atoms, and to draw thy black blood from thy diabolical heart, by single drops, I would make thee confess : But,” added he in a more gentle accent, “ thou art not within the reach of my power, and it is well that it is so. Volkert, here is my hand, I forgive thee. Thou not only deservest my forgiveness, but also my sincere gratitude, because thou hast given me a wholesome lesson, hast taught me, that every body, though ever so wise, may be deceived ; and I think I have not paid too dear for it.

Volkert wanted to speak, but he could not, being overcome by a sudden emotion, and hid his face with his hands.

“ Well, Volkert,” resumed the Austrian, “ I see thou art not quite so bad as I thought, I will

not compel thee to a confession, though I am wishing most ardently to have my doubts cleared up, and trust that thou wouldst tell me more than I want to know. I will not distress thee any longer by my presence; I am going to leave this house and this town for ever.

“Gentlemen,” added he, addressing us, I have deceived you, by supporting the reality of things which had been nothing but illusion; from this moment I have forfeited your good opinion, and the honor of being admitted any longer to a circle where I have been respected. You may call my resolution pride, caprice, or whatever you please, I cannot remain here any longer, and I am determined to depart this instant, farewell, live happy.”

When the Austrian and the corporals had left us, the Necromancer was likewise going to leave the room: his appearance was sullen and gloomy; his looks cast down: My friends were also stirring and stopped him, forming a circle round him.

The landlord was still in a maze of silent wonder, not knowing what to think of what had happened. I was dejected and melancholy, and had banished from my soul every idea of vengeance; my companions, however, seemed not inclined to let him get off so cheaply, and insisted on his explaining how he had contrived to cheat us; but the inn-keeper interfered, imploring them not to ruin him entirely, by quarrelling in his house.

Lieutenant N— threatened at last, to give him up to the civil power, if he would not confess, which I at first likewise had determined to do,

how he had deceived us; however, his stubbornness could not be shaken, and he remained as silent as the grave.

Seeing that every farther means to break his obstinacy would prove fruitless, I interfered, advising my fellow-adventurers to let him depart in peace.

"Upon the whole," added I, "it matters not how we have been deceived, our friend the Austrian has set us an example, how one ought to behave on such an occasion; Let us, like him, forgive the wretch, he is below our resentment."

These words produced the desired effect on the minds of my fellow-adventurers, who were stung with shame and remorse, but none of them more than Lieutenant N—: He blushed at his idle fears and his credulity, leaving the room abruptly, accompanied by his friends and the landlord.

Being now left alone with the Necromancer, I flattered myself to succeed better than my companions, and to get informed of what I so eagerly wanted to know; but I was mistaken, his stubborn reserve baffled all my solicitations.

"Farewell, Lieutenant," said he as he was going to leave the room, "I did not know you at first, and I am rejoiced that you have escaped your doom; I do not deserve your noble generous treatment; Farewell, and remember sometimes Volkert the Necromancer: If you could see my heart, you rather would pity than despise me; I may perhaps one time find an opportunity of being serviceable to you, and of proving my gratitude by deeds."

I went down stairs with him, and having seen him to the door he squeezed my hand and hurried away. I left the fatal house in a strange situation of mind, and it struck one o'clock when I came home.

(To be continued.) 327

A CAUTION TO DETRACTORS.

THE following well attested story, of unintentional defamation, we shall relate in substance, as we have met it in an old book.—One Mr Preach, an English clergyman, had read, in Fox's book of Martyrs, of a story of one Greenwood, who perjured himself in giving testimony against a martyr, and thereby caused the latter to be burnt in the persecuting days of Queen Mary of England,—that the perjured was soon afterwards overtaken by the just judgment of God, and doomed to a terrible death, by the rotting of his bowels. Preach gave ample credit to Fox's story; and happening some time afterwards to be presented to a more lucrative benefice, at a distance from his former cure, he cited it in a sermon, from the pulpit, against perjury. Unluckily for him, however, Greenwood was still alive, and present that day at his discourse, which he so highly resented, that he brought an action of scandal against the minister, for falsely branding his name with perjury. After much trouble and expence, Preach at length got clear of the prosecution; being found to have innocently told a story, in the exercise of his lawful and sacred function, upon the faith of a reputable author, and without a *mala intentio* against any person.

By this prosecution, however favourable to Mr Preach the decision proved, we may learn the danger of propagating ill attested stories, to the prejudice of individuals in particular, whether we tell them at church or at market, in the drawing room, or in the closet.

THOUGHTS ON PRATING.

ALL praters have their desired end, which is to be heard; and tho' their discourse may be ever so ridiculous, they should, however, be encouraged, as they keep up the spirit of debate and enquiry—Not to mention the profound adepts among our nobility, we see the same noble propensity even in the meanest people, especially in their political prating. How many lively exclamations, and severe farcastic speeches against the ministry have proceeded from the mouth of a cobbler, while he has been heel-piecing a pair of shoes! And how many ingenious disquisitions on the miserable effects of the present war, are delivered with a *copia verborum* by the numerous cut-beatds in the metropolis, while they are shaving their customers! In this proneness to loquacity, they seem to bear a strong resemblance to the meaner sort of the Athenians. “An Athenian servant,” says Plutarch, “while he is digging his ground, will give his master an account of the articles and capitulation of a treaty of peace.” The Romans were all great encouragers of prating, Publius Piso excepted: but the following accident had such an effect upon him, that he took no small delight in it ever afterwards.—Publius Piso the rhetorician (as the above author

tells us) unwilling to be disturbed with much talk, commanded his servants to answer such questions only as he should ask them, and to say no more. Having a design to give an entertainment to Clodius, the chief magistrate, he ordered him to be invited, and provided a sumptuous banquet for him. On the day appointed, several other guests appeared; they only waited for the arrival of Clodius, who staid away much longer than was expected. Piso beginning to find himself impatient, sent one of his servants several times to him to know whether he would come to supper or not. It grew late, and Piso despaired of his coming. "Did you call on him?" Yes. "Why then does he not set out?" "He told me he could not come." Why did you not tell me so before?" "Because, Sir, you never asked me the question."

ANECDOTE.

AFTER the execution of Mons. de Barnevelt, his sons conspired against Maurice, Prince of Orange, who procured the death of their father. The plot was discovered, and the eldest son condemned to be beheaded. Madame de Barnevelt, on this melancholy occasion, went and threw herself at the prince's feet, beseeching him to pardon her son. The prince told her he was greatly surprised that she, who had not solicited a pardon for her husband, should now intercede for her son: to which she made this truly heroic answer: "I did not sue for a pardon for my husband, because he was innocent; but I implore it

for my son, because he is guilty." The prince granted her request.

THE DYING PROSTITUTE, AN ELEGY.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

WEEP o'er the mis'ries of a wretched maid,
 Who sacrific'd to man her health and fame;
 Whose love, and truth, and trust were all repaid
 By want and woe, disease and endless shame.
 Curse not the poor lost wretch, who ev'ry ill
 That proud unfeeling man can heap, sustains;
 Sure she enough is curst, o'er whom his will,
 Enflam'd by brutal passion, boundless reigns.
 Spurn not my fainting body from your door,
 Here let me rest my weary weeping head;
 No greater mercy would my wants implore,
 My sorrows soon shall lay me with the dead.
 Who now beholds, but loaths my faded face,
 So wan and fallow, chang'd with sin and care!
 Or who can any former beauty trace
 In eyes so sunk with famine and despair?
 That I was virtuous once, and beauteous too,
 And free from envious tongues my spotless fame;
 These but torment, these but my tears renew,
 These aggravate my present guilt and shame.
 Expell'd by all, enforc'd by pining want,
 I've wept and wander'd many a midnight hour;
 Implor'd a pittance Lust would seldom grant,
 Or sought a shelter from the driving show'r.
 Oft as I rov'd, while beat the wint'ry storm,
 Unknowing what to seek, or where to stray,
 To gain relief, entic'd each hideous form,
 Each hideous form contemptuous turn'd away.
 Where were my virgin honours, virgin charms?
 Oh! whither fled the pride I once maintain'd?
 Or where the youths that woo'd me to their arms?
 Or where the triumphs which my beauty gain'd?

Ah! say, insidious Damon! Monster! where?
 What glory hast thou gain'd by my defeat?
 Art thou more happy for that I'm less fair?
 Or bloom thy laurels o'er my winding-sheet?

A CARD COMPLIMENT TO A YOUNG LADY.

Madam,

TWO batchelors meeting together to-day,
 For mirth, for good-humour, and drinking of tea,
 Request that your ladyship too will be there,
 To join their diversion, and sip of their fare;
 You're so well acquainted I need not explain,
 If it was not for women, what creatures were men;
 Poor fellows! I question if e'er they had known
 The pleasure at tea-time of sitting them down:
 For we can but observe if no woman is there,
 What strange awkward figures at tea we all are;
 And seem without patience submit to our doom,
 When we scald our poor fingers and jump round the
 room,
 'Tis a thousand to one but we drop the pot-lid,
 And knock all the tea-table traps o'the head,
 Our character, if we've the joy to keep up,
 Till the spoons are all plac'd on the top of the cup,
 How comical do we our compliments utter,
 If they chuse some more tea, or some more bread and
 butter.
 Now in order to keep your two friends from hard fate,
 Which the drinking of tea by themselves might create,
 I have sent these few lines, to be left at your home,
 And at five, I am hoping, you'll certainly come:
 I beg you will pardon the message in verse,
 With my compliments last, tho' they should have been
 first.

EPIGRAM.

THOUGH 'tis a fate that's pretty sure,
 If born a poet to be poor,
 I'd rather be a bard by birth,
 Than live the richest dunce on earth.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 47.] (Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY JULY 22, 1795.

STORY OF LUDOVISIO CARANTANI, AND HIS
TWO DAUGHTERS.

THERE is no species of domestic tyranny so iniquitous and oppressive, as that which unreasonable parents frequently exercise over their children, in Popish countries, by forcing them into a state of life to which they have no call. If children ought ever to be left to their own free choice, it is certainly when the shutting them up for life in a convent or monastery is under consideration: for God requires the consecration of the heart; and to him that oblation alone which is pure and voluntary, is an acceptable sacrifice.

The following story affords a striking example of the fatal consequence of such compulsion, and is too well attested to admit any doubt of its being true.

Ludovisio Carantani, a native of Varese, a city in the Milanese, had only two daughters by a wife who had brought him a considerable fortune. But that parental affection which ought to be divided between them, was confined to the eldest, whose name was Victoria; though she was not near so amiable as Olympia, her younger sister. This capricious preference was evident even in their infancy. Victoria enjoyed all the caresses of her father, nor could her sister obtain the least token of his tenderness or affection. Her mother's love indeed made her some amends for this indifference; but death having deprived her of this

consolation, she was exposed to numberless contradictions, and suffered continual ill treatment. Victoria's beauty and the fortune which she might expect from the wealth and partiality of her father, soon drew about her a great number of suitors; and Carantani, that he might marry his favourite with the greater advantages, was determined to sacrifice to her interest the happiness of Olympia; whom he accordingly put into a convent, and caused a report to be spread, that she had resolved upon a religious life. This report gained credit; the number of Victoria's lovers increased, among whom were gentlemen of the best families in the country.

The father already congratulated himself upon the success of his scheme. As he had always treated the amiable Olympia with severity, he was persuaded, that she would be soothed by the tranquillity of a convent, and think herself happy to have escaped the rudeness and neglect which she had suffered at home. Nor was he altogether mistaken; for at the solicitation of several of her relations who were devotees, and had been gained over by her father, she consented to take the habit of a novice or probationer in the monastery of San Martino. But there is a time of life when nature speaks a language very different from that of monastic devotion. Olympia, although young, lively, and of a complexion naturally amorous, was on the point of becoming the victim of her father's ambition, and her own inexperience: but on the very day of the ceremony she saw, amongst the company assembled as usual on these occasions, an eminent cavalier, who made a deep impres-

sion upon her heart. Immediately the thoughts of a convent became intolerable ; and she reflected with horror upon the sacrifice which she was just about to make, of all the advantages which she might promise herself in the world.

The nuns and her devout relations, who soon perceived the alteration, endeavoured in vain to bring her back to her first resolution. All the answer they received from her, was, That her circumstances being equal to those of her sister, she had no inclination to sacrifice herself to her ambition, or to the partiality of her father ; that her design was to marry ; and that she intreated them to prevail upon her father to give her to a young cavalier of a very good family, by whom she knew she was beloved.

It is easy to imagine the astonishment of Carantani, when he was acquainted with a resolution which quite frustrated the scheme he had formed for raising the fortune of his dear Victoria. He earnestly entreated the nuns and his kinswomen, to redouble their endeavours to make Olympia alter her resolution. But these endeavours only inflamed her passion, and increased her disgust for a monastic life ; nor did she conceal her sentiments even from her father, who came frequently to see her, in order to discover the effect of the remonstrances of his friends. To these he added his own : but perceiving that this expedient did not succeed, he had recourse to menaces, and assured her, that if she did not resolve upon a religious life, he would take her home again, where she might expect to be the most wretched of women.

Olympia, who knew her father's unkindness by a long and cruel experience, did not doubt but he would keep his word. Yet she endeavoured to mollify him by the most tender and pathetic expostulations; but neither arguments, intreaty, nor tears, made the least impression upon his heart.

As, by this change in Olympia's resolution, the match of his Victoria was in danger of being broken off, her lover being cold and indifferent, in proportion as her fortune became precarious, Carantani was so much enraged, that the next time he visited Olympia, he told her, in a transport of fury, that if she did not take the veil as soon as her noviciate expired, he would put her to death with his own hand. If I die, it shall not be by your hand, replied his amiable daughter calmly. I have often represented to you my aversion to a monastic life, yet you command me to sacrifice myself to the fortune of my sister, and to that excessive fondness which you have always shewn for her: and if it be impossible for me to prevail upon you to retract this command, you shall be obeyed; since my obedience will spare you the crime which you threaten to commit against me, but you and my sister will have perpetual cause to regret the cruel sacrifice which you oblige me to make you. She added, that he might whenever he thought proper order the necessary preparations for the ceremony. After which she withdrew. Carantani, who probably did not know to what lengths despair might carry a young maid when love has once seized on her heart, pleased himself with the thoughts of having made her

change her resolution. He went with an air of triumph to carry the news to his dear Victoria and her lover, who were then together. They exulted greatly upon it, and now thought themselves happy.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

CHARACTER of a MIGHTY good sort of WOMAN.

THE mighty good sort of woman is civil without good-breeding, kind without good nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take *her* word, she detests scandal from her heart; yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders and shake of her head, she confesses "it is true, and the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever *pitying* one person and *sorry* for another.— She is a great dealer in *buts* and *ifs*, and half sentences, and does more mischief by a *may be*, and *I'll say no more*, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive, though she concludes always with a "Let us hope otherwise."

One principal business of a *mighty good sort of woman*, is the regulation of families, and she extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between the man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase, by pretending to settle them; and her

great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of a family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to correct him smartly the next time she sees him, and takes particular care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is : or if the lady goes to the play-house, or is engaged with a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he may not be dull, and entertain him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. But the most favourite occupation of a *mighty good sort of woman*, is the superintendence of servants ; she protests there is not a good one to be got.—In her own family she very cautiously separates the men from the maids at night, by the whole height of the house : these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street door. She has caused many a man-servant to lose his place, for romping in the kitchen, and many a *maid* has been turned away on her account, for *dressing at the men*, as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door in a summer's evening.

An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a *mighty good sort of woman*, which renders her (strange as it may seem) of a most unforgiving temper. She *bears nobody ill-will* ; but if a tradesman has disoblighed her, the honestest man in the world becomes the arrantest rogue,

and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off, as well as herself. —Every one is with her “the best creature in the universe,” while they are intimate; but, upon the slightest difference, “Oh! she was vastly mistaken in the person; she thought them mighty good sort of bodies—but she has done with them. Other people will find them out as well as herself—that’s all the harm she wishes them.”

She who pays a regular round of visits, behaves decently at a card-table, is ready to come into any party of pleasure, pays no regard to her husband, and puts out her children to nurse, may not, perhaps, be a good wife, or a good mother, but she is nevertheless *a mighty good sort of a woman.*

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 316.)

THE third day after the departure of my venerable friend the Austrian, I could no longer stay in a place where every object reminded me of so many hours of bliss, and of the man whose friendship had made me so truly happy; I bade my servant pack my trunks, ordered my corporals to keep themselves ready, and left F— after a few days; however I cannot deny that I left with regret a town where I had found, and alas! lost so soon so valuable a treasure.

I sat in the stage musing on what was past, revolving in my mind the strange events of the Haunted Castle, and the Inn, and examining minutely all the particulars, but I grew not a bit wiser: That Volkert was an impostor could not

be doubted, but how he had managed his artful cheats, and what his views had been in deceiving us, I could not unravel in a satisfactory manner; I examined singly all his transactions I knew, pondered with the greatest accuracy what the Austrian had related of his earlier exploits, but I was not able to dispel the impenetrable darkness which I was bewildered in.

The final result of my meditations was, that every body, though ever so circumspect and wise, would, like my worthy friend, have been deceived by his intricate machinations, and tempted to adopt the opinion that enlightened officer had once defended so stoutly.

Exercised with this and similar thoughts did I finish my first day's journey, struggling in vain to recover my wonted cheerfulness, my mind being then too much occupied by gloominess, and an entire stranger to joyful feelings. My travelling companions preferred sleep to an amusing conversation, and I wished ardently for my corporals to chat with them, and thus to chase away the cheerless thoughts crowding upon my mind; but I had most unfortunately ordered them, along with my servant, to meet me at N—, by a different route.

Not being able to get a wink of sleep all night long, I was haunted by the gloomy offsprings of my fancy, distressed by the apparent slowness of time, and entirely cut off from every comfort by the snoring disposition of my fellow travellers, which made me resolve to leave the stage next morning, and to continue my journey on horseback. I left, therefore, my cheerless and sullen

companions, with the first dawn of day, bought a horse in the first village where we stopped, and trotted briskly onward.

I was not the least acquainted with the roads in those parts, a circumstance which ought to have come sooner in my mind : I was obliged to ride back several times, and when it began to grow dark, found myself bewildered in a dreary forest, without knowing which way to turn.—My jaded horse being hardly able to stir, I alighted, leading the poor beast by the bridle, in order to advance with more expedition.

It was now so dark that I could hardly distinguish the objects before my eyes, when a sudden rustling in the thicket made me start : I listened, but all was silent again, and I pursued my way without any apprehension, thinking it might have been a deer ; but I was not gone far when I heard the rustling again much louder than at first, and close by me : I now beheld, on a sudden, a man with a sack on his back, and a staff in his hand, coming out of the thicket, within the short distance of a few paces. This unexpected sight gladdened my heart, flattering me with the sweet hope of getting a friendly conductor out of that dreary wilderness, and who would direct my weary steps to a place of rest.

“ Whither art thou going, good friend ? ” exclaimed I.

“ To the mill,” answered he, groaning under his burthen.

“ Is the mill far from hence ? ” said I.

“ No farther than half a league,” he replied.

“ May I find a shelter there for myself and horse ? ”

"No," replied he.

"Why not?" asked I.

"Because," replied he, "the miller does not admit strangers.

"I am sorry for it; but is there no house hereabouts where one could get a night's lodging?"

"O yes," answered he, "not far from hence, if you turn to the right lives a wood cutter, who lodges travellers."

"But do you think I shall be safe there?" asked I.

"What do you mean by that?" said he.

"Don't you know, good friend," replied I, "that this part of the country is the constant haunt of robbers?"

"Would to God I could stay this night with good Master Max, I would not be uneasy on that score; but I must go on, and alas my burthen is heavy.

"If my poor beast was not so jaded, and so much tired, I would be glad to lend it you," said I.

"Thank you, Master," returned he, "I am used to hardships, and have laid in a good stock of patience."

Discourfing thus we went flowly on together, 'till we came to a foot-path, where the wanderer stopped to direct me to the wood-cutter's cottage: "You cannot miss your way," said he; "if you pursue this path you will soon see a light."

I hesitated a little while, whether I should follow the advice of the honest man, or not; but the increasing darkness, and a rising tempest, which shook the oaks around, fixed soon my wa-

vering resolution, and I pursued the path, bidding the honest wanderer good night.

Quickening my steps I soon perceived a small cottage, the owner of which made his appearance as soon as I had knocked at his humble door, hailed me with a hearty welcome, and bade me, with much good nature, enter his hospitable abode.

Not expecting much conveniency, I was struck with wonder when he shewed me into a neat little room, not in the least corresponding with the poor appearance of his hut: I had expected to be introduced to the residence of poverty, but found an habitation that bore evident marks of prosperity, and seemed rather to be the abode of a gentleman than that of a poor wood-cutter.

Mr. Max took no notice of my astonishment, but prepared, with much alacrity, to provide me and my horse with food and drink.

While he was busy to prove his hospitality I had full leisure to satisfy my curiosity, and to take a view of the objects around me, assisted by the faint glimmering of a lamp.

The first object that struck my fancy was an enormous sword, hanging by his bed-side, which, as I thought at first, was rather improper furniture for a wood-cutter's dwelling; but I soon made myself easy when I recollected, that he, living in an unfrequented part of the forest, might want sometimes an instrument of that kind to defend himself against unwelcome visitors, but my apprehension returned when I beheld a brace of pistols hanging on the wall, which I found were charged with balls.

I went farther in my search, and saw a great

number of guns, pistols, and swords, in a recess close by the fire-side ; I was chilled with terror, and just as I had taken the lamp in my hand to have a closer view at this alarming furniture, Mr. Max entered the room, with a large plate of greens, a piece of ham, and a bottle of wine.

When supper was over I could no longer suppress my curiosity, and asked him why he kept so many guns and swords in his house.

“ What,” replied he rather angrily, “ what is this to you ? I get sometimes visitors for whom I must keep them.”

“ But why,” resumed I, “ so great a number as I have seen in the recess by the fire-side ?”

“ These are fine doings,” said he angrily, “ who bade you search my room ? Is this becoming a guest ?”

I arose and asked him how much I had to pay for my supper ? He fell a laughing, and exclaimed, with marks of astonishment,

“ You don’t intend to depart in this dark and tempestuous night ? Don’t you hear how the tempest roars, and how the rain beats against the windows ? I hope you don’t think you will be shot or stabbed because there are so many fire-arms and swords in that recess ? No, no, good friend, you need not be afraid ; all these things are not mine ; they belong to sportsmen who have laid them up here, that they may have them when a hunting in this part of the forest ; perhaps you may see them yourself to-morrow morning ; the sword by my bed-side I bought some years ago from an Austrian deserter.”

Though I was not inclined to stay for the

sportsmen, I did not know whither I should go with my jaded horse in that dark tempestuous night, and dreaded to run the risk of escaping from an imaginary danger, only to fly in the face of real ones which, at last, determined me to stay. I begged Mr. Max to shew me the place where I was to sleep, intending to charge my pistols with balls before I should go to bed in case of accident.

My host opened a side door leading to a small chamber, where a bed was.

"Here," said he, "you may sleep till it is broad day, and rest your weary limbs at your ease; I keep this chamber on purpose for travellers; take this lamp, I will fetch it when you shall be asleep."

"So saying, he left me, shutting the door after him.

Taking a nearer view of my bed chamber, I observed that it had no windows, and, in order to be prepared for the worst, I charged my pistols, which I had put in my pockets before I entered the cottage:—This done, I considered whether I should go to bed, and thus deceive my host, which, on mature deliberation, I thought would be the best.

With that intention I took the lamp to see whether the bed was fastened, lest I might sink down with it into the cellar. Though this apprehension was groundless, I made another discovery which thrilled my soul with horror: Perceiving traces of blood on the pillow, I was seized with sudden terror, my hands trembled violently, the lamp fell on the floor, and I was in the dark.

As soon as I had recovered a little from my fright, I searched for my pistols, groping about a good while before I could find them in the dark. My fear abated a little when I found them at last, after a long and fruitless search, and I sat myself down on a little stool by the bed-side, listening whether any body was coming. All was quiet at first, but after a quarter of an hour I heard somebody entering the adjacent room, and approaching the door of my chamber, which which was gently opened, and the voice of my host called, "are you asleep?" I uttered not a word, and after a short pause the same voice resounded once more, "Have you extinguished the lamp?" I still gave no answer, and the host retired.

All was hushed again in profound silence, but it lasted not long, my ears being suddenly assailed by the sound of many voices, the tinkling of spurs, and a humming noise, as if a number of people were discoursing; I could understand nothing, the discourse being held in so low an accent, that I was unable to distinguish the sound of their words. At once I saw, through the crevices in the door, somebody striking a light, which gave me some comfort. The discourse was still carried on in that secret mysterious manner: At last it seemed as if the company were sitting down, and I could now better distinguish the different sounds. The voices of those that spoke were rough, and the words seemed to belong to a foreign language.

I sat near an hour on my stool, like a poor culprit who awaits his doom, but was determined

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to defend myself to the last drop of blood : I intended several times to rush into the room, and to force my escape through the company with cocked pistols, but something within my breast admonished me to stay where I was, and patiently to wait 'till they should think it proper to pay me a visit. *(To be continued.)* 339

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

SHOULD Hogarth, by eccentric fancy led,
Draw some fine race horse with a human head,
Or with a gaudy peacock's plumage dress'd,
Subjoin a dolphin's tail to Chloe's breast,
And various limbs of various beasts combine,
Who would not laugh at such a wild design ?

Believe me, now, just at this tablet, such
A monster is the man who talks too much ;
Who void alike of modesty and sense
Attacks one's ears with wild impertinence ;
Holds on his silly random-talk for ever,
Like a sick man, light-headed in a fever.

The bard and painter scorn alike all laws ;
This boldly writes, and that as boldly draws :
Then men of parts may sure be free like these,
To talk at all times, and say what they please.
Granted—But let us have no glaring lies,
No monstrous tales, and gross absurdities.

Some one, perhaps is deem'd in company
A man of wit, and keen at repartee ;
Whose tongue at first has something great profess'd,
And shew'd him more facetious than the rest :
Who long has talk'd of Court intrigues and Kings,
Love, honour, horses, duels, and such things :

What to the purpose this, I ask you ? Well—
On some trite theme I grant you may excel—
But farther still ; suppose another starts
Trade, commerce, politics, or lib'ral arts—
Now all your wonted powers of rhet'ric fail,
And on your lips deep silence sets her seal :
When you begin with so much pomp and shew,
Why do you sink so miserably low ?

Why lard your dying speech with modern oaths,
 And pass long praises on your neighbours' cloaths?
 Observe the weather's bad, or fine the day,
 For want of something sensible to say?
 Indeed, good Sir, the greatest part o'th' nation
 Mistake mere words and prate, for conversation,
 As fools think idleness a recreation.

The politician throws out hints so shrewd—
 He understands—but ne'er is understood:
 The beau, affecting to be thought polite,
 Too often gets the name of coxcomb by't:
 The boasting soldier still unceasing rattles
 On armies, marches, sieges, camps, and battles.
 Too fearful some of being said to prate,
 Or else more fearful of a warm debate,
 Reserv'd and cautious, modest, grave and shy,
 Look on the ground, and seldom meet your eye.

The traveller, as void of wit as fear,
 To gain the close attention of your ear,
 Describes strange countries where he ne'er has been,
 Or stranger wonders which were never seen:
 Thus some, to shun the folly of a brother,
 For want of prudence, fall into another.

A man there was not far from Grosvenor-square,
 That well could grave the fingers, nails, and hair;
 But never fully execute his plan,
 And give a finish'd figure of a man.
 Ye, whom kind nature forms with fluent tongue,
 To join the social and conversive throng,
 Weigh well your talents; be distinct and clear,
 In what you urge, and keep within your sphere:
 All masters of their subjects talk with ease,
 Convince with reason, and by language please.

Here all the art of conversation lies,
 If I am right—A man, well bred and wise,
 Addresses all with a becoming grace;
 Speaks what is proper in its proper place;
 In ev'ry topic he shall introduce,
 Of sprightlier turn, or of more general use,
 Smart, not severe; tho' learn'd, not vain or rude;
 Free without pertness, and politely shrewd.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 48.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY JULY 29, 1795.

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time the seven wise men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals, like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon, and stay there three days, in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see. They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a place there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon, and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the windows that delightful spot, adorn-

ed with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds, till evening came on. The next day they rose very early, in order to begin their observations, but some very beautiful young ladies of that country, coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of these damsels, prevailed over the resolution of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; so that the whole day was spent in gallantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard, and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described, but all they could tell was—they knew no more than—that the ground was covered with green, intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung among the branches of the trees; but what kinds of flowers they saw, or what kinds of birds they heard, they could not relate. Upon this they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to the men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, youth : in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator : all that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, manhood : in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, old age : in which, after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-suits, and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 335.)

MY situation was exceeding painful, and at the least noise which seemed to approach my chamber I started up, putting myself in a posture of defence. My fears not having been realized as yet, my apprehensions began to vanish a little, and I thought Mr. Max might be an honest man, and his company, the sportsmen he had been speaking of, although their language seemed to contradict that opinion : Hope soothed my terrors for some time, 'till at length I recollected the traces of blood I had seen on the pillow, which recalled all my apprehensions with redoubled anxiety.

Sleep, which 'till now I had carefully kept at a distance, began, by degrees, to steal upon me,

and shut at last my heavy eyes: But I was scarce fallen asleep, when one of my pistols dropped on the floor, and went off. I started up, seized by the chilly fangs of terror, and in the same moment the other pistol slipped out of my hand. I had scarcely picked it up when the door suddenly flew open, and three fellows of a gigantic size entered my room with naked swords. Sleep, the report of my pistol, and the sudden appearance of those terrible men, had stunned me so much, that I, without knowing what I was doing, discharged my pistol, at which one of the villains fell on the floor with a roaring yelp. A numerous crew, armed with guns, cutlasses, and daggers, rushed like lightning into my chamber, and, before I could unsheath my sword, I felt myself in their clutches, bereft of all power of self defence.

A tremendous voice roared like thunder from the adjoining room, "Hither with the rascal."

Before I recovered my recollection I felt myself dragged out of my chamber, and beheld in an instant a man of the most terrible forbidding aspect, who, with a rough thundering voice, menacing looks, and sparkling eyes, asked me if I could not have patiently waited my doom.

"Tie the wretch," added he in a rage, "and throw him into the cellar, until sentence shall be pronounced against him." His commands were obeyed, and Mr. Max himself assisted: I was seized with a despairing furor, and uttered not a word; I was shut up in a damp cellar; how long I remained in my dungeon I cannot tell, having been in a situation which suspended all my powers of reflection.

After a long interval of the most desponding agony, I was at length dragged forth and brought before the tribunal of that terrible looking man. The villain whom I had wounded was stretched on the bed, his head tied up, and his associates standing around him, bemoaning his hapless fate, and amongst them a venerable old man, whom I at first had not observed.

Now the grim judge began to speak, and the whole assembly to dart furious and blood thirsty looks at me; The old man likewise turned his face towards me, and it cannot be expressed by words what my sensations were when I discerned the features of Volkert. I did not know whether he could save me or not; I had saved him once from ignominy, and perhaps from death itself, he had promised to prove his gratitude, how could I therefore doubt that he would save me from destruction. "Volkert! exclaimed I, in a supplicating accent, Volkert!" The terrible man staggered back, staring by turns at him and me.

"Volkert!" exclaimed I again, lifting up my fettered hands; he knew me, and without the least delay took a knife out of his pocket, and cut asunder the cords my hands had been tied with. "Thou hast saved me, said he; thou hast given me liberty; take back thy gift, and life into the bargain."

"Friends," continued he, addressing the astonished crew, "Friends, he is the preserver of my honor and my liberty, what may he expect?"

"Pardon, pardon," was the unanimous cry, "pardon, pardon, he shall live."

"Bravo, my boys," said now their formidable

captain, who was sitting in judgment upon me, "bravo, my honest lads, you are noble fellows: Farewel, Andrew," addressing his dying companion, "Farewel Andrew, thou art avenged, art doubly avenged by the generosity of thy companions."

At the same instant the whole crew hurried out of the room, leaving me alone with Volkert. "Farewel, Lieutenant," said he, shaking me by the hand, "you have wisely acted in leaving F, like the Austrian, I shall never return to that town: If any similar accident should happen to you, only pronounce my name and you will be safe."

I was going to embrace, and to assure him of my warmest gratitude, but he tore himself from my arms, and hastened to join his associates. Soon after I heard a confused noise before the door of the cottage, and, ere long the whole band rode away in full speed.

I was no longer able to remain in the house; the roaring of the tempest was hushed in silence, and the dawn of morn peeping through the windows. I found my horse sleeping in a corner behind the cottage, got on his back, and rode away in a slow pace.

Coming to a village about three miles distant from N—, a great noise struck my ears, proceeding, as I soon could distinguish, from a great number of recruits, carousing and singing at the inn. I alighted and entered the residence of merriment and intoxication, in order to inform myself who the commanding officer was, in hopes to meet with an old acquaintance, but I was disappointed. Two serjeants, entirely unknown to

me, conducted the transports, and, inquiring after their officer's name, I found that he was an utter stranger to me.

Having surveyed the recruits, I was going to leave the room, when my eyes, by accident, fell on a man, standing in a musing attitude by the fire-side, his looks fixed on the floor. Thinking to recollect his features I advanced nearer to him, he started up from his reverie, and, seeing me standing before him, staggered back with evident marks of astonishment; however, his terror soon gave way to rapturous joy; he ran towards me, caught me by the hand, and exclaimed, flushed with pleasure,

“ Dear, dear Lieutenant, is it you? God be praised that you are still alive! God be praised that I have once more the happiness of seeing my kind old master!”

His voice, his accent, and his transport, gave me no room to doubt that he was my late servant, whom I had lost in the Castle.

The honest fellow could find no words to express his joy, at my not having been furnished with my companions in the cellar as it had been the intention of the robbers. I begged the serjeants to indulge me with a private conversation with my honest servant, which they granted me with great politeness: I called for the host, requesting him to let us have a room to ourselves, that we might converse without being interrupted by the curiosity of his noisy guests.

As soon as we were in private, John gave me a brief account of what had happened to him after we had left him snoring in the great hall of

the Castle. I gave him a handsome sum of money as a token of my gratitude for his faithful services, and bade him an affectionate farewell. He thanked me with weeping eyes and left the room. When he was gone I mounted my horse, and arrived after a few hours at N—.

Now I come to the last and most important incident I ever met with during the whole time of my recruiting business, which will clear up all the above related events, and dispel the clouds which are hanging over my wonderful tale.

My long overclouded serenity had resumed its wonted brightness, and the remembrance of my ever regretted friend was no longer accompanied by gloominess and melancholy sensations; I could again partake of the pleasures which smile at us wherever we are, and could relish again the innocent sports of merriment.

In that state of mind I arrived towards the end of summer at A—, when the expectation of every inhabitant was engaged by the approaching scene of a bloody execution, which was to take place within a few days.

A church having been robbed about six months ago, several suspected persons had been imprisoned and put to the rack, but could not be brought to confession, upon which the magistrates had been obliged to set them at liberty for want of such witnesses as the law requires, and to give up the inquisition until further proofs should be found. Many months elapsed before the enraged priests, aided by the eagle-eyed assistance of the magistrates, could trace out the sacrilegious robbers of their hallowed treasures, and feast their

ruthless vengeance on the throes of the victims of their foaming ire, expiring on the flaming pile, till at length an accident delivered into their holy fangs the perpetrators of that daring deed, whom they in vain had endeavoured to discover by advertisements, torture of the rack, and the promise of reward.

There lived in a suburb of A—, an old unsuspected man, named Peter, loved by the children of the place, whom he oftentimes amused with little tales, and bribed with sweetmeats, but dreaded by the aged, who firmly believed him to be on an intimate footing with his satanic majesty, because he now and then displayed, when in good humour, proofs of his juggling skill, which they beheld with gaping terror. This hoary man, who lived in a mean cottage, in apparent indigence, and could not be suspected of possessing ill-gotten goods, went oftentimes abroad, but whither he journied, or what called him so frequently from his abode, nobody could tell with certainty; some said he went a begging, others, more superstitious, pretended to have seen him, through the chinks of the half decayed window shutters, stretched lifeless on the floor; and some insisted upon having seen him riding through the air on a broom stick, to pay, as it was supposed, his court to his infernal master, to whom his soul and body was said to be mortgaged.

(To be continued.) 358

CARANTANI *and his* TWO DAUGHTERS.

(Concluded from page 325.)

AS the time appointed for Olympia to take the veil was now near, Sig. Carantani made all the usual preparations ; and, as if he thought the unhappy victim knew not to whom she was to be sacrificed, he took measures for solemnizing the marriage of his eldest daughter at the same time.

On the day preceeding that which was fixed for this double ceremony, Olympia thought it her duty to make a last effort to soften her father, and, if possible, divert him from so barbarous a sacrifice. For this purpose she again reasoned, she expostulated, she entreated : but Carantani was equally deaf to the voice of reason, nature, and religion ; he continued inflexible in his purpose, and confirmed his threatenings by the most horrible oaths. Ah ! my dear father, said the amiable Olympia, with a look of unutterable tenderness and grief, consider well what you are about ; consider that to me your answer is either life or death ; and be assured, that if you sacrifice me to my sister's fortune, you will repent when it is too late ; the phantoms that now mislead you will vanish at once ; you will perceive with horror the effects of your delusion, and feel the pangs of remorse when they are aggravated by despair. But further conversation will only ratify my destruction, by increasing your resentment ; permit me therefore to withdraw, and do not give your final answer till to-morrow. But remember, that if I perish you will be wretched ; and that in refusing mercy to your daughter, you

give sentence against yourself.—With these words she left the parlour.

Carantani, whose eyes the last sentence might have opened, disregarded it as one of those wild menaces which are usually the last resource of a passion increased by opposition, and exasperated by despair. The preparations for Victoria's marriage ingrossed his attention, and he thought of nothing but how to render it splendid and magnificent. The relations who were invited to witness this double ceremony, were already assembled in the church of the convent; and Olympia was dressed in her richest apparel and most splendid ornaments, which at these times are put on only to be renounced for ever with the greater solemnity. The dreadful moment arrived in which this blooming victim was to be conducted to the altar. Then knowing that she had nothing further to hope, yet concealing her despair, she asked leave of the nuns who were about her, to go into her cell, under pretence of recollecting herself for a few minutes, and meditating in private upon the important affair which she was about to transact. This was readily granted; and Olympia went up, not into her cell, but into a garret which was over it; and, after having deplored her misfortunes, and prayed to God for pardon, she fastened to one of the beams a cord, which she had taken from one of the nuns who used it for a girdle, put it about her neck, threw herself from a little bench on which she stood, and in a few minutes expired.

In the mean time the company, who had been almost an hour assembled in the church, waited

with impatience for the beginning of the ceremony. The abbess was acquainted with it, who was equally surprised at the delay; and asking the nuns the reason of it, was informed of Olympia's request. They waited almost an hour longer, but still Olympia did not appear. They then went to seek her in her cell, but there she was not to be found; other parts of the convent were searched, but without success. At length, after much time spent in a fruitless inquiry, one of the nuns thought of going up into the garret. What a mournful! what a horrid spectacle was there!—the unfortunate Olympia hanging in the fatal cord with which she had put an end to her life.

Seized with horror at the ghastly sight, she ran precipitately down stairs, and rushed into the choir where the nuns were assembled, she filled them with terror and astonishment, by her outcries and lamentations. The alarm soon spread itself from the choir to the church; where all the relations with the utmost consternation received the news of the sudden death of the unhappy Olympia; the most shocking circumstances of which the abbess prudently concealed. At first they would not believe it; they demanded a sight of her; and going out of the church in a body, the ladies and Carantani himself (this privilege being granted to fathers) entered the convent, notwithstanding the resistance of the abbess and nuns. What a spectacle was this for a father, for a sister, for a whole family! One of the most amiable young women, the victim of a violent despair; all the horror of which was yet visible in her countenance!

Great as Carantani's obduracy had hitherto been, he now burst into tears, and became frantic with despair. He accused himself too late as the murderer of his daughter ; and, stung with this tormenting thought, which was but too much the suggestion of truth, he fled from the convent, and even from the city, with the greatest precipitation. He mounted his horse with a design to conceal his shame, his grief, and his remorse, in the obscurity of a country-seat. But Heaven designed him for a public example. He had scarce rode six miles, when his horse taking fright threw him, and his foot hanging in the stirrup, he suffered a death yet more dreadful than that of his unhappy daughter : dragged by his horse, which ran full speed, every limb was broken, and his body covered with wounds and bruises. But divine justice seemed to extend itself even to his carcass after he was dead, the head and arms of which were at length entirely torn off : nor did the horse stop till he got home. Who can conceive the horror and consternation of his family, when they saw the horse furiously galloping, and dragging after him the torn and bloody trunk ! Victoria, who was an eye-witness of this dreadful event, could not sustain the complicated calamity, which was thus heaped upon her, on the very day in which she expected to be compleatly happy. The death of her sister, and of her father, attended with uncommon circumstances of horror, and the loss of her lover, who refused to enter into an alliance with a family which suicide had dishonoured, made so deep an impression upon her mind, that she died two days after, and clos-

ed that series of disastrous events, which afford an ever-memorable instruction to parents with respect to their conduct towards their children.

BLACK ASSIZE AT OXFORD.

THIS Black Assize at Oxford, held in the castle there, in the year 1577, will never be forgot; in which the judges, gentry, and almost all that were present, to the number of 300, were killed by a poisonous steam, thought by some to have broken forth from the earth; but by a noble and great philosopher, lord Bacon, more justly supposed to have been brought by the prisoners out of jail into the court, it being observed that they alone were not injured by it.

This Black Assize Baker's Chronicle, p. 353, mentions thus: "The court were surpris'd with a pestilent savour; whether rising from the noisome smell of the prisoners, or from the damp of the ground, is uncertain: but all that were present, within forty hours died, except women and children; and the contagion went no farther. There died Robert Bell, Lord Chief Baron, Robert D'oylie, Sir William Babington, — Doyle, Sheriff of Oxfordshire, Harcourt, Weyman, and Fettiplace, the most of them men in this tract; Barham the famous lawyer, almost all the jurors, and 300 others, more or less."

MIRA, who died in Child-bed, to CHARUS.

An Epistle from the Dead to the Living.

CHARUS, my late belov'd and honour'd spouse,
The first, the only lord of all my vows;
Oh be not deaf while injur'd I complain,
Nor let your Mira call from hence in vain.

To that dear child for whom your Mira dy'd,
 Your Mira's soul is now the faithful guide;
 From death, which long your pious fondness fear'd,
 I pray'd to save her, and *my* pray'rs were heard;
 My hand unseen the balm celestial pour'd,
 Which has to health, and you, our child restor'd;
 And from *my* watchful love does Charus find
 Such strength of virtue in so young a mind:
 All ('tis enough) that heaven permits *I* do;
 The rest, a sacred charge! remains with you.
 And can my Charus think, and think it just
 His harlot should receive the pious trust?
 Should Mira's dying pledge be thus resign'd?
 Alas! to Mira's ashes how unkind!

Say, for what virtue is this creature fam'd,
 This harlot's front that cannot be asham'd,
 By nature rude, and uninform'd by art,
 Gross in her manners, guileful in her heart?
 And yet this wretch, and Mira's last remains,
 One roof! one bed! one guilty bed contains.

Can honour then by prostitutes be taught?
 The chaste behaviour, or the chaster thought?
 Can vice to cherish virtue be inclin'd?
 Alas! to Mira's ashes how unkind!

Grant me this boon—it should not be deny'd,
 Let but the harlot and the child divide;
 Around you various skilful hands invite,
 To form her manners and her soul aright;
 Our sister friends—Oh fix your offspring there,
 Worthy at once, and wishful of the care.

But think not, Charus, Mira now complains,
 Her chaste remembrance that your servant stains;
 Nor jealous sees her to that bosom prest,
 Where once your Mira dwelt—a worthier guest.
 Not for myself, all intellect! I write,
 To sense superior, and to low delight;
 The pure affections of the soul remain,
 And these, these only, prompt the friendly strain.
 For thee, whose reason sinks by lust depress'd,
 For that dear infant whom in death I bless'd,
 My zeal still burns, tho' plac'd beyond the grave,
 And pants the guilty and the weak to save.

Would heav'n!—but heav'n permits us not to meet,
 Or soon should Charus see me at his feet;
 Less smooth the brow than Mira us'd to wear,
 Corroding grief would fix some furrows there;
 Languid and lifeless would my eyes appear,
 Sunk, half extinguish'd, by the frequent tear;
 With livid lips forbidding the embrace,
 And all my soul's distresses in my face;
 What could I say?—all utt'rance would be spoil'd,
 All lost in woe, except—Save!—save my child!
 Thus Mira sues—and must she be deny'd?
 No—let the harlot and the child divide.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
 String after string is sever'd from the heart;
 Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.
 Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
 Whose eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low;
 Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
 Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

EPIGRAM. ON CHANCE.

“GOOD God!” cries Madam with a frown,
 “What havoc since I've been from town!
 “Two saucers broke, and three best glasses;
 “(O what a set of careless asses!)
 “That trinket, too, quite new from France.”
 Lord! Madam, they were broke by *Chance*.
 “What! *Chance* again, she's always here,
 “(The very name I cannot bear!)
 “So often doth that Jade offend,
 “I with she'd now begin to—*mend*.”

ANECDOTE.

IT is said of Francis the First of France, that being told the people made free with his character in their songs, he answered, “It would be very hard if they were not allowed to sing for their money.”

THE ASYLUM.

No. 49.] (Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY AUG. 5, 1795.

STRICTURES ON PROSTITUTION.

A Fragment.

*** **L**ONG had the sickness of Zanthus Sidrue! baffled all the skill of the Æsculapian tribe, and bore every fatal symptom. But fortune had not yet sufficiently abused him. He was reserved to more and greater disasters, for his youth and natural strength of constitution, after a long struggle, effected a recovery. But sickness had not extinguished the flame of love. It broke out with redoubled ardour; and had nearly caused a relapse, when D——n, an officer of the same regiment, entered his apartment, and found him overwhelmed with melancholy. “Zanthus, said he, what a change, you are become a dull, whining, moping, melancholy fool! —Do not think that love can be a sufficient excuse for this alteration. If your finances will not permit you to offer honourable terms, proceed to storm. None of your reflections! begin the attack immediately, and carry it on furiously. She will soon surrender:—Sidrue! was going to reply, but D——, with *the loud laugh of a vacant mind*, left him to his reflexions. However, he soliloquized. “To be esteemed by the vicious, it is necessary to be like them—but this is to become objects of the pity of the good; and to lose our own peace of mind for the approbation of fools. —How great the loss! the gain how small!—My heart startles at his advice—for it terminates in

horrors, undescribable horrors !—Rather than be guilty of such a crime, let me be blotted from the earth with shame and infamy before half my days be numbered.—Fortune smiled not on her birth, and the effects of such a procedure would be an untimely and unlamented death—or, what is far worse, her life may perhaps be shameless prostitution, and her end despair.—And shall I thus involve in temporal, eternal ruin her whom my soul adores ?—no—never—rather may I suffer every evil which can befall me here—may I rather suffer every dreadful torment—and when I pray let my prayers be sin.”

He was silent, and began to resolve in his mind the miseries of prostitution.—He was going to figure to himself the miseries of all who had been betrayed from the ways of innocence, from the paths of peace ; but the portrait was too general, his imagination could not support it. He therefore took one, and having placed her in a brothel, looked through the miserable window devoid of glass. He beheld her clad in a gorgeous apparel. He heard the flashes of joy and merriment, which, in despite of nature, she assumed, but they could not blunt the stings of pain, of guilt, of remorse, the effects of which were visible in her countenance. The dread of diseases, such as nature starts at, though existing only in the imagination, cast a pallid hue upon her cheek. She would have fled from the paths of vice, but knew not whither to conduct herself. Consciousness of inferiority and shame would not suffer her to appear among the votaries of virtue, who, she but too justly thought, would treat her with scorn,

with contempt. A tear dropped from her eyes, and drowned the fatal beauties which had tempted the base betrayer of virgin innocence, the libertine, who effectually sought her ruin. Starts of guilt shook her whole frame; and in an agony of ineffable despair, she bent her eyes upon the ground—She even lamented her having so fair a form, without virtue and resolution enough to persevere in the paths of peace. But it was past. No form of prayer could restore her lost innocence. She then threw herself on a wretched figure of a bed—awful silence reigned for some time, but interrupted at unequal periods with heart-breaking groans.—“How happy (said she) might I have been with no other friend, with no other protection than innocence and heaven, but”—Grief, anguish stopped her utterance—she could say no more.

As he obstructed the light which entered thro’ the lattice into her miserable apartment, she lifted up an eye, which, though bathed in tears, darted fire enough to kindle even an hermit’s age-frozen breast to desire.

He could not refuse a tear to the miseries which imagination had painted, for he saw that no mortal can bear the whips and stings of a guilty conscience; that the flowery paths of vice, though, at a distance, they seem beset with every thing that can render life agreeable and delightful, are surrounded with misery greater than can be experienced on this side of hell, whither they ultimately tend; and that to be good is to be happy, more forcibly illustrated and proved than is in the power of words or arguments. Then,

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in fancy's fruitful field another scene arose, more distressful than the former. He beheld her old, scorned, despised, abandoned by all, no traces of beauty remaining, her body emaciated, eaten up with disease, wandering about unpitied, unnoticed. He saw her dying upon a dunghill, carried to a miserable hole, and, without a tear of affection or a heart felt sigh, committed to the dust. Not even the libertine, though once the transient partner of her heart, nor an abandoned prostitute like herself, exclaimed in sorrowful accents—art thou gone! for ever gone! on the contrary, some, whom her blandishments have seduced from virtue, curse and bitterly execrate her parting soul. Another tear escaped his eyes, and hasted to the earth. The vision disappeared.

* * * * *

ADVENTURE AT VAUXHALL.

JUST as our party sat down to some ham, chickens, cheese-cakes, and a bottle of Madeira, two young fellows, in flesh-coloured fly-frocks, light-blue capes, and Barre breeches, posted themselves at the end of our table, as if they were determined to stare our females out of countenance. This proceeding of theirs gave still greater offence to the father of the groupe, than it did to *them*; he did not at all like to see his daughters treated like women of the town, and therefore asked the bucks, in a serious tone, “what they wanted? One of them immediately replied, “It may not be altogether so proper to tell you, old dad; but we will soon shew you what we would be at”—taking hold of the arm

of the young lady nearest to him, who, with no less personal strength than presence of mind, instantly disengaged herself; while her father told him, with stern looks and in a loud key, "That if he did not leave them *that moment*, he would give him a very necessary correction with his cane." Upon this the coxcomb replied, "That a cane was a weapon he had not been used to, as it was infinitely beneath the notice of a *gentleman*; but that, with a sword, he was his man." "You wear a sword!" answered my old man, fixing his eyes on a cut-steel *bilt*, which dangled by the side of his swaggering adversary. "Yes, Sir, (replied the young fellow), to intimidate such old rascals as you, who pretend to keep fine girls to themselves." Here my *Pater-familias* being completely provoked, could refrain from blows no longer; but laid his stick so very smartly over the shoulders of the *terrific gentleman*, that he roared out *murder!* while his companion ran away. Between every stroke his *corrector* said sneeringly to him, *You wear a sword, do you?*" When he had sufficiently thrashed his *courageous* antagonist, he made a *lounge* at the brilliant weapon by his side; but—tell it not at the *tilt-yard!*—he found it was a deception—all *handle*, no *blade*. The shouts of laughter which this discovery produced from my country ladies, made the whole place resound, and brought every creature in the gardens to enquire into the cause of such *obstreperous merriment*. The old castigator very readily gave the inquisitive crew the information they desired; adding, with a dry archness peculiar to himself, "This *gentleman* tells me he wears a

sword; but I have been able only to get a fight of the *bilt*." This was enough; the whole company were *convulsed* with mirth; the coxcomb sneaked away; and our party thought it time to return home, not chusing to run the risque of any more adventures.

THE CONJURER.

Continued from page 345.

VERY fortunately Peter was not at A—— when the church-robbery was committed, to the great satisfaction of some who thought him to be an harmless man, and to the greater mortification of others, who pretended to have suffered many a malicious trick by his sorcery; for if he had not been absent at that time, his ill wishers would certainly have forged a pretext to deliver him up to the civil power, as a suspicious person, because he never went to church, although he was supposed to be a Roman catholic.

Some days after the above mentioned prisoners had been set at liberty, he returned to A—, on a holyday after sun set, The children playing on the streets no sooner espied him, than they ran towards him, hailing their hoary benefactor with loud shouts, searching his pockets for sweetmeats, and teasing the poor old man so unmercifully, that he at last grew angry, and threatened to chastise the troublesome crowd with his staff; however, their demands grew still more clamorous, and some of them began to prick him with pins, which at length obliged him to put his threats in execution.

When the mothers of those ill-mannered boys

saw the old man plying the backs of their darlings with his staff, they attacked him like furies, to revenge their childrens' wrongs and the profanation of the holyday, and by their vociferations alarmed the whole neighbourhood : The husbands of the enraged dames came soon to their assistance ; the children began terribly to roar when they saw their old friend in danger of being torn to pieces by their parents, and poor Peter was glad when he got out of the clutches of the merciless multitude, after having sustained many a hard blow, and hastened with all possible speed to shelter himself from farther insult in his humble cottage.

But who can describe the terror he was seized with, when he perceived that he had lost his wallet in the scuffle ! Raving like a madman did he rush out of his hut, to recover his property, which had been taken away in triumph by the victorious party : He exhausted all the rhetoric he was master of, entreated them, whined, and swore, but alas ! his adversaries had hearts of flint, and stoutly refused to give up their booty, and when he had at last, half frantic with despair, endeavoured to regain it by force, a violent shower of stones drove him back to his humble abode, leaving his dear wallet in the ruthless hands of the furious and inexorable mob.

The principal motive that had induced the assailants to retain the wallet, was an impulse of curiosity, to see what the old forcerer, so they called him, had got by his journey ; and the attack of the children was, very likely, a preconcerted matter, in order to provoke his anger, and

to give them an opportunity of satisfying their curiosity.

The wallet having been opened, the first object meeting their prying looks, was an old pair of breeches, a tattered shirt, and some pairs of stockings, then followed a large book and some unknown instruments, and at last they found at the bottom a heavy leathern bag, the knot by which it was fastened, baffling all their endeavours to untie it, was at length cut asunder, and the amazement of the gaping multitude rose to the highest pitch, when their eyes beheld a great number of gold pieces.

At first the whole crew was dumb with astonishment, but their silence was soon interrupted by a voice, exclaiming, "we have entrapped the sacrilegious robber of our church!" which was the signal for the enraged multitude to break out in curses and terrible execrations against the old man; the air resounded with the universal cry, "church robber! church robber!" and some of them, hastening to the justice of peace, roared with a bellowing voice, "we have found him out! we have found him out! we have detected the sacrilegious robber of our church!"

The justice was astonished at the unexpected tidings, but his amazement increased still more, when he saw the large heaps of gold coin, which had been found in the wallet of the old beggar, and instantly sent the beadle to seize poor Peter; mean while the rest of the furious mob had stormed the defenceless hut of the old man, dragged him forth, and conducted him towards the judge's house amid numberless blows and curses. He was

now delivered up to the grim catchpole, who instantly carried him to the town prison.

His trial began the following day, and he was ordered to give an account of himself, and how he had got such a large sum of money. Refusing to answer that question, and pretending to have earned the money by honest means, he was put to the rack; yet he stoutly maintained his first declaration, and the justice, being unable to convict him of the charge he stood accused of, was obliged to set him at liberty, retaining, however, his money, until he should have proved that he had got it by lawful means.

Peter promised to prove his deposition within a short time, and returned to his hut, which, during his confinement, had been closely searched by his busy neighbours, who, however, had found nothing in it but some tattered coats, and broken pieces of furniture.

The justice, being a prudent man, dissembled to have dropped all farther enquiry, but secretly appointed some trusty people to watch all his motions. Their vigilance was fruitless a great while, until at length one of Peter's neighbours observed him, one morning, leaving his house with a wallet on his back, and a staff in his hand, setting off in full speed.

The people of the justice, whom he informed of what he had seen, followed Father Peter in different directions, in disguise, and saw him at noon-tide enter a lonely public-house: Having waited in vain for his re-appearance, they began to have suspicion, and concealed themselves be-

hind some bushes within a small distance from the house, until it grew dark.

As soon as night had spread her dun mantle over the face of the earth, they heard a distant trampling of horses, bending their course towards the spot where they were hidden, and, ere long, a numerous troop of horsemen alighted at the public house and entered it, upon which the spies crept forth from their lurking place, and stole softly to the windows of the house; there they had not listened long, when they heard a jingling of money; and, peeping through the chinks of one of the shutters, beheld a table covered with dollars, and surrounded by a number of armed men, among whom father Peter was, feasting his eyes on the money which was spread before him.

Having now got every information necessary, they mounted each of them one of the horses which the robbers had fastened to some trees, and hurried back to the town with all possible expedition; and having informed the justice of every thing they had heard and seen, were instantly sent back with a great part of the town guard, well armed, and mounted on the fleetest horses that could be got.

The whole troop arrived a little before midnight at the public house, where the robbers were seated round a table eating and drinking in the greatest security. They all started up as if roused by a sudden clap of thunder, when the guard rushed into the room, seizing their arms, and threatening to blow their brains out if they attempted the least resistance.

Their hands having been tied, father Peter, the landlord, and all his servants were seized, and carried off in triumph. The robbers, amounting to ten, were clad in hunting coats, and their purses well stored with gold and silver coin; the whole train, marching slowly on, with lighted torches, arrived at A— before it was light, and the prisoners were safely lodged in prison.

Their trial commenced early in the morning, and the youngest of the robbers, who was questioned first, refusing to confess, was put to the rack; his stubbornness being soon subdued by the torments of the torture, he made evidence, that their gang was very numerous, and scattered all over the country, where they had a great many hiding places under ground; their chief residence, he said, was the old Castle, on the skirt of the Black Forest, where a great part of their spoils was concealed: He farther confessed, that father Peter was in close connexion with all the different gangs; that he had no fixed abode, but resided sometimes in this, and at other times in that town, and enjoyed the burghership in several cities, where he possessed houses and estates. He firmly denied to have had any share in the church robbery, but pointed out three of his fellow prisoners who had been concerned in it; whether Peter had been accessory in it or not he could not tell.

The day following the three robbers charged with the sacrilege were brought to the bar, but none of them would plead guilty. Being put to the rack, the first of them, an aged man, bore the three degrees without uttering a word, and

died a few hours after he had been re-conducted to prison. The second confessed at the third degree, that he had been accessory in the church robbery; but declared that the third was innocent, and that he himself had been persuaded by father Peter to commit the sacrilege.

(To be continued.) 377

Account of Don BALTHASAR OROBIO, a celebrated JEW of Spain.

DON Balthasar Orobio was born at Seville, in Spain, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was carefully educated in Judaism by his parents, who were Jews, though they outwardly professed themselves Roman catholics; abstaining from the practice of their religion in every thing, except only the observation of the fast of the expiation, in the month Tifis or September. Orobio studied the scholastic philosophy usual in Spain, and became so skilful in it, that he was made professor of metaphysics in the university of Salamanca. Afterward, however, applying himself to the study of physic, he practised that art at Seville with success, till, accused of Judaism, he was thrown into the inquisition, and suffered the most dreadful cruelties, in order to force a confession. He himself tells us, that he was put into a dark dungeon, so strait that he could scarce turn himself in it; and suffered so many hardships, that his brain began to be disturbed. He talked to himself often in this way: "Am I indeed that don Balthasar Orobio who walked freely about in Seville, who was entirely at ease, and had the blessings of a wife and

children?" Sometimes, supposing that his past life was but a dream, and that the dungeon where he then lay was his true birth-place, and which to all appearance would also prove the place of his death. At other times, as he had a very metaphysical head, he first formed arguments of that kind, and then resolved them; performing thus the three different parts of opponent, respondent, and operator, at the same time. In this whimsical way he amused himself from time to time, and constantly denied that he was a Jew. After having appeared twice or thrice before the inquisitors, he was used as follows: at the bottom of a subterraneous vault, lighted by two or three small torches, he appeared before two persons, one of whom was judge of the inquisition, the other secretary; who, asking him whether he would confess the truth? protested, that in case of a criminal's denial, the holy office would not be deemed the cause of his death if he should expire under the torments, but that it must be imputed entirely to his own obstinacy. Then the executioner stript off his clothes, tied his feet and hands with a strong cord, and set him upon a little stool, while he passed the cord through some iron buckles which were fixed in the wall; then drawing away the stool, he remained hanging by the cord, which the executioner still drew harder and harder, to make him confess, till a surgeon assured the court of examiners, that he could not possibly bear more without expiring. These cords put him to the most exquisite tortures, by cutting into the flesh, and making the blood burst from under his nails. As there was

certainly danger that the cords would tear off his flesh, to prevent the worst, care was taken to gird him with some bands about the breast, which however were drawn so very tight, that he would have run the risk of not being able to breathe, if he had not held his breath in while the executioner put the bands round him, by which device his lungs had room enough to perform their functions. In the severest extremity of his sufferings, he was told that this was but the beginning of his torments, and that he had better confess before they proceeded to extremities. Orobio added further, that the executioner, being on a small ladder, in order to frighten him, frequently let it fall against the shin-bones of his legs; so that the staves being sharp, created exquisite pain. At last, after three years confinement, finding themselves baffled by his perseverance in denying his religion, they ordered his wounds to be cured, and discharged him. As soon as he had got liberty, he resolved to quit the Spanish dominions; and, going to France, was made professor of physic at Thoulouse. The theses which he made as candidate for this place were upon putrefaction; and he maintained them with so much metaphysical subtlety, as embarrassed all his competitors. He continued in this city for some time, still outwardly professing popery; but at last, weary of dissembling, he repaired to Amsterdam, where he was circumcised, took the name of Isaac, and professed Judaism; still continuing, however, to practise physic, in which he was much esteemed. Upon the publication of Spinoza's book, he despised a system, the falseness of

which he quickly discovered ; and when Bredembourg's answer came to his hands, Orobio, being persuaded that the writer, in refuting Spinoza, had also admitted some principles which tended to atheism, took up his pen against them both, and published a piece to that purpose, intitled, *Certamen Philosophicum adversus J. B. Principia*. But the dispute which he held with the celebrated Philip Limborch, against the Christian religion, made the greatest noise. Here he exerted the utmost force of his metaphysical genius, and carried himself with great temper. This extraordinary man, who suffered so much under the horrid cruelties of the inquisition, at last ended his days, in the year 1687.

THE DUELLISTS. A FABLE.

'T WAS on a time, the Lord knows when,
In Ely, or in Lincoln fen,
A frog and mouse had strong disputes,
Held in the language of the brutes,
Who of a certain pool and pasture
Should be the sovereign and master.
Sir, says the frog, (and d—n'd his blood),
I hold that my pretension's good,
Nor can a *brute* of *reason* doubt it,
For all that you can squeak about it.

The mouse averse to be o'erpower'd,
Gave him the lye, and called him coward ;
Too hard for any frog's digestion !
To have his *Froghood* call'd in question !
A bargain instantly was made
No mouse of honour cou'd evade,
On the next morn, as soon as light,
With desp'rate bulrushes to fight.
The morning came—and, man to man,
The grand *monomachy* began.
Need I recount how each bravado
Shone in *montaire* and *passado* ;

To what a height their ire they carry'd,
 How oft they thrust'd and they parry'd ?
 But as these champions kept dispensing
 Finesses in the art of fencing,
 A furious vulture took upon her,
 Quick to decide this point of honour ;
 And, lawyer-like, to make an end on't,
 Devour'd both plaintiff and defendant.

Thus often in our British nation,
 (I speak by way of application),
 A lye direct to some hot youth,
 The giving which, perhaps, was truth ;
 The treading on a scoundrel's toe,
 Or dealing impudence her blow ;
 Disputes in politics and law,
 About a feather and a straw ;
 A thousand trifles not worth naming,
 In whoring, jockeying, and gaming,
 Shall cause a challenge's inditing,
 And set two loggerheads a fighting.
 Meanwhile the father of despair,
 The Prince of vanity and air,
 His quarry, like an hawk, discovering,
 O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering,
 Secure to get in his tuition,
 These volunteers for black perdition.

From Philosophical Amusements on the Language
 of Beasts.

A Gentleman, on his journey thro' the south
 of France, observed a wolf wistfully watching a
 flock of sheep. He informed the shepherd of it,
 and desired him to set his dogs at him. The shep-
 herd refused, saying, The wolf you see is plant-
 ed there to attract my attention, while another,
 concealed on the opposite side, is waiting the op-
 portunity of my setting the dogs on this, to carry
 off a sheep. The gentleman, curious to ascertain
 the fact, engaged to make good the loss ; and the
 event happened as the shepherd had foretold.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 50.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY AUG. 12, 1795.

THE FLORENTINE MOTHER: A TALE.

THERESA Balducci, a lady of a noble Florentine family, had not been long a widow, before she beheld her two sons, the inheritors of an ample patrimony, independent of her. To a mother indued with every virtue, and awake to the nicest touches of maternal sensibility, the independence of her sons, exposed by their very opulence to all the varieties of temptation must have been extremely alarming, even if their dispositions had appeared, at their outset, to be the most happy and promising. But what must have been her anxiety, what her terrors, when all Florence soon distinguished them as foremost among the profligate and abandoned. In vain did she repeat the most earnest expostulations; in vain have recourse to entreaties, or give vent to her agony and tears. Her voice was no longer heard; nor did the affecting effusions of maternal grief make the slightest impression. Her eldest son continued at Florence, while the youngest left that city, in order to make the tour of Italy.

One evening, this disconsolate mother being alone, now lost in thought, and now weeping at the recollection of the licentiousness of her sons, she was surprised, on a sudden, with the appearance of a stranger, with a bloody sword in his hand, and paleness, distraction, and terror on his countenance. Terrified at this unexpected and frightful object, she endeavoured to retire. The

stranger hastily followed her, and threw himself at her feet: ' Ah!' said he, ' have pity on an unfortunate man. I am a Roman. I have been in this city two days, and having finished the business which brought me hither; I was going to my inn, in order to prepare for my departure, when a person, passing by me, kicked me with great brutality. On remonstrating with him against this incivility, he added insult to outrage. On resenting this treatment, he grew more abusive than before, and threatened me with such insolence that I could no longer contain myself. I drew my sword: he drew his, and in an instant fell, pierced by my first thrust. Heaven can witness my grief at this involuntary murder. Distracted, scarce sensible of what I did, not knowing whither to fly, I have ventured to seek an asylum in your house, the door of which I found luckily open. Oh! madam, pity an unhappy man. Permit me to take refuge here till the pursuit is over, and the darkness of the night may allow me to retire with safety.

At this recital, the good Theresa Balducci trembled with horror. An unaccountable presentiment filled her mind with a thousand cruel apprehensions. Nevertheless, attentive only to the suggestions of compassion and humanity, she conducted the stranger to a closet, in which she carefully concealed him.

The forebodings of this unfortunate mother were but too well-founded. In a little time she was again struck by a sudden bustle and noise. Pale and trembling, she hastened to the hall, and there beheld (what a sight for a mother!) her eldest son

brought before her, pierced by a deep wound in his breast, and weltering in his blood. She uttered a dreadful shriek. Her son, almost lifeless, perceiving himself just expiring, made a last effort, and turning to his mother, 'Alas !' said he, 'you behold in me an example of the just punishment of Heaven. I have deserved my fate. Let my death serve, at least, as a warning to my brother. If the person who killed me is apprehended, I entreat you to undertake his defence. O my mother, he is innocent: I alone am the aggressor.'

At these words he expired. The unhappy mother sunk senseless on the body. Her attendants, at last, forced her from the bloody corpse; uncertain, however, for a long time, whether she were yet living. It was with the greatest difficulty she was brought to herself. Her anguish must have been insupportable, but that it found vent, at last, in a flood of tears. She kept calling every moment for her son; she repeatedly insisted upon seeing him again; and it was not without violence that she was removed from the shocking sight.

What, in the mean time, must have been the grief and consternation of the young stranger who, from the place of his concealment, heard the whole tragical scene of which he had been the cause! In the distracting idea that he was the author of the calamity of this respectable mother, he regretted that he had not fallen under the sword of his adversary. On the other hand, the fear of being discovered, chilled his blood at the least motion, or at the slightest noise.

He remained in this perplexity till about midnight. All being quiet then, and the first emo-

tions of maternal grief having given place to reflection, Theresa went to the closet: she opened it: the young man prostrated himself at her feet: 'I call Heaven to witness,' said he, that I would give my blood'—'Rise,' said Theresa; "you have made me the most wretched of mothers; but I know your innocence. My son has charged me to protect you, and it is my duty to do it. A carriage will be here presently, and one of my servants shall conduct you to the frontiers. This purse will supply your wants. May Heaven grant you that peace of which you have deprived me.'

The young Roman, inexpressibly affected by this exalted instance of generosity, felt a deeper impression of grief: 'Alas,' said he, 'I can never forgive myself for having involved in misery such a mother, such an excellent woman.' He poured forth a thousand wishes for her welfare: He kissed again and again her beneficent hand: and he left her all in tears, resolved to seize every opportunity which fortune might offer to prove his regret and gratitude.

Nor did he long wait for this opportunity. When he had passed Viterbo, he beheld a young man attacked by two robbers, against whom he defended himself with difficulty. He leaped from the carriage, and flew to his assistance. The robbers fled; but the young man was wounded. He took him into his carriage, and returned with him to Viterbo. Fortunately, the wound was not dangerous; it was soon healed; and a thousand times he thanked his deliverer. But who can describe the consolation and joy which the young Roman felt, when he found that he had saved

the brother of the very man whom he had killed at Florence! He embraced him affectionately. 'What thanks,' said he, 'do I owe to heaven, which has thus graciously afforded me the means of acknowledging, in some measure, the goodness of your adorable mother! It will be impressed for ever on my heart. Hasten to see her once more: your presence is necessary; she impatiently expects you. Tell her, that the man whose life she preserved, has had the happiness to expose it for you; and that it is still his ardent wish to employ the remainder of it in the service of both.'

Arrived at Florence, it was a painful surprise to young Balducci, to hear from his mother an account of all that had happened. He could not recollect, in the same person, the destroyer of his brother, and his own deliverer, without feeling the most contradictory emotions. But the proofs which he had of his innocence lessened the horror with which he at first regarded him; and the gratitude he had felt for his own preservation, resumed all its force. While he deplored the death of his brother, he was not less assiduous to take every measure to procure the acquittal of the young Roman.

In the mean time, the death of his brother, and his own imminent danger, made a deep impression on young Balducci. He perceived all the perils to which youth is exposed from a rash and inconsiderate conduct. He intirely changed the course of his life; and by a virtuous and exemplary conduct, from that moment, he consoled his excellent mother, at last, for the great loss she had sustained.

ANECDOTES of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH
and his Sister Mrs. GODFREY.

(From Mrs. Bellamy's Apology.)

AMONG the persons of quality who occupied occasionally my grandmother's houses, was the honourable Mrs. Godfrey, Mistress of the Jewel Office, and sister to the great Duke of Marlborough. With this Lady a daughter of Mr. Busby's, by a former marriage, lived as her own attendant; and so great an esteem had she contracted, during her residence at Tunbridge, for my grandmother, and fondness for my mother, that she offered to bring up the latter, and have her educated in every respect the same as her own daughter, Miss Godfrey. My grandmother, however, having at this time no reason to doubt but that her child was amply provided for, politely declined the offer, but agreed, that upon Mrs. Godfrey's return to town for the winter, she should accompany, and spend three or four months with her.

That season being now come, Mrs. Godfrey set out for London; and, upon her arrival, heard that her noble brother was given over by his physicians. But having been for some time at variance with the Duchess, on account of her exposing, though reduced to a state of second childhood, the man who had rendered himself so famous, an imprudence which deservedly gave offence to Mrs. Godfrey, she had not the satisfaction of seeing him before he died. Here I must add, that the Duchess of Marlborough, much to her discredit, used to take the Duke with her in

the coach, whenever she went abroad, even upon the most trivial occasions: exhibiting, as a public spectacle, the hero who had lately kept nations in awe, and whose talents in the Cabinet were equal to his valour and military knowledge in the field.—Good Heaven! such a ruin must surely have excited the most poignant grief even in the most unfeeling breast.

Mrs. Godfrey was prevented by this disagreement, from paying a visit herself at Marlborough-house, to condole with her sister-in-law on the loss which their family and the nation had sustained. Having, however, an inclination to know how things were conducted there, she sent her woman, Mr. Busby's daughter, to make what inquiries she could: and the latter, overcome by the importunity of her little step-sister, who had attended Mrs. Godfrey to town as proposed, was accompanied by her to see the remains of the Duke lie in state.

When they arrived at the gate of Marlborough house they found it open, but to their infinite surprise met not a living creature during their passage to the room in which the body was deposited. So totally was this incomparable man neglected in the last stage of his mortal exhibition, that not a single attendant, or one glimmering taper, remained about him as tokens of respectful attention. My mother and her companion were obliged to the day-light alone for the faint view they obtained of the funeral decorations.

The melancholy and disrespectful scene she had just been witness to, was no sooner described to Mrs. Godfrey, by her woman, than it had such

an effect upon her as to occasion a long and severe illness; which at length reduced her to such a state, that had she experienced the same neglectful treatment her brother had done, she must have been buried alive. For one Sunday, fancying herself better than she had been for some time, and able to go to chapel, as she was dressing for that purpose, she suddenly fell down to all appearance dead.

The screams of her woman and my mother brought Colonel Godfrey into the room; who, having probably seen instances of persons remaining in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and afterwards recovering, directed that his lady should be immediately put into bed, and that two persons should constantly continue with her, till indubitable symptoms appeared of her decease. The consequences proved with how much judgment the Colonel had acted. Notwithstanding the opinion of the physicians, who all declared that the breath of life was irrecoverably departed, and in opposition to the solicitations of his friends to have the body interred, he continued resolute in his determination, till the Sunday following, when, exactly at the same hour on which the change had happened, signs appeared of returning sensibility. So punctual was nature in her operations upon this singular occasion, that Mrs. Godfrey awoke from her trance just as the chapel bell was once more ringing; which so perfectly eradicated from her memory every trace of her insensibility, that she blamed her attendants for not waking her in time to go to church, as she had promised to do. Colonel Godfrey, whose tender-

ness to his Lady was unremitted, taking advantage of this incident, prudently gave orders that she should by no means be acquainted with what had happened, lest it should make a melancholy impression on her mind. And I believe to the day of her death she remained ignorant of it.

THE CONJURER.

(Continued from page 364.)

NOW the hoary dissembler was ordered to the bar: Having heard the charges of the justice with a firm countenance, he replied, with great equanimity—

—“Yes, I am guilty, and wish to God, I had no other crimes on my conscience than that which I stand accused of. The sluggish gluttonous monks, who in honor of an image of stone, have ruined, and expelled from their own country a whole innocent family to beg their bread in the streets; these vile villains are far greater felons than myself, and I rejoice at having been an instrument in the hand of providence to avenge the wrongs of the hapless objects of their rapacity, and to restore to those innocent sufferers their property. If this action deserves punishment, you may tear my old limbs asunder, break these withered bones, and reduce to dust and ashes my poor out-worn frame, I will not complain, nor utter a groan.”

“The grim avenger draws near—I feel the hand of the Supreme Judge; he, and not you, poor mortals, force me to confess my transgressions. I can brave the ire of men, and deride all bodily sufferings; but I must bend my aged

knees to him, who dwelleth in heaven, and the pangs of conscience are not to be trifled with."

The Judge and the Sheriffs gazed at each other in dumb silence at these words, and none of them were inclined to question him any farther. Seeing this, he informed them voluntarily of every particular of the sacrilege, and of the family which had been plunged into want and misery, (by the rapacious monks whose church and convent had been robbed), by means of a forged will: He at the same time confessed where and in what manner the jewels, and the gold and silver, furniture, &c. had been turned into money, and by what means the sums those articles had fetched had been conveyed to the family, without acquainting the innocent sufferers with the names of their secret benefactors.

The astonishment of the whole court increased with every word the old man uttered, and as soon as he had finished his confession, he requested the jailor to conduct him to the prison. It took a good while before the dread arbiters of life and death could recover from their astonishment, and debate on Peter's doom, which they unanimously agreed to mitigate as much as possible.

According to the rigour of the law he should have been burnt alive, but he and the robber who had been convicted of sacrilege, were sentenced to be beheaded first, and then burnt.

Having heard his sentence pronounced with the greatest equanimity, he thanked his judges for their clemency, and left the court, supporting with his arm his companion, who exhibited

a ghastly picture of dismay and despondency. He was to be executed two days after my arrival at A—, and I hesitated long whether I should go and see this extraordinary man or not, although I was much solicited by my friends to do it; having a secret boding, that the reverend old man, who faced the grim spectre of death so cool and undaunted, could be no other person than Father Francis, alias Volkert, and thinking it disingenuous to distress by my presence, a man who had saved my life two years ago.

Curiosity and sensibility struggled a great while within my breast, until the last day before the execution, when an ardent desire of having cleared up the mysteries of former events got the better of my generous sentiments, and prompted me to see him early in the morning.

Having mustered up all my fortitude I went to the prison at six o'clock, which was opened by the jailor, who brought me to a narrow staircase, leading to a long and narrow passage; at length we came to a small black door, marked with three red crosses, through which I followed him into a dark gloomy room; the entrance was guarded by two men half asleep, and in the back ground close to the wall I beheld two human figures, of ghastly woe-worn aspect, and, drawing near with a beating heart, saw that one of them was Volkert: His countenance was pale and emaciated, but still stamped with his usual dignity of mien; his head reclining against the wall, and his hands resting on his knees.

He seemed not to perceive that a stranger was in the room until the jailor said to him, "Well,

Father Peter, there is a gentleman who will be glad to speak to you and to your comrade."

Hearing this, he slowly lifted up his head, staring at me.

His looks grew wild, his head sunk back, and he heaved a deep groan; whilst I was standing before him like a statue, thrilled with horror and pity.

As soon as the jailor had left us, Volkert began with a trembling voice, "Lieutenant, are you come to embitter my last hours, or to speak comfort to my afflicted mind?"

"The latter, good Volkert," replied I.

"Then," said he, "you are welcome; sit down, if you please, perhaps I may be able to be useful to you some how or other, before I fall a victim to my crimes. I can caution you at least against cheats like myself."

"No idle curiosity has prompted me," said I, "to see you, nor am I come to distress you by illiberal reproaches, for having once endangered my life; that would be ungenerous: You saved me once from imminent destruction, and that atones fully for all former injuries; yet, you will not be offended if I earnestly request you to clear up some late events, which have happened to myself and the Austrian, who—"

"Has been imposed upon by me," replied Volkert, "like yourself, whom I had given the lie at F—, in your and your friend's presence: I will give you all the information you desire, and at the same time a short sketch of my life, as well as it is in my power in my present deplorable situ-

ation. Here he stopped, and having mused a while, he began thus:

“ I am a native of England, my father died when I was not quite ten years old, and left me an helpless orphan, without either fortune or near relations: A rich Dutchman being moved by my helpless situation, took me into his house; and, leaving England the year following, carried me over with him to the Hague.

“ This worthy man gave me a very liberal education, and when I was thirteen years old took me into his counting house, but he died before he could establish my fortune as he intended to do.

“ His son, who carried on the father’s business, had never been very partial to me, and forged a pretext to quarrel with me, and to send me away. A rich nobleman, just going to set out for Germany, wanted a servant, who occasionally would act as secretary, and I was glad to accept his offer to take me in his service: He directed his way to K—, where his father was one of the ministers of state.

“ My young master appeared to be little inclined to qualify himself for state business, being possessed of a very small stock of ambition, and entirely addicted to the study of the occult sciences, which had so engrossed his attention, that he was unfit for any thing else. I soon was infected with an ardent desire to become his pupil, and, after a few months instruction, was as great a fool as himself.

“ It would be too tedious if I was to relate all our fruitless endeavours to effect the apparition of a spirit; and I was very soon convinced that

it lay not in the power of man to lord over these bodiless beings: My master, however, continued his mysterious operations day and night with an indefatigable ardour.

“It is very natural, that at length it came into my head to profit by his superstitious enthusiasm, and that I eagerly seized every opportunity to impose upon a man, who promised to fall an easy sacrifice to art and cunning, having great reason to expect that such an attempt would ensure me his affection, and promote my fortune rapidly.

“One night as he was conjuring up his guardian angel with much impatience, I entered his room, telling him, that all his efforts would be in vain, because he was not acquainted with the proper means of forcing the inhabitants of the other world to make their appearance.

“Gazing at me with wonder and surprise, he inquired whether I had improved so much in the occult sciences that I could effect what he so eagerly desired. I neither denied nor affirmed his question, but told him, that I would give him the next day, a specimen of my skill in Necromancy.

“It was an easy task to impose on my credulous enthusiastic Count; having secured the assistance of a fellow servant, I succeeded better than I at first expected, and made him my dupe above a twelvemonth; but I grew at last so bold and impudent, that the Count could not but perceive my juggling tricks, and instantly sent me away.

“I had saved a pretty sum of money during my stay with the count, and being used to an idle life, had not the least thought of looking about for another master. I went back to A—, where

I abandoned myself to gambling, drinking, and all sorts of dissipation, until all my money was spent, and no other means of getting an honest livelihood left, than to try my fortune in the army. A recruiting officer paid me an hundred dollars for my liberty, and I cheerfully enlisted under the banner of Mars."

(To be continued.) 392

ADVICE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

THE present time is most folk's care,
 But very few look forward;
 If but to-day they well can fare,
 No matter for to-morrow.
 But I can teach a better way,
 How to avoid much sorrow;
 Regard no more the present day,
 Than what concerns to morrow.
 'Tis now the time in youth and health,
 Ere age your face should furrow;
 To store up worth as well as wealth,
 To stand your friend to-morrow.
 If foes should flourish, envy not;
 'Twill make you ne'er the poorer;
 Let what you get be fairly got,
 And then you'll thrive to-morrow.
 And if your wife should frown or scold,
 Ne'er fret your temper for her;
 Be easy, let your patience hold,
 She'll smile again to morrow.
 Continual crosses still occur,
 And fill some hearts with horror;
 In calm indiff'rence pass them o'er,
 Unless they hurt to-morrow.
 These maxims well observ'd, you may
 In quiet pass life thorough,
 Avoid the troubles of to-day,
 And never dread to morrow.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S CARD
ACCOUNT BOOK.

REFLECTING on this time-try'd truth,
That life is most uncertain ;
That o'er the brightest scenes of youth,
Death often draws the curtain ;
That these my books hereafter may
Be free from all taxation ;
I think it meet while here I stay,
To make this declaration :
That all accounts hereto subjoin'd,
Or any found in future,
Are in the true Italian stile,
As taught by Jack C——r.
How fortune with my hopes did run,
And how my wishes crost
You'll see—on one side's what I won,
On th' other what I lost.
And here most solemnly I swear,
I never cards respected,
Nor can remember cheating once,
But “ Errors are excepted.”

ODE TO THE CUCKOW.

RECLIN'D yon glist'ring mead along,
The primrose, and the violet,
The daffodil with drooping head,
The daisy ermin'd, freak'd with jet,
Shall wreathe for me an od'rous bed,
While the dun Cuckow coos his distant song.
Untutor'd gladd'ner of the grove !
Responsive to thy rustick note,
The Lark his matin choral rings,
The Blackbird from the plum-tree sings,
And the blithe Linnet strains his tender throat :—
Ploughman hoarse, approach not nigh,
Nor milkmaid, heedless, rustling by,
Scare the blest harmony,
Nor break the gen'ral chain of joy and love !

THE ASYLUM.

No. 51.] (Price One Penny.)

WEDNESDAY AUG. 19, 1795.

ENGLISH INQUISITORS.

WHILE every friend to humanity rejoices that the Inquisitions of Spain and Portugal have, according to the best accounts, so far lost their terrors as to exist little more than in name, it must create no small uneasiness in the minds of all considerate persons, to think that an *Inquisition* has for some time been established in various parts of this kingdom, and that it meets with great encouragement. It has spread, indeed, so universally, that I doubt much whether any place, the metropolis only excepted, be entirely free from a numerous gang of tormenting Inquisitors, who harass and vex some of the most quiet and peaceable of his majesty's liege subjects.

Health, and other motives for retirement, have compelled me for some years to take up my residence in a village southwest of London, the peculiar fine air of which was recommended by the faculty, and, truth to say, has done no discredit to their good word; and I should have lived in this place quietly and comfortably, had I not very soon been marked out as a devoted victim to the *Inquisitors* of the place, who have never since ceased to torment me and my family with a truly persecuting spirit. No action of our lives, no motion, even the most innocent, escapes the observation and inquisitorial vigilance of these disturbers of domestic peace. I have acquired since I came here, a consequence, which if I had

been desirous of it, I should have longed for in vain in London. If I ride out, it furnishes conversation for half a dozen tea-tables; if my wife appears in a new gown, it is published all over the parish, and if I give a dinner, it is canvassed for a week together. I had not been long here before my fortune was ascertained to a penny, a piece of knowledge I never was able myself to acquire; my own and my wife's age have been settled without the help of the parish register; and my daughters' expectations have been arranged in a manner perfectly unknown to me, although I think I may without vanity say, that I ought to have been consulted.—Being, as I have hinted, of a retired turn, both from health and inclination, it was very long before the Inquisitors could learn *who I was*. The servants were *pumped* one by one, but they knew little, as they did not live with me before I came to this neighbourhood. I now experienced that a state of uncertainty is the most favourable that can be conceived for positive assertion. I have passed through as many changes of lot as ever fell to any one man's share. I have been a grocer retired from business, upon the authority of miss Letitia Dupple, a maiden lady, who deposes, that she has often bought tea at my shop in the Poultry.—I have, upon equally good authority, been a decayed broker, a bailiff turned gentleman, a justice of the peace, and a clergyman, who left off preaching the moment he came to his brother's fortune.—Twice I was the cousin of a lord, an eminent dealer in indigo, a tobacco merchant, and an usurer, and once I narrowly escap-

ed being a bank director, the presence of one of that body having dispelled the charm. Foiled at all these guesses, for none of them kept its ground above a week, I dwindled down to the character of a *private gentleman whom nobody knew*, and that situation I believe I at present hold in the opinion of nine tenths of the parish.

It was a matter of more difficulty yet to ascertain what I was worth. Yet nothing is so difficult to village inquisitors, and as every one's assertion on this subject was not easy to be refuted, I have passed from five hundred to five thousand a year by imperceptible gradations. My present value I am not able to ascertain, but from a whisper I overheard among some servants on the outer side of my garden paling, I am inclined to think that they have reduced me to about fifteen hundred a year, with a chariot, two saddle horses, a coachman, footman, and three maid servants. How long I am to be blest with affluence in this proportion, is not for me to say. I shall endeavour to be content with what I have, and shall bear an addition or diminution of my property with calm, philosophic serenity. A few hundreds, more or less, make little difference to a man at my time of life; and if a change in my fortune pleases the Inquisitors, they are heartily welcome to make it in *their own way*.

What kind of house I kept, was a question of too much importance to be long neglected.—Some asserted, that as I saw little company, they could not suppose my table was of the first rate; while others, with profound sagacity remarked that there were some people who saw little com-

pany, merely that they might indulge themselves in those luxuries, which their niggardly disposition refused to others. Some observed that I received, they did not know from whom, great presents of fish and game, and it was easy to keep a good table upon *gratis* provisions; while others, penetrated with a sense of generosity, remarked, that as great quantities of game were sent from my house, 'where the d—l could they be going to?' They all knew that in my predecessor's time, the cellar was well supplied with the richest wines, and the best ale, but for their parts, they had not seen any cart loads landed since I came there. —A few, indeed, allowed that three or four pipes of wine came down in the waggon, or cart, but could not conceive what use they could be of to so small a family *who saw nobody*, and very charitably hinted, that perhaps the gentleman meant to deal in that article, and to be sure the *hamper trade*, would be very productive in that part of the world.

To resolve difficulties of so high importance, the butcher, the baker, the poulterer, and the fruiterer were respectfully applied to; but to very little purpose; the butcher was sure I killed my own mutton, as I had not above four or five joints in a week from him; the baker offered to swear that my custom was not worth having, and the poulterer knew that I bred fowls; as to the fruiterer, he had little to expect, as my garden was one of the finest in the country.

From what I have now said, you will perceive that the uncomfortable nature of my situation arises from the sole cause, that my inquisitorial

neighbours, without knowing any thing, pretend to know every thing ; and I am well assured that if I were to answer all their interrogatories upon oath, they would still be desirous to find out some part of my conduct on which to exercise their powers of invention, that is, conjecture. It is very hard, that in a free country like this, positively the freest now in Europe, a man shall not have the privilege of living as suits best his conveniency or his disposition, especially when neither interferes with the privileges or rights of other men. I say, this is a hardship, and it is a hardship peculiar only to villages. In the metropolis, and perhaps in some of the largest provincial cities or towns, a man may live in obscurity, and yet in the very bosom of society. For in great towns, every one has so much to do of his own, that he can spare no time to attend to the affairs of others.

Curiosity, unless when exercised on subjects of real utility, becomes the most unpleasant species of impertinence ; and I wonder that so many people exercise it in foolish enquiries after the conduct and manners of their neighbours, because I never knew a person of this disposition who did not suffer far more from the exercise of it, than him or her, who happened to be the subject of their anxiety, and who, to say the truth, are generally ignorant of the matter, and fancy that other people are as indifferent to their conduct, as they are to the conduct of other people. But if some of my neighbours will candidly inform me who I am, what I am, and what I ought to be to please them, I will endeavour as well as I can to com-

ply with their humour ; however, as at present I do not find that any two of them agree in the same point concerning me, I must continue for some time longer to enjoy the freedom which I brought with me when I sat down in my present residence.

*On having TOO HIGH an OPINION of
ONES - SELF.*

ALTHOUGH self-love is a passion, which never appears in a very amiable light, yet it so generally prevails in the world, that it becomes us to speak of it with no greater degree of harshness, than we are ourselves ready to bear.

One branch of self-love, very common in social life, is the thinking ourselves to be of too much consequence, that is, of more consequence than we really are, and therefore undervaluing others. Such is our opinion of our sense and wisdom, that we wonder how people can possibly be happy who do not live precisely as we do. And this very favourable opinion of ourselves, in preference to all the rest of our neighbours, furnishes nine-tenths of the conversation with which we cool our tea in the genteelest parties. What would Mrs. A. have to say, if she did not recollect what frightful dress Mrs. B. appeared in, what a shabby dinner Mrs. C. gave, how strangely Mrs. D. brings up her children, and how awkwardly Mrs. E. plays at cards ? And how easily and naturally does she expect that we shall turn our admiration towards her *antagonist* virtues, her tasteful dress, elegant dinner, excellent system of education, and graceful handling of the cards !

In short, any one may see that this is a downright robbery, and that this lady has thought proper to strip her acquaintance of all their good qualities, that she may complete her own list.

Another bad consequence of too high an opinion of ourselves, and of its attendants, a censorious disposition, is that we are by degrees so entirely drawn away to attend to the affairs of others, as to have neither leisure nor inclination to look into our own. Indeed it cannot be expected that when we discover in the conduct of others, so many circumstances from which we derive cause to triumph, we should easily be prevailed upon to give up such a delightful employment. Hence, as we never look *within* but to approve, and never *without* but to condemn, it will be no great wonder if our wisdom in doing the one or the other shall appear equally doubtful, to one who is so placed as to judge impartially of both.—Lady Wrangle, a personage of a very ancient family, and very numerous connections, has attained great perfection in the art of finding fault with every body but herself, and as her rank entitles her to a place at many tables, she is never without an opportunity to display her talent. What occurred yesterday is the topic of conversation to-day.—The hour of dining was too late, or too early, or what is worse than both, ‘she never could abide that hour.’ The dinner was too plentiful, or too scanty; part of it was underdone, and part overdone; the dishes were improperly arranged, or too hastily removed; there was too great a space of time between the courses; the desert was sumptuous, but it was

not well chosen; the company were not at all to her liking, and she wondered that *some people* would ask *other people* to their table, when it was well known that *certain people* courted no such acquaintance. The coffee was four, and the tea was cold, and, for her part, 'she should never think of setting down her company to such a supper,' not to mention that the cards appeared to have been played with before, and the sum played for was vulgar. When these matters have been detailed, the dresses of the company pass in review, and, 'nothing upon the whole, can be conceived so bad.'—Yet with all this critical skill in the affairs of others, lady Wrangle does not see that her own want amendment, and that she seldom attempts to excel others, without affording her friends the most ample revenge.

THE CONJURER.

Continued from page 383.

“**A** Dissolute life requires money, and the desire of getting it plunges him who has once been led astray from the paths of virtue, into his former errors. I had once more recourse to my juggling tricks, pretending to possess a supernatural skill, in detecting thefts, in tossing up the cup, and in telling people's fortunes; I conjured up spirits, dispelled the power of witchcraft, and raised up the dead: in short, I did every thing in my power to drain the purses of the weak and credulous.

“ My dissipations tempted me to defraud my superiors, and soon intricated me in a maze of embarrassments. I got acquainted and intimately

connected with the most dangerous sort of people, with robbers and their infernal associates : I became a spy, a traitor, and at last, their accomplice in the perpetration of the most shocking crimes.

“ My recruiting business was neglected, and my superiors were going to call me back : Being unable to give an account of large sums that had been intrusted to me, I could not appear before my commanding officer, and no other means were left me to escape the impending storm, but to disappear intirely, which I effected in such a manner, that every one firmly believed I was no more.

“ I conducted ten robbers, as recruits, thro’ a large town, where many of my profession resided, and, as soon as we had reached the adjacent wood, they took to their heels : I ran to the next village, raving like a madman, related my misfortune, wept, cried, and then returned to the wood, dissembling to be in the greatest despair.

“ The robbers, who were waiting for me, made me pull off my uniform, dressed a dead man in it, who, perhaps, had been murdered for that purpose, put a pistol in his hand, and disfigured him by blowing his brains out.

“ Now I was no longer Volkert the serjeant ; I was Volkert the robber and murderer ; I painted my face, feigned to be twenty years older than I really was, and thus escaped being known by my former acquaintances ; I soon became famous under the name of Father Francis, bought houses in several towns, and every body took me for what I appeared to be, an old harmless man. Yet

I was known at length by one of my former messmates, when in the H----n service, who was recruiting in the empire, and forced me to assist him in his business.

“ A well made, young, and amiable Livonian, lodged at the same inn with me at F—, and my associate took such a liking to him, that he offered to acquit me of all farther services, if I could ensnare this young man.

“ I promised to do my utmost, and went instantly to work, ordering some of the gang I was connected with, and who then resided at F— on account of the great fair, to purloin his ring, snuff-box, purse, and watch, returning him the latter in a public place, telling him that I had detected the thief.

“ This done, I left him suddenly, without giving him time to make farther enquiries, my sole view being to excite his curiosity, and to gain his confidence, in which I succeeded admirably well.

“ The Livonian became very anxious to get acquainted with me, watched my return to the inn several nights, and attempted to converse with me. At last I found it necessary to pay him a visit, in order to console with him about the loss of a bill of exchange, which my myrmidons had got in their power, along with his pocket-book.

“ This bill having contained all the little wealth he had got about him, he was under the necessity of either remaining some time longer at F—, or of selling his linen and every thing of value, and thus return to his own country, in a most distressing condition : I gave him two notes, each of a

hundred dollars, the binding money from the recruiting officer, and left him abruptly.

“ He was now enlisted without suspecting it, but I did not, as yet, know how I could put him into the power of my employer; however, my inventive genius soon suggested to me the proper means of effecting my purpose. By some letters from his mother, which I had found in the pocket book, I had learned, that she had died a little time before, very ill satisfied with his conduct, on account of his dissipation when at university.

The characters engraved on the inside of the ring which I had taken from him, being the same with those the letters of his mother were signed with, put it out of doubt that the miniature picture of an old lady it was adorned with, must be the likeness of his mother.

“ One of my associates, whose features had by accident some resemblance with those of the picture, concealed himself at the inn, painted his face with chalk, wrapped himself in a sheet, and went at midnight into the room of the young Livonian, who was not a little frightened when he saw the ghost of his deceased mother entering his room. The phantom walked through his apartment, looked at the watch which was on the table, to signify that it wanted rest, sighed, gave him a menacing look, and left him thrilled with horror and amazement.

“ The day following I ordered my myrmidons to watch every step of the Livonian, and was informed that he was gone into a tea garden, after he had changed the two notes.

“ I hastened after him without delay, and

found him sitting in a lonely bower; he did not see me, though I was standing close by him, being bewildered in gloomy meditations, and talking to himself. Suddenly he exclaimed, "No, it it was a dream." It was no dream, replied I instantly. He looked up, seized with terror and surprize. I promised to unfold, at ten o'clock at night, all the mysterious accidents which had happened to him at F, and having appointed him to meet me at the city gate, which was but a small distance from our inn, disappeared suddenly.

"My spies continued to watch all his motions during the remainder of the day, and one of them carried every thing that he had lost to the landlord of the inn where he lodged, that he might be the more eager to meet me, and to satisfy his curiosity, which had the desired effect.

"He kept the appointment very punctual, but I made him wait above an hour. Just when he was on the point of going home, I came walking towards him with hasty steps, and conducted him to a lonely public house within a small distance from the town, which was the usual haunt of the recruiting officers and their adherents.

"Having conducted him into a pleasure-house in the garden, built over a cellar, to which a trap-door led from the room where we then were, I asked him what he wanted to know? and seeing him hesitate to fix on a question, I inquired if he should not like to know his benefactor, who had interested himself so much for him? He consented to it, and having drawn a circle round the trap-door, which could be let down from below, I placed him to the centre of it. Some of my as-

fociates, who were concealed in the cellar, imitated the roaring of thunder, during my conjurations, opened the trap-door, and caused him to sink down into the cellar: He who had acted the ghost of his mother appeared again in his former disguise; some blew powder of calophony thro' the windows of the pleasure-house, and every thing succeeded as well as I could wish.

"The poor young man was stunned with wonder and surprise, and seeing the ghost of his mother as he was sinking down into the cellar, lost all power of recollection. He was instantly carried into a coach, one serjeant of the recruiting officer seated himself by his side, and another mounted the box, driving on with all possible speed, but being a very indifferent coachman, the vehicle was suddenly overturned and one of the unhappy young man's legs was broken.

"When the serjeants saw it they disengaged the horses from the coach and rode away. This was indeed a great disaster, but still it turned out very fortunate for the young man, for a neighbouring nobleman, who saw him in this deplorable situation, as he passed the road, took him to his castle, sent for proper assistance, and took so much care of the young man, that he, after a few months, was able to return to his native country, where he safely arrived without having met with any farther accident."

"The recruiting officer, vexed at the miscarrying of our design, now dropped all connexion with me, and I abandoned myself to a life of rapine and plunder."

(To be concluded in our next.) 405

NATURE THE BEST GUIDE.

INFORM me, reason, spark of heav'nly birth,
 Vouchsaf'd beningly to the sons of earth;
 Man's wisest guardian, counsellor, and friend,
 Without thee, dead, or living to no end;
 Why is this creature form'd to high command,
 To rule, direct, and civilise the land?
 With parts sublime, and mind to heaven ally'd,
 So oft the scorn of all the world beside.

So mean, so blind, so abject, so unblest'd,
 His ways a riddle and his works a jest.
 Explain the cause, the poison'd fountain show,
 Whence discontent and disappointment flow,
 Whence censure, ridicule, and all that train
 That vex the weak, the wicked, and the vain.
 Is't not from rash contempt of Nature's ways?
 From affectation of forbidden praise!
 All quit their sphere, and run with heedless haste
 To roam at random in an endless waste;
 Till, taught too late, the wretched pilgrims mourn
 Their wide mistake, and sigh for a return.
 Lost in a labyrinth themselves have made;
 Benighted in their own reflected shade.

One path there is, smooth, easy, straight, and true,
 Which Nature marks, and warns us to pursue:
 Some useful quality to each assign'd,
 To make him friend or father of mankind.
 But, obstinate in wrong, we blindly press
 On others rights, ingenious to transgress;
 Forsake the circle safely to be trod,
 And leave a sure to haunt a fancied good.

Say, shall the bird, design'd in air to sail,
 Attempt the flames, must not her pinions fail?
 Should the huge ox, ordain'd to crop the food
 Which meadows yield, plunge headlong in the flood;
 Or, leaping forth, old Ocean's scaly race
 Forsake their element and pant on grass;
 Must not the one o'erpower'd in water lie?
 The other, void of moisture, gape and die?
 Thus man and all her labours are destroy'd,
 When farther than his proper sphere employ'd.

Let nature guide : she sows the goodly seed :
 Do thou but cherish, fairest fruits succeed :
 Ne'er thwart her tendency, nor strive to force
 Unwilling plants, against their natural course :
 Tho' busy art extort a winter flower,
 It blooms, is nipp'd, and wither'd in an hour,
 Consult ; obey ; inquire of her thy road,
 Surer than answers of the Delphic god ;
 Ne'er check thy speed where'er she bids thee haste,
 Convinc'd that her instructions are the best.

Had awful Virgil left th' inspiring shade,
 And made the business of the bar his trade,
 That modesty which grac'd the Poet's lays,
 Had robb'd the Orator of half his praise.

Or hadst thou, Pope, with other glory fir'd,
 Some other studies than thy own admir'd,
 Despis'd the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 And widely wander'd from the Poet's field ;
 With harps unstrung the sacred Nine had wept,
 And round thy grot eternal mournings kept ;
 Sorrowing to see their fav'rite pass unprais'd,
 Nor grac'd that shrine by thee so nobly rais'd.

Had Tully, form'd to prop the Roman state,
 To raise each passion, or, when rais'd, abate ;
 To warm the Patriot, or the martial youth
 With love of liberty, or zeal for truth ;
 To rule the nations with the power of words,
 Which conquer'd more than mighty Scipio's swords,
 Left this fair province for the soldier's name,
 And fought, thro' fields of blood, laborious fame ;
 The erring Chief had wag'd inglorious wars,
 And left to Murray * all that now he shares.

Then follow nature, with the current swim ;
 He toils in vain who toils against the stream :
 She teaches bards to raise th' immortal song,
 And tunes to eloquence the pleader's tongue ;
 Weaves with eternal green the Conqueror's crown,
 And gave to Cæsar all his sword e'er won.

* Lord Mansfield.

INSTANCE of the FEROCITY of a WOLF.

THE Count de B. lieutenant of cavalry, not twenty years old, was attacked some time ago by a wolf of an extraordinary size. The furious animal first seized the horse, and tore off such large pieces of his flesh, that M. de B. was soon dismounted. The wolf then flew at him, and would certainly have torn him in pieces, had he not, with great presence of mind, seized the wolfe's foaming tongue with one hand, and with the other one of his paws. After struggling a while with the terrible creature, the tongue slipped from him, and his right thumb was bit off; upon which, notwithstanding the pain he was in, he leaped upon the wolf's back, clapt his knees close to his flank, and called out for help to some armed peasants who were passing by; but none of these fellows daring to advance, "well then, says he, fire; if you kill me I forgive you:" one of them fired, and three bullets went through his coat; but neither he nor the beast were wounded.—Another, bolder than his comrades, seeing the intrepidity of the cavalier, and that he kept firm upon the wolf, came very near, and let fly at him. The animal was mortally wounded by this shot; and after a few furious motions expired. In this dreadful conflict, besides the losing of his right thumb, the Count's left hand was torn, and he got several bites in his legs and thighs.

THE ASYLUM.

No. 52.] (*Price Three Halfpence.*)

WEDNESDAY AUG. 26, 1795.

ON JUDGING OF MEN (*at First Sight*) BY
THEIR DRESS.

IN public places, many people are remarkable for knowing the rank and degree of the company, not by their features only, but by their dress. Perhaps there was a time when dress did convey some idea of the rank and station of the parties; but, I know not how, that distinction seems to be entirely done away. Dress is become so very arbitrary, that if we were to make it the criterion of rank or fortune, we should be liable to fifty errors in a day. There sits a grave and serious looking gentleman in black, with a white, full powdered, and full-bottomed wig. He seems intent on his meditations, and perfectly careless of all around him. What is he?—You will say, a bishop, contemplating divine truths, and wholly separated in spirit from the affairs of this world.—No, he is a stock-broker in St. Mary-Axe, who has just buried his wife, and is regretting, that the success of the French has given the funds such a confounded tumble. Not far from him, you see a spruce and gay man, with boots, buckskin breeches, and a whip, smart white waistcoat, and a head dressed in the height of the fashion: He is very attentive to the ladies, and now and then, purely to entertain them, breaks out with a few oaths, a *double entendre* or two, and a monstrous good story, which he accompanies with a horse-laugh. You have already

supposed him to be a sprig of fashion, the heir apparent of some opulent baronet. Appearances are deceitful; he is a reverend clergyman, to whom a nobleman, remarkable for rewarding *merit*, gave a valuable living, merely because he became his advocate, when no man of virtue or decency would support him. But what wretch is that who obtrudes himself into so much good company, with a threadbare coat, a dirty shirt, and a hat and wig that a Jew would not pick up in the street? Probably a pauper come to solicit charity, or some unhappy man from the country, who wishes to be passed to his own parish, or perhaps—no; that man has eighty thousand pounds in the funds, and, to use his own phrase, ‘could buy and sell all this company,’ were it not that he never bought any thing unless he could get three times its value by selling it. He has cleared six hundred pounds by a trifling rise in the funds to-day, and he will now go to an eating house, dine for fourpence, and retire to his *attic* story in one of the most obscure streets in town. As a contrast, here comes a gentleman elegantly dressed, takes out a gold snuff-box, informs us of the hour from a gold watch, and is in every respect so much the man of rank and fashion, that we are ready to bow down before him. He calls for his carriage, and entering it with a becoming stateliness, orders the coachman to stop in St. James’s-street. This is probably a nobleman of fortune, or one of the ministry.—No; he is a linen draper, and, in a few weeks, will make his creditors the generous offer of half a crown in the pound.

Such is the effect of our nice discernment in characters; when dress is the only foundation we go upon. Lady Modely, a person well versed in *etiquette*, and profoundly skilled in what is called perfect good-breeding, has a remarkable knack in knowing mens' characters at first sight from their appearance only: But it is to be observed that lady Modely, and every lady who knows how to make proper distinctions, are intent only on the contents of the pocket, and judge of them from that which must spring from the pocket, namely, fine clothes and a smart equipage. My lady, accordingly, has formed in her own mind a scale of merit, arising from nothing to excellence, by which she regulates the honours she pays, or the notice she takes, and by which she classes her company on visiting days. At one glance, she knows, that a man in a bad, or second-hand coat, must be worth nothing, and he is placed at the bottom of the scale; near to him is a plain dressed man, who though worth little, is yet preferable to the former: this in his turn, gives place to embroidery, lace, &c. one on foot is beneath one on horseback; and one on horseback by himself is a much shabbier fellow, than one who has a servant on horseback behind him. But all these must make way for the personages who come in a carriage, of which there are various degrees, from the plain apothecary-looking chariot, up to the prince's equipage. Such is the knowledge lady Modely has acquired of characters, merely by looking at them; and it is much resembling that knowledge, which a man acquires by reading only the title pages of books. I would not, how-

ever, he thought to insinuate that her ladyship has never erred. Absolute perfection is not to be found in human nature. Last winter she danced with a lord at the public assembly, who proved to be a hair-dresser, and not above a month ago, she was handed to her carriage, at the opera, by a person of very high distinction, whom she discovered afterward to be a gentleman's gentleman to a bishop.

Extract from a Pamphlet, entitled,

THOUGHTS on EXECUTIVE JUSTICE *with*
respect to our Criminal LAWS.

THE Author of this Pamphlet is *justly* alarmed at the amazing increase of thieves and robbers, and the daily commission of the most dangerous and atrocious crimes. This he, in a great measure, attributes to what he terms, a mistaken lenity in the Judges, whose duty and office it is, to administer the laws. To them, he says, their fellow subjects look up for security and protection, both in their persons and properties, against the attacks of violence and depredation; but they, "as sharers in the common lot" of what Lord Chesterfield so pathetically styles, *poor human nature* being liable to err, even *by the excess of their good intentions*, have too often preferred their own feelings as men, to the duty which they owe the public as Magistrates. The circumstance he alludes to is that almost general practice of the Judges on the Circuits, of reprieving the greater part of the convicts before they leave the town. This, our author thinks, is so far from deserving the sacred name of *mercy*, that it is in fact the

highest *cruelty*: He says, it is encouraging vice, and bringing numbers to the gallows who would otherwise have escaped it. The uncertainty of the punishment is the chief inducement to the commission of the crime. As a proof of this, he relates the conversation that passed between a friend of his and an old offender, who had received sentence of death. His friend expostulated with him, and asked how he could venture again on his old practices after so many escapes? "Ah, Sir," said the fellow, "that's the very thing; there are so many chances *for us*, and so few *against us*, that I never thought of coming to this: first, there are many chances against being discovered; so many more that we are not taken; and if taken not convicted; and if *convicted* not hanged; that I thought myself very safe, with at least twenty to one in my favour." Though we do not altogether accede to the Author's opinion, that execution should invariably and indiscriminately follow conviction, as it would be to rob the Crown of its brightest jewel; yet we cannot help thinking with him, that were justice in general suffered to take its course we should have fewer crimes, and consequently fewer occasions to punish.

THE CONJURER.

(Concluded from page 397.)

"I SHALL now unfold to you the adventure at the ruinous Castle, on the skirts of the Black Forest, but I hope you will spare me the disagreeable task of enlarging on the particulars, since you have a clue, by the assistance of which you will easily extricate yourself from the maze

of mystery and wonder in which you have been bewildered.

“ As to the strange apparitions in the subterraneous vault, they have likewise been effected by the assistance of the robbers. Some of them were concealed in the vaults joining to the principal cellar, and the burying vault, blowing the artificial flashes of lightning through the chinks in the wall, and others being concealed in the hidden recesses of the subterraneous fabric, produced the thunder by means of large kettle drums. The lid of the coffin was opened by a cord, which the darkness concealed from your sight; the female figure was the son of a neighbouring publican, closely connected with our gang, who already had acted the ghost several times, when curious travellers had visited the castle: The light shooting from the coffin was effected by a dark lantern, which previously had been placed to it; The bluish glimmering you saw in the other vault, came from a lantern composed of blue glass, and placed on the staircase of the cellar.

“ The second ghost was one of the robbers; his fractured disfigured head was made of an hollowed pumpkin. Our sudden retreat we effected through the iron doors, and the ruinous side building opposite the cellar door.

“ The stench you felt was effected by some brimstone we had left burning on the staircase: You will recollect what passed before I began my juggling tricks, as I was leading the way into the cellar. The spirit in the loft over the cenotaph had previously been poured into it by one of my associates; and the smoke caused by the artificial

lightning smothered the light until it evaporated in the arched vault. After the second apparition had disappeared, I overturned the lamp; and the rest you will be able to unravel without my assistance.

“ I left F— with the firm resolution to return no more, apprehending to be delivered up to the civil power, in spite of your generosity, and having lost my good character forever. On my journey I happened to come to the house where you was confined, and felt the highest satisfaction when I had it in my power to make you some atonement for the many wrongs you had suffered by me. My intention was to live here in A—, in solitude and retirement, and to dedicate the rest of my miserable life to repentance, and thus to make my peace with God : But my former lawless companions soon found out my retreat and forced me to renew my crimes, and to assist them in their infernal deeds.

“ The crime for which I am confined here you very likely know : All I can say, in order to palliate this last transgression, is, that it is one of the noblest deeds I ever performed, and it would not give me uneasiness, if the execution of it had not brought destruction on other people beside myself.”

Here Volkert stopped, fatigued and exhausted by the long narrative : I conversed a good while with him on his conjurations, and could not help mentioning, that I was very much surprised that his deceptions could have been so much concealed, as he had always been obliged to rely on the assistance of other people : To which he replied,

“Your observation is very just, but your surprise will vanish, if you consider, that my assistants in cheating people, bore their share in the frauds I committed, and, of course, would not have escaped punishment, if they had not kept secret all transgressions of that nature.”

When he had finished I bade him a last farewell, in a faltering accent, and left the unhappy man, who said to me as I opened the door,

“Come to-morrow to the place of execution, your presence will give me comfort !”

I left the prison lost in gloomy thought, and with a bleeding heart. The dismal idea of the awful scene which was to be exhibited the next day, haunted me wherever I went, and I struggled in vain to chase it from my mind. The dawn of the rosy morn cheered the whole creation, but my soul was pierced with horror when the first ray of the rising sun hailed me on my couch.

At length the solemn sound of bells announced the approaching hour of execution ; I wrapped myself in my cloak, and repaired with trembling steps to the place where Volkert was to atone for his crimes. The streets were crowded with a noisy multitude : — A secret awe and horror made my blood run chill, as I beheld the pile which soon was to reduce to ashes the preserver of my life.

Without recollection was I standing amid the crowd, when suddenly a confused noise was heard, and every eye directed to *one* spot : Lifting up my downcast looks, I beheld the funeral procession drawing near with slow solemnity : Volkert

was walking in the front with firm and manly steps, followed by his ghastly looking fellow sufferer: Volkert's eyes were anxiously looking around; at length he saw me, nodded to me with a grateful smile, and entered the inclosure.

His trembling fellow sufferer was first sacrificed to the avenging hand of justice. I cast my eyes to the ground, until I perceived by the murmuring noise around, that his sufferings were over. Now I directed my melancholy looks towards the dread place of execution, and beheld Volkert undressing himself, and approaching with firmness the stool stained with the blood of his friend. Now he was seated, and the sword of the executioner lifted up, ready to strike the fatal blow. I shut my eyes involuntarily—a sudden hollow humming told me that Volkert had conquered. Awful sensations thrilled my palpitating heart, and I forced my way through the gaping multitude, without looking once more towards the horrid place where Volkert had expired.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLOTTE CIBBER.

CHARLOTTE Cibber was the youngest child of Colley Cibber, the poet laureat, born when her mother was forty-five years of age, and in her infancy discovered a wild and ungovernable disposition. In her narrative of her life, she gives an account of her propensity to a hat and wig at four years of age, and mentions several strange frolics played by her in her youth. She had 'a natural aversion,' she says, 'for a needle, and a profound respect for a currycomb, in the use of which she excelled most young ladies in Great

Britain.' Her father, however, spared no expence in her education; she was taught French, Italian, and some Latin; and instructed in geography, music, and dancing. Employments of a very different kind, however, frequently engaged her attention; and when she was fourteen, she was very fond of shooting; imagining herself, she says, 'equal to the best fowler or marksman in the universe.' Among her other favourite amusements were hunting, riding races, and digging in a garden. She married, when very young, Mr. Richard Charke, an eminent performer on the violin; but her husband had a great attachment to other women, and they soon separated. She then went upon the stage, and first appeared in the character of Mademoiselle, in the *Provoked Wife*, in which she was well received. From this she rose, in her second and third attempts, to the capital characters of Alicia in *Jane Shore*, and Andromache in the *distressed Mother*. She was hereupon engaged, at a very good salary, at the Theatre at the Haymarket, and afterward at Drury-lane. But her imprudence, and impetuosity of temper, occasioned her to quarrel with Mr. Fleetwood, the then manager, whom she not only left on a sudden, without any notice given, but vented her spleen against him in public, by publishing, in 1735, a farce called '*The Art of Management*;' in which she endeavoured to place him in a very ridiculous light. However, at the desire of her father, he received her again; but her repeated misconduct soon caused her to be thrown out of employment in her profession as an actress. She then commenced trader, and

set up as a grocer and oil woman in a shop in Long-acre. But this situation she soon quitted, and became mistress of a puppet-show, by which undertaking she was a loser. After that she went, for many years, in man's clothes. For some time she was valet de chambre to a peer, afterward set up an eatinghouse in Drury-lane, and at length became a drawer at Marybone. She was also a dealer in pork, and nine years of her life was a strolling player in the country. In Wales, she turned pastry-cook and farmer; and at Bristol, hired herself to a printer, as corrector of the press. On her return to London, she published, in numbers, in 1755, a narrative of her own life, to which she prefixed a dedication from herself to herself. She complains much that her father would not take the least notice of her; but he was very indulgent to her in the former part of her life, and seems not to have deserted her till she was grown profligate to a very high degree. She kept a public-house at Islington for some time, and died on the 6th of April 1760.

ANECDOTE.

AT a masquerade some time ago, there was a tumult occasioned by the circumstance of a person having assumed the character of a Pick-pocket. He was performing the part very dextrously, and with success, when a gentleman ridiculously took an exception, simply because he had lost his watch. It was in vain that a lawyer stated the case, and contended for the right of appearing as a pick-pocket as well as in any other character. The rule was made absolute for kicking him out;

but by some means or other a number of purses and watches disappeared in the very moment that the judgment was given.

ODE TO THE IMAGINATION.

YE pleasing phantoms, soothing forms,
 Who people Fancy's sunny beams,
 When hope the buoyant bosom warms ;
 And joy inspires the raptur'd dream ;
 Ye, who the fancied laurels wreath,
 Which animates the brave to dare ;
 Ye who the soft enchantments breathe,
 Which spreads perfection round the fair ;
 Ye echos of the worlds acclaim,
 Ye visionary shades of unsubstantial flame !
 Deluders of the mind ! I own
 Life owes to you its happiest hours ;
 High seated on your elfin throne,
 Ye rival nature's plastic powers ;
 For ye can o'er creation throw
 Charms which reality denies ;
 And boast, amid the polar snow
 Arcadian groves, Hesperian skies ;
 Oh ! crown me with your thornless rose,
 Oh waft me to those isles where joy's full current flows.
 Benignant to a wretch distress'd,
 For me your magic simples cull ;
 And when remembrance stings this breast,
 With opiate charms my feelings lull ;
 Bid these dim eyes no longer mourn,
 The faithless friend, or lover lost ;
 And to its hopeless, joyless urn
 Confine affection's wailing ghost ;
 Bid memory drop her useless board,
 Of vows that cou'd not bind, of looks in vain ador'd.
 Oh, from a heart too much deceiv'd,
 Banish the hill, the lawn, the grove,
 Where fond credulity believ'd,
 Where falsehood wore the mask of love ;

Ne'er let it paint the form divine,
 Where every virtue seem'd to dwell;
 Or tell how from his lips benign
 The hony'd accents graceful fell;
 Oh let not his idea reign,
 E'en if my vacant heart no other form retain.
 Come—bid the sense of honour rise;
 Let female pride, and female shame
 Disperse in air those guilty sighs,
 That heave but at a traitor's name;
 Who all my confidence and truth
 With undeserved wrong repaid,
 Who for my unsuspecting youth,
 The artful snare of ruin laid:
 Oh bid me a just vengeance take,
 Bid this heart cease to love, or in the struggle break!

 ADDRESS.

IN the conduct of a miscellaneous publication, the most pleasing, and, at the same time, the most useful employment, is to select and present such pieces as are calculated to afford both pleasure and improvement; to depict those traits of exemplary character, that tend to excite ingenuous minds to honorable emulation; by recording such transactions as exhibit man in the most ennobling views; and to mark and enforce the distinction betwixt virtue and vice.

How far these important objects have been pursued in the Asylum, the Editor submits to the candid judgment of his Readers.—Without invidiously boasting of the superiority of his publication over others of a similar nature, he may be allowed to express a hope, that the encouragement he has met with, is a convincing proof that the Asylum has been thought entitled to no inconsiderable share of public approbation.

The assistance he has hitherto received from correspondents, renders it incumbent on him to present to those friends his sincere thanks; while the assurances of an increase of literary communications emboldens him to hope, that no falling off will be found in the future numbers of this work. Such encouragement,

therefore, as diligence and attention can merit, he feels himself confident to solicit; and, with a reliance on the justice and candour of the public, he will admit no relaxation in his efforts to deserve their favor.

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